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THE

CLOCKMAKER;

OR,

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

SAMUEL SLICK,

OF SLICKVILLE.

—— Garrit anilee
ex re fabelina—— Horace.

The cheerful sage, when solemn doctrines fail,
Conceals the moral, counsel in a tale.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Sketches, as far as the twenty-first chapter, originally appeared in the "Nova-scotian" Newspaper. The great popularity they acquired, induced the Editor of that paper to apply to the Author for the remaining part of the series, and permission to publish the whole entire. This request having been acceded to, the Editor has now the pleasure of laying them before the public in their present shape.

Halifax, December, 1836.

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SLICK'S LETTER.

[After these Sketches had gone through the press, and were ready for publication, we sent Mr. Slick a copy; and shortly afterwards received from him the following letter, which characteristic communication we give entire.—Editor.]

To Mr. Howe.

Sir,—I received your letter, and note its contents. I aint over half pleased, I tell you: I think I have been used scandalous, that's a fact. It warn't the part of a gentleman for to go and pump me arter that fashion, and then go right off and blart it out in print. It was a nasty, dirty, mean action, and I don't thank you nor the Squire a bit for it. It will be more nor a thousand dollars out of my pocket. There's an eend to the Clock trade now, and a pretty kettle of fish I've made on it, hav'nt I? I shall never hear the last on it, and what am I to say when I go back to the States? I'll take my oath I never said one-half the stuff he has set down there; and as for that long lochrum about Mr. Everett, and the Hon. Alden Gobble, and Minister, there aint a word of truth in it from beginnin to eend. If ever I come near hand to him agin, I'll larn him—but never mind. I say nothin. Now there's one thing I don't cleverly understand. If this here book is my '*Sayins and Doins*,' how comes it yourn or the Squire's either? If my thoughts and notions are my own, how can they

be any other folks's? According to my idee you have no more right to take them, than you have to take my clocks without payin for 'em. A man that would be guilty of such an action is no gentleman, that's flat, and if you don't like it, you may lump it—for I don't valy him, nor you neither, nor are a blue-nose that ever stept in shoe-leather, the matter of a pin's head. I don't know as ever I felt so ugly afore since I was raised; why didn't he put his name to it, as well as mine? When an article han't the maker's name and factory on it, it shows it's a cheat, and he's ashamed to own it. If I'm to have the name, I'll have the game, or I'll know the cause why, that's a fact. Now folks say you are a considerable of a candid man, and right up and down in your dealins, and do things above board, handsum—at least so I've hearn tell. That's what I like: I love to deal with such folks. Now s'pose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half of the books myself to. I'll tell you how I'd work it. I'd say, 'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, but it tante mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some say it's the General's, and some say it's the Bishop's, and some says it's Howe himself; but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise child that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-nose considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither, but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and although it ain altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartin: for there are

some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever see'd. Its nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is just 5*s.* 6*d.*, but I'll let you have it for 5*s.*, because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always ax a sixpence more than the price, and then bate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap.

Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used handsum atween you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book, arter that fashion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spec. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove aint an old shoe to be trod on, and I think a certain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I'm mistakened, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

SAMUEL SLICK.

Pugnose's Inn, River Philip, Dec. 25, 1836.

P. S. I see in the last page it is writ, that the Squire is to take another journey round the Shore, and back to Halifax with me next Spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast, but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, afore we start. I concait he'll rise considerable airly in the

mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be wide awake for him next hitch, that's a fact. I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks, and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks would transport him there; you couldn't rub out Slick, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would I'd make it worth your while, you may depend.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROTTING HORSE.

I WAS always well mounted: I am fond of a horse, and always piqued myself on having the fastest trotter in the Province. I have made no great progress in the world; I feel doubly, therefore, the pleasure of not being surpassed on the road. I never feel so well or so cheerful as on horseback, for there is something exhilarating in quick motion; and, old as I am, I feel a pleasure in making any person whom I meet on the way put his horse to the full gallop, to keep pace with my trotter. Poor Ethiope! you recollect him, how he was wont to lay back his ears on his arched neck, and push away from all competition. He is done, poor fellow! the spavin spoiled his speed, and he now roams at large upon 'my farm at Truro.' Mohawk never failed me till this summer.

I pride myself, (you may laugh at such childish weakness in a man of my age,) but still, I pride myself in taking the conceit out of coxcombs I meet on the road, and on the ease with which I can leave a fool behind, whose nonsense disturbs my solitary musings.

On my last journey to Fort Lawrence, as the beautiful view of Colchester had just opened upon me, and as I was contemplating its richness and exquisite scenery, a tall thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes, on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me; and drawing up, said, I guess you started early this morning, Sir! I did Sir, I replied. You did not come from Halifax, I presume, Sir, did you? in a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genuine Yankee. And which

way may you be travelling! asked my inquisitive companion. To Fort Lawrence. Ah! said he, so am I, *it is in my circuit.* The word *circuit* sounded so *professional*, I looked again at him, to *ascertain whether I had ever seen* him before, or *whether I had met with one* of those nameless, *but innumerable* limbs of the law, who now flourish *in every* district of the Province. There was a keenness about his eye, and an acuteness of expression, much in favour of the law; but the dress, and general bearing of the man, made against the supposition. His was not the coat of a man who can afford to wear an old coat, nor was it one of 'Tempests and More's,' that *distinguish country* lawyers from country boobies. *His clothes were well made*, and of good *materials*, *but looked* as *if* their owner had shrunk *a little since they were* made for him; they hung *somewhat loose on* him. A large brooch, and some superfluous seals and gold keys, which ornamented his outward man, looked 'New England' like. A visit to the States had, perhaps, I thought, turned this Colchester beau into a Yankee fop. Of what consequence was it to me who he was—in either case I had nothing to do with *him*, and I desired neither his acquaintance nor *his company*—still I could not but ask myself *who can this man be?* I am not aware, said I, *that there is a court* sitting at this time at Cumberland? *Nor am* I, said my friend. What *then could he have to do* with the circuit! It occurred to *me he must be* a Methodist preacher. I looked again, but *his appearance* again puzzled me. His attire might do—the colour might be suitable—the broad brim not out of place; but there was a want of that staidness of look, that seriousness of countenance, that expression, in short, so characteristic of the clergy.

I could not account for my *idle curiosity—a curiosity* which, in him, I had the *moment before* viewed both with suspicion and disgust; *but so it was*—I felt a *desire* to know *who he could be who was neither* lawyer nor preacher, and yet *talked of his circuit* with the gravity of both. How *ridiculous*, I thought to myself, is this; I will leave him. Turning towards him, I said, I feared I should be late for breakfast, and must therefore bid him good morning. Mohawk felt the pressure of my knees, and away we went at

a *slapping* pace. I congratulated myself on conquering my own curiosity, and on avoiding that of my travelling companion. This, I said to myself, this is the value of a *good horse*; *I* patted his neck—I felt proud of him. Presently I heard the steps of the unknown's horse—the clatter increased. Ah, my friend, thought I, it won't do; you *should be well mounted* if you desire my company; I pushed Mohawk faster, faster, faster—to his best. He outdid himself; he had never trotted so handsomely—so easily—so well.

I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse, said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined *in to prevent his horse passing me*; there is not, I reckon, so spry a one on *my circuit*.

Circuit, or *no circuit*, one thing was settled in my mind; he was a *Yankee*, and a very impertinent Yankee too. I felt humbled, my pride was hurt, and Mohawk was beaten. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; *I yielded, therefore, before* the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

Yes, continued he, a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty *fair trotter, too, I guess*. *Pride* must have a fall—I confess mine was prostrate in the dust. These words cut me to the heart. What! is it come to this, poor Mohawk, that you, the *admiration of all but the envious*, the great Mohawk, the standard by which all other horses are measured—trots next to Mohawk, only yields to Mohawk, looks like Mohawk—that you are, *after all, only a counterfeit*, and pronounced by a straggling Yankee to be merely 'a pretty fair trotter!'

If he was trained, I guess that he might be made do a *little more*. Excuse me, but if you divide your weight between the knee and the stirrup, rather most on the knee, and rise forward on the saddle so as to leave a little daylight *between you and it*, I *hope* I may never ride *this circuit again*, if you don't get a mile more an hour out of him.

What! not enough, I *mentally groaned*, to have my horse beaten, but I must be told that I don't know how to ride him; and that, too, by a Yankee—Ay, there's the rub—a Yankee what? Perhaps a *half-bred* puppy, half

Yankee, half blue-nose. As there is no escape, I'll try to make out my riding master. *Your circuit*, said I, my looks expressing all the surprise they were capable of—your circuit, pray what may that be? Oh, said he, the eastern circuit—I am on the eastern circuit, sir. I have heard, said I, feeling that I now had a lawyer to deal with, that there is a great deal of business on this circuit—Pray, are there many cases of importance? There is a pretty fair business to be done, at least there has been, but the cases are of no great value—we do not make much out of them, we get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit. What a beast, thought I, is this; and what a curse to a country, to have such an unfeeling, petti fogging rascal practising in it—a horse-jockey, too—what a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business.

That is a superior animal you are mounted on, said I—I seldom meet one that can travel with mine. Yes, said he coolly, a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom. I hesitated; this man who talks with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases, and making profit out of them, cannot be offended at the question—yes, I will put it to him. Do you feel an inclination to part with him? I never part with a horse, sir, that suits *me*, said he—I am fond of a horse—I don't like to ride in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose. Is it possible, I thought, that he can know me; that he has heard of my foible, and is quizzing me, or have I this feeling in common with him? But, continued I, you might supply yourself again. Not on *this circuit*, I guess, said he, nor yet in Campbell's circuit. Campbell's circuit—pray, sir, what is that? That, said he, is the western—and Lampton rides the shore circuit; and as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses, that Lampton tells me, a man from Aylesford once sold a hornless ox there, whose tail he had cut and nicked, for a horse of the Goliath breed. I should think, said I, that Mr. Lampton must have no lack of cases among such enlightened clients. Clients, sir! said my friend, Mr. Lampton is not a lawyer. I beg pardon, I thought you said he rode the *circuit*. We call it a circuit, said the stranger, who seemed by no means flat-

tered by the mistake—we divide the Province, as in the Almanack, into circuits, in each of which we separately carry on our business of manufacturing and selling clocks. There are few, I guess, said the Clockmaker, who go upon *tick* as much as we do, who have so little use for lawyers; if attorneys could wind a *man up again*, after he has *been* fairly *run down*, I guess they'd be a pretty harmless sort of folks.

This explanation restored my good humour, and as I could not quit my companion, and he did not feel disposed to leave me, I made up my mind to travel with him to Fort Lawrence, the limit of *his circuit*.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

I HAD heard of Yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and bible pedlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a blue-nose would fail to make a sale at all! I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

What a pity it is, Mr. *Slick*, (for such was his name) what a pity it is, said I, that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of *clocks*, could not also teach them the value of *time*. I guess, said he, they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four year old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about "*House of Assembly*." If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't hoe a crop, he says it is all owing to the Bank

and if he runs into debt and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.

But how is it, said I, that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone, Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's, said he, I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farm house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said, he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, if I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why there aint such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke—Seventy, said the deacon, only seventy. Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it—Interval, we call it, said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place—Well, interval if you please, (though Professor Eleazar Cumstuck, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms,) is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth 3,000 or 4,000 dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid 15,000 dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it: the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and ——. Too old, said the Deacon, too old for all those speculations—Old, repeated the

Clockmaker, not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see now-a-days; you are young enough to have—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased, he smiled and said he did not think of such things now.

But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed; saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone, that is what I call "*soft sawder*." An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or, said he, looking rather archly, if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, *if he could*. Now I find—Here his lecture on "*soft sawder*" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. Just come to say good bye, Mrs. Flint. What, have you sold all your clocks? Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the concern; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles, it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine superfine, but I guess I'll take it back; and beside, Squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer. Dear me, said Mrs. Flint, I should like to see it, where is it? It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store, I guess he can ship it on to Eastport. That's a good man, said Mrs. Flint, just let's look at it.

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock, a gawdy, highly varnished, trumpery looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock, he too thought it a handsome one: but

the Deacon was a prudent man, he had a watch—he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it aint for sale, said Mr. Slick; and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it. Mrs. Flint said, that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. It's no concern of mine, said Mr. Slick, as long as he pays me, what he has to do, but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under 40 dollars. Why it ain't possible, said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, why as I'm alive it is 4 o'clock, and if I hav'nt been two hours here—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll set it a going and put it to the right time.

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

That, said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, that I call '*human natur*.' Now that clock is sold for 40 dollars—it cost me just 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal—nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not '*in human natur*' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to '*soft sawder*' to get them into the house, and to '*human natur*' that they never come out of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE SILENT GIRLS.

Do you see them are swallows, said the Clockmaker now low they fly? Well, I presume, we shall have rain right away, and them noisy critters, them gulls, how close they keep to the water, down there in the Shubenacadie, well that's a sure sign. If we study natur, we don't want no thermometer. But I guess we shall be in time to get under cover in a shingle-maker's shed, about three miles ahead on us.

We had just reached the deserted hovel when the rain fell in torrents.

I reckon, said the clockmaker, as he sat himself down on a bundle of shingles, I reckon they are bad off for inns in this country. When a feller is too lazy to work here, he paints his name over his door, and calls it a tavern, and as like as not he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself—it is about as easy to find a good inn in Halifax as it is to find wool on a goat's back. An inn, to be a good concarn, must be built a purpose, you can no more make a good tavern out of a common dwelling-house, I expect, than a good coat out of an old pair of trowsers. They are eternal lazy, you may depend—now there might be a grand spec made there in building a good Inn and a good Church. What a sacrilegious and unnatural union, said I, with most unaffected surprise. Not at all, said Mr. Slick, we build both on speculation in the States, and make a good deal of profit out of 'em too, I tell you. We look out a good sightly place in a town like Halifax, that is pretty considerably well peopled, with folks that are good marks; and if there is no real right down good preacher among them, we build a handsome Church, touched off like a New York liner, a real taking looking thing—and then we look out for a preacher, a crack man a regular ten horse power chap—well we hire him, and we have to give pretty high wages too, say twelve hundred or sixteen hundred dollars a year. We take him at first on trial for a Sabbath or

two, to try his paces, and if he takes with the folks, if he goes down well, we clinch the bargain and let and sell the pews; and, I tell you, it pays well and makes a real good investment. There were few better specs among us than Inns and Churches, until the Railroads came on the carpet: as soon as the novelty of the new preacher wears off, we hire another, and that keeps up the steam. I trust it will be long, very long, my friend, said I, ere the rage for speculation introduces "the money changers into the temple," with us.

Mr. Slick looked at me with a most ineffable expression of pity and surprise. Depend on it, sir, said he, with a most philosophical air, this Province is much behind the intelligence of the age. But if it is behind us in that respect, it is a long chalk ahead on us in others. I never seed or heard tell of a country that had so many natural privileges as this. Why there are twice as many harbours and water powers here, as we have all the way from Eastport to New *Orleens*. They have all they can ax, and more than they desarve. They have iron, coal, slate, grindstone, lime, fire-stone, gypsum, freestone, and a list as long as an auctioneer's catalogue. But they are either asleep, or stone blind to them. Their shores are crowded with fish, and their lands covered with wood. A government that lays as light on 'em as a down counterpin, and no taxes. Then look at their dykes. The Lord seems to have made 'em on purpose for such lazy folks. If you were to tell the citizens of our country that these dykes had been cropped for a hundred years without manure, they'd say, they guessed you had seen Colonel Crockett, the greatest hand at a flam in our nation. You have heerd tell of a man who couldn't see London for the houses, I tell you if we had this country, you could'nt see the harbours for the shipping. There'd be a rush of folks to it, as there is in one of our inns, to the dinner table, when they sometimes get jammed together in the door-way, and a man has to take a running leap over their heads, afore he can get in. A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth 2,000 dollars: well, he sold it to a watchmaker for 50 cents—the little critter did'nt know no better. *Your people are just*

like the nigger boy, they don't know the value of their diamond.

Do you know the reason monkeys are no good? because they chatter all day long—so do the niggers—and so do the blue noses of Nova Scotia—it's all talk and no work; now with us its all work and no talk; in our ship-yards, our factories, our mills, and even in our vessels, there's no talk—a man can't work and talk too. I guess if you were at the factories at Lowell we'd show you a wonder—*five hundred galls at work together all in silence.* I don't think our great country has such a real natural curiosity as that—I expect the world don't contain the beat of that; for a woman's tongue goes so slick of itself, without water power or steam, and moves so easy on its hinges, that it's no easy matter to put a spring stop on it, I tell you—It comes as natural as drinkin mint julip.

I don't pretend to say the galls don't nullify the rule, at intermission and arter hours, but when they do, if they don't let go, then its a pity. You have heerd a school come out, of little boys. Lord, its no touch to it; or a flock of geese at it, they are no more a match for 'em than a pony is for a coach-horse. But when they are at work, all's as still as sleep and no snoring. I guess we have a right to brag o' that invention—we trained the dear critters, so they don't think of striking the minutes and seconds no longer.

Now the folks of Halifax take it all out in talking—they talk of steam-boats, whalers, and rail-roads—but they all end where they begin—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my latitude, if I was to say they beat the women kind at that. One fellow says, I talk of going to England—another says, I talk of going to the country—while a third says, I talk of going to sleep. If we happen to speak of such things, we say, 'I'm right off down East; or I'm away off South,' and away we go jist like a streak of lightning.

When we want folks to talk, we pay 'em for it, such as our ministers, lawyers, and members of congress; but then we expect the use of their tongues, and not their hands; and when we pay folks to work, we expect the use of their hands, and not their tongues. I guess work don't come kind o' natural to the people of this Province, no more than it

does to a full bred horse. I expect they think they have a little *too much blood* in 'em for work, for they are near about as proud as they are lazy.

Now the Jocs know how to sarve out such chaps, for they have their drones too. Well, they reckon its no fun, a making honey all summer for these idle critters to eat all winter—so they give 'em Lynch Law. They have a regular built mob of citizens, and string up the drones like the Vixburg gamblers. Their maxim is, and not a bad one neither, I guess, 'no work no honey.'

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE RIVER PHILIP.

It was late before we arrived at Pugnose's Inn—the evening was cool, and a fire was cheering and comfortable. Mr. Slick declined any share in the bottle of wine, he said he was dyspeptic; and a glass or two soon convinced me, that it was likely to produce in me something worse than dyspepsy. It was speedily removed, and we drew up to the fire.

Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood, which lay on the hearth; and, after musing some time, said, I guess you've never been in the States. I replied that I had not, but that before I returned to England I proposed visiting that country. There, said he, you'll see the great Daniel Webster—he's a great man, I tell you; King William, number 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator—he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked—he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular cute Lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him.: so says he, Lawyer Webster,

what's your fee? Why, says Daniel, let me see, I have to go down South to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company—and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention, and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you may be more than you'd be willing to give.

Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this, for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all—at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? Why, says Daniel, I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em except going the whole figure for Gineral Jackson, and that everlastin almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers, I hope they'll go the Webster ticket yet—and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford, say 1,000 dollars.

The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heerd this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, Lawyer, that's a great deal of money, but I have more causes there, if I give you the 1,000 dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you? Yes, says Daniel, I will to the best of my humble abilities. So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, what will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1,000 dollars for a fee, but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you—so he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars, jist one hundred dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heerd this; what, said he, do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire? Friend Daniel, said the Quaker, didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine. Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. Well, says he, I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle

on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence any how—so he went good humouredly to work and pleaded them all.

This lazy fellow, Pugnose, continued the Clockmaker, that keeps this inn, is going to sell off and go to the States; he says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there; I guess he'll find his mistake afore he has been there long. Why our country aint to be compared to this, on no account whatever; our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnose, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold thin soil of New England produce what it does? Why, Sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the King. We rise early, live frugally, and work late: what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence—a feller who finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to them, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no Lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overseer, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your

country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

It is a land, Sir, continued the Clockmaker, of hard work. We all have two kind of slaves, the niggers and the white slaves. All European labourers and blacks, who come out to us, do our hard bodily work, while we direct it to a profitable end; neither rich nor poor, high nor low, with us eat the bread of idleness. Our whole capital is in active operation, and our whole population is in active employment. An idle fellow, like Pugnose, who runs away to us, is clapt into harness afore he knows where he is, and is made to work; like a horse that refuses to draw, he is put into the Team-boat; he finds some before him and others behind him, *he must either draw*, or be *dragged to death*.

CHAPTER V.

JUSTICE PETTIFOG.

In the morning the Clockmaker informed me that a Justice's Court was to be held that day at Pugnose's Inn, and he guessed he could do a little business among the country folks that would be assembled there. Some of them, he said, owed him for clocks, and it would save him the world of travelling, to have the Justice and Constable to drive them up together. If you want a fat wether, there's nothing like penning up the whole flock in a corner. I guess, said he, if General Campbell knew what sort of a man that are magistrate was, he'd disband him pretty quick: he's a regular suck-egg—a disgrace to the country. I guess if he acted that way in Kentucky, he'd get a breakfast of cold lead some morning, out of the small eend of a rifle, he'd find pretty difficult to digest. They tell me he issues three hundred writs a year, the cost of which, including that tarnation Constable's fees, can't amount to nothing less than 3,000 dollars per annum. If the Hon. Daniel Webster had

him afore a jury, I reckon he'd turn him inside out, and slip him back again, as quick as an old stocking. He'd paint him to the life, as plain to be known as the head of Gineral Jackson. He's jist a fit feller for Lynch law, to be tried, hanged, and damned, all at once—there's more nor him in the country—there's some of the breed in every country in the Province, jist one or two to do the dirty work, as we keep niggers for jobs that would give a white man the cholera. They ought to pay his passage, as we do with such critters, tell him his place is taken in the Mail Coach, and if he is found here after twenty-four hours, they'd make a carpenter's plumb-bob of him, and hang him outside the church steeple, to try if it was perpendicular. He almost always gives judgment for plaintiff, and if the poor defendant has an offset, he makes him sue it, so that it grinds a grist both ways for him, like the upper and lower millstone.

People soon began to assemble, some on foot and others on horseback, and in wagons—Pugnose's tavern was all bustle and confusion—Plaintiffs, Defendants, and witnesses, all talking, quarrelling, explaining, and drinking. Here comes the Squire, said one; I'm thinking his horse carries more roguery than law, said another; they must have been in proper want of timber to make a justice of, said a third, when they took such a crooked stick as that; sap-headed enough too for refuse, said a stout looking farmer: may be so, said another, but as hard at the heart as a log of elm; howsomever, said a third, I hope it won't be long afore he has the wainy edge scoured off of him, any how. Many more such remarks were made, all drawn from familiar objects, but all expressive of bitterness and contempt.

He carried one or two large books with him in his gig, with a considerable roll of papers. As soon as the obsequious Mr. Pugnose saw him at the door, he assisted him to alight, ushered him into the "best room," and desired the Constable to attend "the Squire." The crowd immediately entered, and the Constable opened the court in due form, and commanded silence.

Taking out a long list of causes, Mr. Pettifog commenced reading the names—James Sharp versus John Slug—call John Slug; John Slug being duly called and not answering, was defaulted. In this manner he proceeded to default some

20 or 30 persons; at last he came to a cause, William Hare versus Dennis O'Brien—call Dennis O'Brien; here I am, said a voice from the other room—here I am, who has anything to say to Dennis O'Brien? Make less noise, sir, said the Justice, or I'll commit you. Commit me, is it, said Dennis, take care then, Squire, you don't commit yourself. You are sued by William Hare for three pounds for a month's board and lodging, what have you to say to it? Say to it, said Dennis, did you ever hear what Tim Doyle said when he was going to be hanged for stealing a pig? says, he, if the pig hadn't squeeled in the bag, I'd never have been found out, so I wouldn't—so I'll take warning by Tim Doyle's fate; I say nothing, let him prove it. Here Mr. Hare was called on for his proof, but taking it for granted that the board would be admitted, and the defence opened, he was not prepared with proof. I demand, said Dennis, I demand an unsuit. Here there was a consultation between the Justice and the Plaintiff, when the Justice said, I shall not nonsuit him, I shall continue the cause. What, hang it up till next Court—you had better hang me up then at once—how can a poor man come here so often—this may be the entertainment Pugnose advertises for horses, but by Jacquers, it is no entertainment for me—I admit then, sooner than come again, I admit it. You admit you owe him three pounds then for a month's board? I admit no such thing, I say I boarded with him a month, and was like Pat Moran's cow at the end of it, at the lifting, bad luck to him. A neighbour was here called, who proved that the three pounds might be the usual price. And do you know I taught his children to write at the school, said Dennis—you might, answered the witness—And what is that worth? I don't know—You don't know, faith, I believe you're right, said Dennis, for if the children are half as big rogues as the father, they might leave writing alone, or they'd be like to be hanged for forgery. Here Dennis produced his account for teaching five children, two quarters, at 9 shillings a quarter each, £4 10s. I am sorry, Mr. O'Brien, said the Justice, very sorry, but your defence will not avail you, your account is too large for one Justice, any sum over three pounds must be sued before two magistrates—But I only want to offset as much as will pay the board—It can't be

done in this shape, said the magistrate; I will consult Justice Doolittle, my neighbour, and if Mr. Hare won't settle with you, *I will sue it for you.* *Well, said Dennis, all I* have to say is, that there is not so big a rogue as Hare on the whole river, save and except one scoundrel who shall be nameless, making a significant and *humble bow to the Justice.* Here there was a general laugh throughout the Court—Dennis retired to the next room to indemnify himself by another glass of grog, and venting his abuse against *Hare and the Magistrate.* *Disgusted* at the gross partiality of the Justice, I also quitted the Court, fully concurring in the opinion, though not in the language, that Dennis was giving utterance to *in the bar room.*

Pettifog owed his elevation to his interest at an election. It is to be hoped that his subsequent merits will be as promptly rewarded, by his dismissal from a bench *which he disgraces and defiles* by his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

ANECDOTES.

As we mounted our horses to proceed to Amherst, groups of country people were to be seen standing about Pugnose's inn, talking over the events of the morning, while others were dispersing to *their several homes.*

A pretty prime, superfine scoundrel, that Pettifog, said the Clockmaker; he and his constable are well mated, and they've travelled in the same geer so long together, *that they make about as* nice a yoke of rascals, as you'll meet in a day's ride. They pull together like one rope reeved through two blocks. That are constable was een almost strangled t'*other day; and if he had'nt had a little grain* more wit than his master, I guess he'd had his wind-pipe stopped as tight as a bladder. There is an outlaw of a feller here, *for all the world like one of our Kentucky Squatters,* one Bill Smith—a critter that neither fears man nor

devil. Sheriff and constable can *make no hand of him*—they can't catch him no how; and if they do come up with him, he slips through their fingers like an eel: and then, he goes *armed, and he can knock the eye* out of a squirrel with a ball, at fifty yards hand running—a regular ugly customer.

Well, Nabb, the constable, had a writ agin him, and he was cyphering a good while how he should catch him; at last he hit on a plan that he thought was pretty *clever, and* he schoemed for a chance to try it. So one day he heard that Bill was up at Pugnose's Inn, a settling some business, and was likely to *be there all night. Nabb waits till* it was considerable late in the evening, and then he takes his horse and rides down to the inn, and hitches his beast *behind the hay stack. Then he crawls* up to the window and peeps in and watches there till Bill should go to bed, thinking the best way to catch them are sort of animals is to *catch them* asleep. Well, he kept Nabb a waiting outside so long, with his talking and singing, that he well nigh fell asleep first himself; at last *Bill began to strip for* bed. First he takes out a long pocket pistol, examines the priming, and lays it down on the table near the head of the bed.

When Nabb sees this, he begins to creep like all over, and feel kinder ugly, and rather sick of his job; but when he *seed him jump into* bed, and heerd him snore out a noise like a man driving pigs to market, he plucked up courage, and thought he might do it easy arter all if he *was to open* the door softly, and make one spring on him afore he could wake. So round he goes, lifts up the latch of his door as soft as soap, and makes a *jump right atop of* him, as he lay on the bed. I guess I got you this time, said Nabb. I guess so too said Bill, but I wish you would'nt lay so plaguy heavy *on me—jist turn over*, that's a good fellow, will you? With that, Bill lays his arm on him to raise him up, for he said he was squeezed as flat as *a pancake, and afore Nabb knew* where he was, Bill rolled him right over, and was atop of him. Then he seized him by the throat, and twisted his pipe, till his eyes were as big *as saucers*, and his tongue grew six inches longer, while he kept making faces, for all the world like the pirate that was

hanged on Monument Hill, at Boston. It was pretty near over with him, when Nabb thought of his spurs; so he just curled up both heels, and drove the spurs right into him; he let him have it jist below his cruper; as Bill was naked, he had a fair chance, and he ragged him like the leaf of a book cut open with your finger. At last, Bill could stand it no longer; he let go his hold, and roared like a bull, and clapping both hands ahind him, he out of the door like a shot. If it had'nt been for them are spurs, I guess Bill would have saved the hangman a job of Nabb that time.

The Clockmaker was an observing man, and equally communicative. Nothing escaped his notice; he knew every body's geneology, history, and means, and like a driver of an English Stage Coach, was not unwilling to impart what he knew. Do you see that snug looking house there, said he, with a short sarce garden afore it? that belongs to Elder Thomson. The elder is pretty close-fisted, and holds special fast to all he gets. He is a just man and very pious, but I have observed when a man becomes near about too good, he is apt, sometimes, to slip ahead into avarice, unless he looks sharper arter his girths. A friend of mine in Connecticut, an old sea captain, who was once let in for it pretty deep, by a man with a broader brim than common, said to me "friend Sam," says he, "I don't like those folks who are too d—n good." There is, I expect, some truth in it, tho' he need'nt have swore at all, but he was an awful hand to swear. Howsomever that may be, there is a story about the Elder that's not so coarse neither.

It appears an old Minister came there once, to hold a meetin' at his house—well, after meetin' was over, the Elder took the minister all over his farm, which is pretty tidy, I tell you; and he showed him a great Ox he had, and a swingeing big Pig, that weighed some six or seven hundred weight, that he was plaguy proud of, but he never offered the old minister any thing to eat or drink. The preacher was pretty tired of all this, and seeing no prospect of being asked to partake with the family, and tolerably sharp set, he asked one of the boys to fetch him his horse out of the barn. When he was taking leave of the Elder (there were several folks by at the time), says he,

Elder Thomson, you have a fine farm here, a very fine farm, indeed; you have a large Ox too, a very large Ox; and I think, said he, I've seen to day, (turning and looking him full in the face, for he intended to hit him pretty hard,) *I think I have seen to-day the greatest Hog I ever saw in my life.* The neighbours snickered a good deal, and the Elder felt pretty streaked. I guess he'd give his great Pig or his great Ox either, if that story had'nt got wind.

CHAPTER VII.

GO AHEAD.

When we resumed our conversation, the Clockmaker said "I guess we are the greatest nation on the face of the airth, and the most enlightened too."

This was rather too arrogant to pass unnoticed, and I was about replying, that whatever doubts there might be on *that subject, there* could be none whatever that they were the most *modest;* when he continued, we "go ahead," the Nova Scotians go "astarn." Our ships go ahead of the *ships of other folks, our steam-boats* beat the British in speed, and so do our stage-coaches; and I reckon a real right down New York trotter might stump the univarse for going "ahead." *But since we introduced* the Rail-Roads, if we don't "go ahead" its a pity. We never fairly knew what going the whole hog was till then; we actilly went ahead of ourselves, *and that's no easy matter,* I tell you. If they only had edication here, they might learn to do so too, but they don't know nothin.' You undervalue them, said I, they have their College and Academies, *their grammar* schools and primary institutions, and I believe there are few among them who cannot read and write.

I guess all that's nothin', said he. *As for Latin and Greek,* we don't valy it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead on 'em even in them are things. As for reading, *its well enough for them* that has nothing to do, and

writing is plaguy apt to bring a man to States-prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. Cyphering is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher he is sure to grow rich. We are a "calculating" people, we all cypher.

A horse that wont go ahead is apt to run back, and the more you whip him, the faster he goes astarn. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been running back so fast lately, that they have tumbled over a *Bank* or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owing to the *Banks*. I guess if they wont look ahead for the future, they'll larn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand 'em.

A bear always goes down a tree *starn foremost*. He is a cunning critter, he knows tante safe to carry a heavy load over his head, and his rump is so heavy, he dont like to trust it over his'n, for fear it might take a lurch, and carry him, heels over head, to the ground; so he lets his starn down first, and his head arter. I wish the blue-noses would find as good an excuse in their rumps for running backwards as he has. But the bear "*cyphers*," he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he "*calculates*" if he carried them up in the air, they might be top heavy for him.

If we had this Province we'd go to work and "cypher" right off. Halifax is nothing without a river or back country; add nothing to nothing, and I guess you have nothing still—add a Rail Road to the Bay of Fundy, and how much do you git? That requires cyphering—it will cost 300,000 dollars, or 75,000 pounds your money—add for notions omitted in the additional column, one third, and it makes even money—100,000 pounds. Interest at 5 per cent. 5,000 pounds a year, now turn over the slate and count up freight—I make it upwards of 25,000 pounds a year. If I had you at the desk I'd show you a bill of items. Now comes "*subtraction*," deduct cost of engines, wear and tear, and expenses, and what not, and reduce it for shortness down to 5,000 pounds a year, the amount of interest. What figures have you got now? you have an investment that pays interest, I guess, and if it dont pay

more then I dont know chalk from cheese. But suppose it don't, and that it yields only 2½ per cent. (and it requires good cyphering, I tell you, to say how it would act with folks that like going astarn better than going ahead,) what would them are wise ones say then? Why the critters would say it wont pay; but I say the sum ant half stated.

Can you count in your head? Not to any extent, said I. Well, that's an etarnal pity, said the Clockmaker, for I should like to show you *Yankee Cyphering*. What is the entire real estate of Halifax worth, at a valeation? I really cannot say. Ah, said he, I see you dont cypher, and Latin and Greek wont do; them are people had no railroads. Well, find out, and then only add ten per cent. to it, for increased value, and if it dont give the cost of a railroad, then my name is not Sam Slick. Well the land between Halifax and Ardoise is worth———nothing, add 5 per cent. to that, and send the sum to the College, and ax the students how much it comes to. But when you get into Hants County, I guess you have land worth coming all the way from Boston to see. His Royal Highness the King, I guess, has'nt got the like in his dominions. Well, add 15 per cent. to all them are lands that border on Windsor Basin, add 5 per cent. to what butts on basin of Mines, and then what do you get? A pretty considerable sum, I tell you—but its no use to give you the *chalks* if you can't keep the *tallies*.

Now we will lay down the schoolmaster's assistant and take up another book every bit and grain as good as that, although these folks affect to sneer at it—I mean human natur. Ah! said I, a knowledge of that was of great service to you, certainly, in the sale of your clock to the old Deacon; let us see how it will assist you now. What does a clock want that's run down? said he. Undoubtedly to be wound up, I replied. I guess you've hit it this time. The folks of Halifax have run down, and they'll never go to all etarnity, till they are wound up into motion; the works are all good, and it is plaguy well cased and set—it only wants a *key*. Put this railroad into operation, and the activity it will inspire into business, the new life it will give the place, will surprise you. Its like lifting a child off

its crawling, and putting him on his legs to run—see how the little critter goes ahead arter that. A kurnel, (I dont mean a Kurnel of militia, for we don't valy that breed o' cattle nothing—they do nothing but strut about and screech all day, like peacocks, but a kurnel of grain, when sowed, will stool into several shoots, and each shoot bear many kurnels, and will multiply itself thus—4 times 1 is 4, and 4 times 25 is 100, (you see all natur cyphers, except the blue-noses.) Jist so, this here railroad will not, perhaps, beget other railroads, but it will beget a spirit of enterprise, that will beget other useful improvements. It will enlarge the sphere and the means of trade, open new sources of traffic and supply—develop resources—and what is of more value perhaps than all—beget motion. It will teach the folks that go astarn or stand stock still, like the state-house in Boston, (though they do say the foundation of that has moved a little this summer) not only to go "*ahead*," *but to nullify time and space.*

Here his horse (who, feeling the animation of his master, had been restive of late) set off at a most prodigious rate of trotting. It was sometime before he was reined up. When I overtook him, the Clockmaker said, this old Yankee horse, you see, understands our word "go ahead" better nor these blue-noses.

What is it, he continued, what is it that 'fetters' the heels of a young country, and hangs like 'a poke' around its neck? what retards the cultivation of its soil, and the improvement of its fisheries?—the high price of labour, I guess. Well, what's a railroad? The substitution of mechanical for human and animal labour, on a scale as grand as our great country. Labour is dear in America, and cheap in Europe. A railroad, therefore, is comparatively no manner of use to them, to what it is to us—it does wonders there, but it works miracles here. There it makes the old man younger, but here it makes the child a giant. To us it is river, bridge, road, and canal, all one. It saves what we han't got to spare, men, horses, carts, vessels, barges, and what's all in all—time.

Since the creation of the Universe, I guess it's the greatest invention, arter man. Now this is what I call

"cyphering" arter human natur, while figures are cyphering arter the "assistant." These two sorts of cyphering make idecation—and you may depend on't, Squire, there is nothing like folks cyphering, if they want to "go ahead."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PREACHER THAT WANDERED FROM HIS TEXT.

I guess, said the Clockmaker, we know more of Nova Scotia than the blue-noses themselves do. The Yankees see further ahead than most folks; they can een a most see round t'other side of a thing; indeed some on them have hurt their eyes by it, and sometimes I think that's the reason such a sight of them wear spectacles. The first I ever heerd tell of Cumberland was from Mr. Everett of Congress; he know'd as much about it as if he had lived here all his days, and may be a little grain more. He is a splendid man that—we class him No. 1, letter A. One night I chanced to go into General Peep's tavern at Boston, and who should I see there but the great Mr. Everett, a studying over a map of the province of Nova Scotia. Why it aint possible said I—if that aint Professor Everett, as I am alive! why how do you do, Professor? Pretty well, I give you thanks, said he; how be you? but I aint no longer Professor; I gin that up, and also the trade of Preaching, and took to politics. You don't say so, said I; why what on airth is the cause o' that? Why, says he, look here, Mr. Slick. What *is* the use of reading the Proverbs of Solomon to our free and enlightened citizens, that are every mite and mortal as wise as he was? That are man undertook to say there was nothing new under the sun. I guess he'd think he spoke a little too fast, if he was to see our steam-boats, railroads, and India rubber shoes—three inventions worth more nor all he knew put into a heap together. Well, I don't know, said I, but somehow or another I guess you'd have found preaching the best speculation in the long run; them are

Unitarians pay better than Uncle Sam (we call, said the Clockmaker, the American public Uncle Sam, as you call the British John Bull.)

That remark seemed to grig him a little; he felt oneasy like, and walked twice across the room, fifty fathoms deep in thought; at last he said, which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch? Why, says I, I've been away up south a speculating in nutmegs. I hope, says the Professor, they were a good article, the real right down genuine thing. No mistake, says I,—no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first chop; but why did you ax that question? Why, says he, that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put a half a bushel of good ones into each eend of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one with his teeth*, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*. Well, its been a standing joke with them southerners agin us ever since.

It was only tother day at Washington, that everlasting Virginy duellist General Cuffy, afore a number of senators, at the President's house, said to me, Well Everett, says he —you know I was always dead agin your Tariff bill, but I have changed my mind since your able speech on it; I shall vote for it now. Give me your hand, says I, General Cuffy; the Boston folks will be dreadful glad when they hear your splendid talents are on our side—I think it will go now—we'll carry it. Yes, says he, your factories down east beat all natur; they go ahead on the English a long chalk. You may depend I was glad to hear the New Englanders spoken of in that way—I felt proud, I tell you —and, says he, there's one manufacture that might stump all Europe to produce the like. What's that? says I, looking as pleased all the time as a gall that's tickled. Why, says he, the facture of wooden nutmegs; that's a cap sheef that bangs the bush—its a real Yankee patent invention. With that all the gentlemen set up a laugh, you might have heerd away down to Sandy Hook—and the General gig gobbled like a great turkey cock, the half nigger, half alli-

gator like looking villain as he is. I tell you what, Mr. Slick, said the Professor, I wish with all my heart them are damned nutmegs were in the bottom of the sea. That was the first oath I ever heerd him let slip: but he was dreadful ryled, and it made me feel ugly too, for its awful to hear a minister swear; and the only match I know for it, is to hear a regular sneezer of a sinner quote scripture. Says I, Mr Everett, that's the fruit that politics bear: for my part I never seed a good graft on it yet, that bore any thing good to eat, or easy to digest.

Well, he stood awhile looking down on the carpet, with his hands behind him, quite taken up a cyphering in his head, and then he straightened himself up, and he put his hand upon his heart, just as he used to do in the pulpit, (he looked pretty I tell you) and slowly lifting his hand off his breast, he said, Mr. Slick, our tree of liberty was a beautiful tree—a splendid tree—it was a sight to look at; it was well fenced and well protected, and it grew so stately and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the globe to see it. They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well, the mobs have broken in and tore down their fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallows tree. I am afeared, says he, I tremble to think on it, but I am afeared our ways will no longer be ways of pleasantness, nor our paths, paths of peace; I am, indeed, I vow, Mr. Slick. He looked so streaked and so chop-fallen, that I felt kinder sorry for him; I actilly thought he'd a boo-hood right out.

So, to turn the conversation, says I, Professor, what are great map is that I seed you a studyin' over when I came in? Says he, its a map of Nova Scotia. That, says he, is a valuable province, a real clever province; we han't got the like on it, but its most plagily in our way. Well, says I, send for Sam Patch (that are man was a great diver, says the Clockmaker, and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of agin till tother day when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the Susy Ann Whaler, saw him in the South Sea. Why, says Captain Enoch to him, why Sam, says he, how on airth did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines. Why,

says he, I didn't get on airth here at all, but I came right slap *through* it. In that are Niagara dive, I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up tother side, so out I came in those parts. If I don't take the shine off the Sea Serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.) Well, says I, Professor, send for Sam Patch, the diver, and let him dive down and stick a torpedo in the bottom of the Province and blow it up; or if that won't do, send for some of our steam tow-boats from our great Eastern cities, and tow it out to sea; you know there's nothing our folks can't do, when they once fairly take hold on a thing in airnest.

Well, that made him laugh; he seemed to forget about the nutmegs, and says he, that's a bright scheme, but it won't do; we shall want the Province some day, and I guess we'll buy it of King William; they say he is over head and ears in debt, and owes nine hundred millions of pounds starling—we'll buy it as we did Florida. In the meantime we must have a canal from Bay Fundy to Bay Varte, right through Cumberland neck, by Shittyack, for our fishing vessels to go to Labradore. I guess you must ax leave first, said I. That's jist what I was cyphering at, says he, when you came in. I believe we won't ax them at all, but jist fall to and do it; *it's a road of necessity*. I once heard Chief Justice Marshall of Baltimore, say, If the people's highway is dangerous—a man may take down a fence—and pass through the fields as a way of *needcessity*; and we shall do it on that principle, as the way round by Isle Sable is dangerous. I wonder the Novascotians don't do it for their own convenience. Said I, it would'nt make a bad speculation that. The critters don't know no better, said he. Well, says I, the St. John's folks, why don't they? for they are pretty cute chaps them.

They remind me, says the Professor, of Jim Billings. You knew Jim Billings, didn't you, Mr. Slick? Oh yes, said I, I knew him. It was he that made such a talk by shipping blankets to the West Indies. The same, says he. Well, I went to see him the other day at Mrs. Lecain's Boarding House, and says I, Billings, you have a nice loca-

tion here. A plagy sight too nice, said he. Marm Lecain makes such an eternal touss about her carpets, that I have to go along that everlasting long entry, and down both staircases, to the street door to spit; and it keeps all the gentlemen a running with their mouths full all day. I had a real bout with a New Yorker this morning, I run down to the street door, and afore I seed any body a coming, I let go and I vow if I didn't let a chap have it all over his white waistcoat. Well, he makes a grab at me, and I shuts the door right to on his wrist, and hooks the door chain taught, and leaves him there, and into Marm Lecain's bed-room like a shot, and hides behind the curtain. Well, he roared like a bull, till black Lucretia, one of the house helps, let him go, and they looked into all the gentlemen's rooms and found nobody—so I got out of that are scrape. So, what with Marm Lecain's carpets in the house, and other folks's waistcoats in the street, its too nice a location for me, I guess, so I shall up killoch and off to-morrow to the *Tree* mont.

Now, says the Professor, the St. John's folks are jist like Billings, fifty cents would have bought him a spit box, and saved him all them are journeys to the street door—and a canal at Bay Varte would save the St. John's folks a voyage all round Nova Scotia. Why, they can't get at their own backside settlements, without a voyage most as long as one to Europe. *If we had that are neck of land in Cumberland, we'd have a ship canal there, and a town at each eend of it as big as Portland.* You may talk of Solomon, said the Professor, but if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, neither was he in all his wisdom equal in knowledge to a real free American citizen. Well, said I, Professor, we are a most enlightened people, that's sartain, but somehow I don't like to hear you run down King Solomon neither; perhaps he warnt quite so wise as Uncle Sam, but then, said I, (drawing close to the Professor, and whispering in his ear, for fear any folks in the bar room might hear me,) but then, said I, may be he was every bit and grain as honest. Says he, Mr. Slick, there are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are

others agin, who blart right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.

And with that he turned right round, and sat down to his map, and never said another word, lookin' as mad as a hatter the whole blessed time

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CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE FEEDING.

Did you ever heer tell of Abernethy, a British doctor? said the Clockmaker. Frequently, said I, he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice. Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that, he replied, he treated the hon'ble Alden Gobble, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that are again. I'd make him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potatoe field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plagy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.

His manner, said I, was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest and so straightforward, that no person was, I believe, ever seriously offended at him. *It was his way.* Then his way was so plaguy rough, continued the Clockmaker, that he'd been the better, if it had been hammered and mauled down smoother. I'd a levelled him as flat as a flounder. Pray what was his offence? said I. Bad enough you may depend.

The hon'ble Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness arter eatin, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. What's the matter with you, said the Doctor? just that way, without even passing the time o'day with him—what's the matter with you? said he. Why, says Alden, I presume I have the dyspepsy. Ah! said he, I

see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest. I am an American citizen, says Alden, with great dignity; I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James. The devil you are, said Abernethy; then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy. I don't see that are inference, said Alden; it don't follow from what you predicate at all—it aint a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office. (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself: he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) But I tell you it does follow, said the Doctor; for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.

It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one ravin distracted mad. I'll be d——d, said he, if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a Boa Constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. Its disgusting, its beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! infernal guzzling you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat, that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.

I don't understand such language, said Alden, (for he was fairly ryled and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks wicked ugly, I tell you,) I don't understand such language, Sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be——. Don't understand! said the Doctor, why its plain English; but here, read my book

—and he shoved a book into his hands and left him in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room.

If the hon'ble Alden Gobble had gone right away and demanded his passports, and returned home with the Legation, in one of our first class frigates, (I guess the English would as soon see pyson as one o' them are Serpents) to Washington, the President and the people would have sustained him in it, I guess, until an apology was offered for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me, said Mr. Slick, I'd a headed him afore he slipt out o' the door, and pinned him up agin the wall, and made him bolt his words agin, as quick as he throw'd 'em up, for I never see'd an Englishman that did'nt cut his words as short as he does his horse's tail, close up to the stump.

It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think, said I, that your Secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentlemanlike attack, although he showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved. It was plagy lucky for the doctor, I tell you, that he cut his stick as he did, and made himself scarce, for Alden was an ugly customer, he'd a gin him a proper scalding—he'd a taken the brissles off his hide, as clean as the skin of a spring shote of a pig killed at Christmas.

The Clockmaker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself for these remarks on his countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

Do you see that are flock of colts, said he, (as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the vallies of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile,) well, I guess they keep too much of that are stock. I heerd an Indian one day ax a tavern keeper for some rum; why, Joe Spawdeeck, said he, I reckon you have got too much already. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much rum is jist enough. I guess these blue-noses think so bout their horses, they are fairly eat up by them, out of house and home, and they are no good neither. They beant good saddle horses, and they beant good draft beasts—they are jist neither one thing nor tother. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks. At mowing time they use

molasses and water, nasty stuff, only fit to catch flies—it spiles good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them are great dykes; well, they all go to feed horses; and look at their grain fields on the upland; well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us: so we feed the asses, and they feed the horses. If I had them critters on that are marsh, on a location of mine, I'd jist take my rifle and shoot every one on them; the nasty yo necked, cat hammed, heavy headed, flat eared, crooked shanked, long legged, narrow chested, good for nothin brutes; they aint worth their keep one winter. I vow, I wish one of these blue-noses, with his go-to-meetin clothes on, coat tails pinned up behind like a leather blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and pipe stuck through his hat band, mounted on one of these limber timbered critters, that moves its hind legs like a hen scratchin gravel, was sot down in Broadway, in New York, for a sight. Lord! I think I hear the West Point cadets a larfin at him. Who brought that are scarecrow out of standin corn and stuck him here? I guess that are citizen came from away down east out of the Notch of the White Mountains. Here comes the Cholera doctor, from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, neither, for he don't *look as if he had ever been among the rapids.* If they would'nt poke fun at him its a pity.

If they'd keep less horses, and more sheep, they'd have food and clothing, too, instead of buying both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a cryin', to see one of these folks catch a horse: may be he has to go two or three miles of an arrand. Well, down he goes on the dyke, with a bridle in one hand, and an old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses, and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter. At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, shakin of his oats, and a coaxin him, and jist as he goes to put his hand on him, away he starts all head and tail, and the rest with him; that starts another flock, and they set a third off, and at last every troop on 'em goes, as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he chases them

clear across the Tantramer marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire holes, and flag ponds, and then they turn and take a fair chase for it back again seven miles more. By this time, I presume they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men folks in the neighbourhood, and catches his beast, as they do a moose arter he is fairly run down; so he rides fourteen miles, to ride two, because he is in a tarnation hurry. It's e'en a most equal to eatin soup with a fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails; its only one horse a man can ride out of half a dozen, arter all. One has no shoes, tother has a colt, one arnt broke, another has a sore back, while a fifth is so eternal cunnin, all Cumberland could'nt catch him, till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them are dyke marshes have what they call '*honey pots*' in 'em; that is a deep hole all full of squash, where you can't find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail a stickin right out an end, from one of these honey pots, and wavin like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'en a most smothered, everlastin' tired, half swimmin, half wadin, like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that are pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half drowned kittens—all slinkey slimey—with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish its a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot mashes, warm covering, and what not, and when spring comes, they mostly die, and if they don't they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart half the horses in the country were barrelled up in those here "honey pots," and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Just look at one of these barn yards in the spring—half a dozen half-starved colts, with their hair looking a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats

hangin in tatters, and half a dozen good for nothin old horses, a crowdin out the cows and sheep.

Can you wonder that people who keep such an unprofitable stock, come out of the small eend of the horn in the long run?

CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART—THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. Its pretty well on in the evening, I guess, said he, and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin in April; its all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad lookin piece of furniture neither, and its a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple trees.

The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirn from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else cant do it nohow. Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they? I guess, said I, there ant the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you need'nt let

on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squaw-neck Creek, (I was afeared he was a goin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories,) so says I, I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them? Why, I was a goin to tell you, said he, when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so etarnal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they satch no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess its pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. Its a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good ——. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.

When we entered the house, the travellers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

Good evening, Marm, said Mr. Slick, how do you do and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she, why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night I hope. Oh no, said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer

than we expected; I am sorry that ——. So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an Inn when he has no occasion to, his family cant expect no rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, Well, if that aint a beautiful child—come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are little feller aint the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? ah you rogue, where did yo get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country —come to me, my man. Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go my dear to the gentleman—go dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they did'nt see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pugwash—Sally, make a fire in the next room. She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother? I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash to me; you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said I. Not the least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary a pleasure.

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, its a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them to start, arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself would'nt start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*

You seem, said I, to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex. Any man, he replied, that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

People talk an everlastin sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there's'nt one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India Rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you could'nt falt him in no particular; he was so just a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say there goes Washington Banks, bount he lovely? I do believe there was'nt a gall in the Lowell

factories, that warnt in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amazin hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young galls) Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' Well, how do you act, Mr. Banks, half a thousand little clipper clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so peecked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, *of a broken heart*. What, says I, have the galls been jiltin you? No, no, says he, I beant such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad speculation? No, says he, shakin his head, I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What under the sun, is it, then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the Anchor was so etarnal heavy it broke my heart*. Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell *of a broken heart*.

CHAPTER XI.

CUMBERLAND OYSTERS PRODUCE MELANCHOLY FOREBODINGS.

THE '*soft sawder*' of the Clockmaker had operated effectually on the beauty of Amherst, our lovely hostess of Pugwash's Inn: indeed, I am inclined to think with Mr. Slick, that 'the road to a woman's heart lies through her child,' from the effect produced upon her by the praises bestowed on her infant boy.

I was musing on this feminine susceptibility to flattery, when the door opened, and Mrs. Pugwash entered dressed in her sweetest smiles and her best cap, an auxiliary by no means required by her charms, which, like an Italian sky, when unclouded, are unrivalled in splendour. Approaching me, she said, with an irresistible smile, Would you like Mr.——, (here there was a pause, a hiatus, evidently intended for me to fill up with my name; but that no person knows, nor do I intend they shall; at Medley's Hotel, in Halifax, I was known as the stranger in No. 1. The attention that incognito procured for me, the importance it gave me in the eyes of the master of the house, its lodgers and servants, is indescribable. It is only great people who travel incog. State travelling is inconvenient and slow; the constant weight of form and etiquette oppresses at once the strength and the spirits. It is pleasant to travel unobserved, to stand at ease, or exchange the full suit for the undress coat and fatigue jacket. Wherever, too, there is mystery there is importance; there is no knowing for whom I may be mistaken—but let me once give my humble cognomen and occupation, and I sink immediately to my own level, to plebeian station and a vulgar name; not even my beautiful hostess, nor my inquisitive friend, the Clockmaker, who calls me 'Squire,' shall extract that secret!) Would you like, Mr. ——, Indeed I would, says I, Mrs. Pugwash; pray be seated, and tell me what it is. Would you like a

dish of superior Shittyacks for supper? Indeed I would, said I, agin laughing; but pray tell me what it is? Laws me! said she with a stare, where have you been all your days, that you never heard of our Shittyack Oysters? I thought every body had heerd of them. I beg pardon, said I, but I understood at Halifax, that the only Oysters in this part of the world were found on the shores of Prince Edward Island. Oh! dear no, said our hostess, they are found all along the coast from Shittyack, through Bay of Vartes, away to Ramshag. The latter we seldom get, though the best; there is no regular conveyance, and when they do come, they are generally shelled and in kegs, and never in good order. I have not had a real good Ramshag in my house these two years, since Governor Maitland was here; he was amazing fond of them, and Lawyer Talkemdeaf sent his carriage there on purpose to procure them fresh for him. Now we can't *get them*, but we have the Shittyacks in perfection; say the word and they shall be served up immediately.

A good dish and an unexpected dish is most acceptable, and certainly my American friend and myself did ample justice to the oysters, which, if they had not so classical a name, have quite as good a flavour as their far-famed brethren of Milton. Mr. Slick eat so heartily, that when he resumed his conversation, he indulged in the most melancholy forebodings.

Did you see that are nigger, said he, that removed the oyster shells? well he's one of our Chesapickers, one of General Cuffy's slaves. I wish Admiral Cockburn had a taken them all off our hands at the same rate. We made a pretty good sale of them are black cattle, I guess, to the British; I wish we were well rid of 'em all. *The Blacks and the Whites* in the States show their teeth and snarl, they are jist ready to fall to. *The Protestants and Catholics* begin to lay back their ears, and turn tail for kickin *The Abolitionists and Planters* are at it like two bulls in a pastur. *Mob-Law and Lynch-Law* are working like yeast in a barrel, and frothing at the bunghole. *Nullification and Tariff* are like a charcoal pit, all covered up, but burning inside, and sending out smoke at every crack,

enough to stifle a horse. *General Government and State Government* every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genuine set-to. *Surplus Revenue* is another bone of contention; like a shin of beef, thrown among a pack of dogs, it will set the whole on 'em by the ears.

You have heerd tell of cotton rags dipt in turpentine, havn't you, how they produce combustion? Well, I guess we have the elements of spontaneous combustion among us in abundance; when it does break out, if you don't see an eruption of human gore worse than Etna lava, then I'm mistaken. There'll be the very devil to pay, that's a fact. I expect the blacks will butcher the Southern whites, and the Northerners will have to turn out and butcher them again; and all this shoot, hang, cut, stab, and burn business will sweeten our folks' temper, as raw meat does that of a dog—it fairly makes me sick to think on it. The explosion may clear the air again, and all be tranquil once more, but its an even chance if it don't leave us the three steam-boat options, to be blown sky high, to be scalded to death, or drowned.

If this sad picture you have drawn be indeed true to nature, how does your country, said I, appear so attractive as to draw to it so large a portion of our population? It taste its attraction, said the Clockmaker; its nothing but its power of suction; it is a great whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all the straw and chips, and floating sticks, drift wood and trash into it. The small crafts are sucked in, and whirl round and round like a squirrel in the cage—they'll never come out. Bigger ones pass through at certain times of tide, and can come in and out with good pilotage, as they do at *Hell Gate* up the Sound.

You astonish me, said I, beyond measure; both your previous conversations with me, and the concurrent testimony of all my friends who have visited the States, give a different view of it. *Your friends!* said the Clockmaker with such a tone of ineffable contempt, that I felt a strong inclination to knock him down for his insolence—your friends! Ensigns and leftenants, I guess, from the British marchin regiments in the Colonies, that run over five

thousand miles of country in five weeks, on leave of absence, and then return, looking as wise as the monkey that had seen the world. When they get back they are so chock full of knowledge of the Yankees, that it runs over of itself, like a hogshead of molasses, rolled about in hot weather—a white froth and scum bubbles out of the bung; wishywashy trash they call tours, sketches, travels, letters, and what not; vapid stuff, jist sweet enough to catch flies, cockroaches, and half-fledged galls. It puts me in mind of my French. I larnt French at night school one winter of our minister Joshua Hopewell (he was the most larned man of the age, for he taught himself een amost every language in Europe; well, next spring, when I went to Boston I met a Frenchman, and I began to jabber away French to him: 'Polly woes a french shay,' says I. 'I don't understand Yankee yet, says he. You don't understand! says I, why its French. I guess you didn't expect to hear such good French, did you, away down east here? but we speak it real well, and its generally allowed we speak English, too, better than the British. Oh, says he, you one very droll Yankee, dat very good joke, Sare; you talk Indian and call it French. But, says I, Mister Mountshear, it is French, I vow; real merchantable, without wainy edge or shakes—all clear stuff; it will pass survey in any market—its ready stuck and seasoned. Oh, very like, says he, bowin as polite as a black waiter at New Or*leens*, very like, only I never heerd it afore; oh, very good French dat—*clear stuff*, no doubt, but I no understand—its all my fault, I dare say, Sare.

Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, I see how the cat jumps—Minister knows so many languages he hant been particular enough to keep 'em in separate parcels, and mark 'em on the back, and they've got mixed, and sure enough I found my French was so overrun with other sorts, that it was better to lose the whole crop than to go to weedin, for as fast as I pulled up any strange seedlin, it would grow right up agin as quick as wink, if there was the least bit of root in the world left in the ground, so I left it all to rot on the field.

There is no way so good to larn French as to live among 'em, and if you *want to understand us, you must live among us, too*; your Halls, Hamiltons, and De Rouses, and such critters, what *can* they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flying along the railroad? can he even see the featurs? Old Admiral Anson once axed one of our folks afore our glorious Revolution, (if the British had a known us a little grain better at that time, they wouldn't have got whipped like a sack as they did then) where he come from? From the Chesapeeke, said he. Aye, aye, said the Admiral, from the West Indies. I guess, said the Southaner, you may have been clean *round the world*, Admiral, but you have been plaguy *little in it*, not to know better nor that.

I shot a wild goose at River Philip last year, with the rice of Varginey fresh in his crop; he must have cracked on near about as fast as them other geese, the British travellers. Which know'd the most of the country they passed over, do you suppose? I guess it was much of a muchness — near about six of one, and half a dozen of tother; two eyes aint much better than one, if they are both blind.

No, if you want to know all about us and the blue noses (a pretty considerable share of Yankee blood in them too, I tell you; the old stock comes from New England, and the breed is tolerable pure yet, near about one half apple sarce, and tother half molasses, all except to the Easterd, where there is a cross of the Scotch,) jist ax me and I'll tell you candidly. I'm not one of them that can't see no good points in my neighbor's critter, and no bad ones in my own; I've seen too much of the world for that I guess. Indeed, in a general way, I praise other folks' beasts, and keep dark about my own. Says I, when I meet Blue Noses mounted, that's a real smart horse of yourn, put him out, I guess he'll trot like mad. Well, he lets him have the spur, and the critter does his best, and then I pass him like a streak of lightning with mine. The feller looks all taken aback at that. Why, says he, that's a real clipper of yourn, I vow. Middlin, says I, (quite cool, as if I had heerd that are same thing a thousand times,) he's good enough *for* me, jist a fair trotter, and nothing to brag of.

That goes near about as far agin in a general way, as a crackin and a boastin does. Never *tell* folks you can go ahead on 'em, but *do* it; it spares a great deal of talk, and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

No, if you want to know the inns and the outs of the Yankees—I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plagy sight more. It tante them that stare the most, that see the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them, (I warnt born blind I reckon,) but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, *Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

JIST look out of the door, said the Clockmaker, and see what a beautiful night it is, how calm, how still, how clear it is, beant it lovely?—I like to look up at them are stars, when I am away from home, they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first flag in the universe now. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. Its near about the prettiest sight I know of, is one of our first class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea; it is like the great American Eagle, on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, afeared of nothin of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?

There was no evading so direct, and at the same time, so conceited an appeal as this. Certainly said I, the

emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your naval buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. That was a natural idea, taken from an ordinary occurrence: a bird purloining the anchor of a frigate—an article so useful and necessary for the food of its young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of—boasting of what you cannot perform—grasping at what you cannot attain—an emblem of arrogance and weakness—of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretension.

Its a common phrase, said he, (with great composure) among seamen, to say 'damn your buttons,' and I guess its natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals; I guess you have a right to that are oath. Its a sore subject, that, I reckon, and I believe I had'nt ought to have spoken of it to you at all. Brag is a good dog, but hold fast is a better one.

He was evidently annoyed, and with his usual dexterity gave vent to his feelings, by a sally upon the blue-noses, who, he says, are a cross of English and Yankee, and therefore first cousins to us both. Perhaps, said he, that are Eagle might with more propriety have been taken off as perched on an anchor, instead of holding it in his claws, and I think it would have been more natural; but I suppose it was some stupid foreign artist that made that are blunder—I never seed one yet that was equal to ourn. If that Eagle is represented as trying what he cant do, its an honorable ambition arter all, but these blue-noses wont try what they can do. They put me in mind of a great big hulk of a horse in a cart, that wont put his shoulder to the collar at all for all the lambastin in the world, but turns his head round and looks at you, as much as to say, 'what an everlastin heavy thing an empty cart is, isnt it?' An Owl should be their emblem, and the motto, 'He sleeps all the days of his life.' The whole country is like this night; beautiful to look at, but silent as the grave—still as death, asleep, becalmed.

If the sea was always calm, said he, it would pyson the univarse; no soul could breathe the air, it would be so

uncommon bad. Stagnant water is always onpleasant, but salt water when it gets tainted beats all natur; motion keeps it sweet and wholesome, and that our minister used to say is one of the 'wonders of the great deep.' This province is stagnant; it taint deep like still water neither, for its shaller enough, gracious knows, but it is motionless, noiseless, lifeless. If you have ever been to sea in a calm, you'd know what a plagy tiresome thing it is for a man that's in a hurry. An everlastin flappin of the sails, and a creakin of the booms, and an onsteady pitchin of the ship, and folks lyin about dozin away their time, and the sea a heavin a long heavy sweil, like the breathin of the chist of some great monster asleep. A passenger wonders the sailors are so plagy easy about it, and he goes a lookin out east, and a spyin out west, to see if there's any chance of a breeze, and says to himself, 'Well, if this aint dull music its a pity.' Then how streaked he feels when he sees a steam-boat a clippin it by him like mad, and the folks on board pokin fun at him, and askin him if he has any word to send home. Well, he says, if any soul ever catches me on board a sail vessel again, when I can go by steam, I'll give him leave to tell me of it, that's a fact.

That's partly the case here. They are becalmed, and they see us going ahead on them, till we are een amost out of sight; yet they haut got a steamboat, and they hant got a railroad; indeed, I doubt if one half on 'em ever seed or heerd tell of one or tother of them. I never seed any folks like 'em except the Indians, and they wont even so much as look—they havn't the least morsel of curiosity in the world; from which one of our Unitarian preachers (they are dreadful hands at *doubtin* them. I dont *doubt* but some day or another, they will *doubt* whether every thing aint a *doubt*) in a very learned work, doubts whether they were ever descended from Eve at all Old marm Eve's children, he says, are all lost, it is said, in consequence of *too much* curiosity, while these copper coloured folks are lost from havin *too little*. How can they be the same? Thinks I, that may be logic, old Dubersome, but it ant sense, dont extremes meet! Now, these blue-noses have no motion in 'em, no enterprise, no spirit, and if any

critter shows any symptoms of activity, they say he is a man of no judgment, he's speculative, he's a schemer, in short, he's mad. They vegetate like a lettuce plant in saree garden, they grow tall and spindlin, run to seed right off, grow as bitter as gaul, and die.

A gall once came to our minister to hire as a house help; says she, Minister, I suppose you don't want a young lady to do chamber business and breed worms, do you? For I've half a mind to take a spell at livin out (she meant, said the clockmaker, house work and rearing silk worms.) My pretty maiden, says he, a pattin her on the cheek, (for I've often observed old men always talk kinder pleasant to women,) my pretty maiden, where was you brought up? Why, says she, I guess I warn't brought at all, I growd up. Under what platform, says he, (for he was very particular that all his house helps should go to his meetin,) under what Church platform? Church platform, says she, with a toss of her head, like a young colt that got a check of the curb, I guess I warn't raised under a platform at all, but in as good a house as yourn, grand as you be.—You said well, said the old minister, quite shocked, when you said you growd up, dear, for you have grown up in great ignorance. Then I guess you had better get a lady that knows more than me, says she, that's flat. I reckon I am every bit and grain as good as you be—If I don't understand a bum-byx (silk worm) both feedin, breedin, and rearin, then I want to know who does, that's all; church platform, indeed, says she, I guess you were raised under a glass frame in March, and transplanted on Independence day, warn't you? And off she sot, lookin as scorney as a London lady, and leavin the poor minister standin starin like a stuck pig. Well, well, says he, a liftin up both hands, and turnin up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, if that don't bang the bush!! It fearly beats sheep shearin, after the blackberry bushes have got the wool. It does, I vow; them are the tares them Unitarians sow in our grain fields at night; I guess they'll ruinate the crops yet, and make the grounds so everlasting foul, we'll have to pare the sod and burn it, to kill the roots. Our fathers sowed the right seed here in the wilderness, and

watered it with their tears, and watched over it with fastin and prayer, and now it's fairly run out, that's a fact, I snore. Its got choaked up with all sorts of trash in natur, I declare. Dear, dear, I vow I never seed the beat o' that in all my born days.

Now the blue-noses are like that are gall; they have grown up, and grown up in ignorance of many things they hadn't ought not to know; and its as hard to teach grown up folks as it is to break a six year old horse; and they do ryle one's temper so—they act so ugly that it tempts one sometimes to break their confounded necks—its near about as much trouble as it's worth. What remedy is there for all this supineness, said I; how can these people be awakened out of their ignorant slothfulness, into active exertion? The remedy, said Mr. Slick, is at hand—it is already workin its own cure. They must recede before our free and enlightened citizens, like the Indians; our folks will buy them out, and they must give place to a more intelligent and ac-*tive* people. They must go to the lands of Labrador, or be located back of Canada; they can hold on there a few years, until the wave of civilization reaches them, and then they must move again as the savages do. It is decreed; I hear the bugle of destiny a soundin of their retreat, as plain as anything. Congress will give them a concession of land, if they petition, away to Alleghany's backside territory, and grant them relief for a few years; for we are out of debt, and don't know what to do with our surplus revenue. The only way to shame them, that I know, would be to sarve them as Uncle Enoch sarved a neighbour of his in Varginy.

There was a lady that had a plantation near hand to hisn, and there was only a small river atwixt the two houses, so that folks could hear each other talk across it. Well, she was a dreadful cross grained woman, a real catamount, as savage as a she bear that has cubs, an old farrow critter, as ugly as sin, and one that both hooked and kicked too—a most particular onmarciful she devil, that's a fact. She used to have some of her niggers tied up every day, and flogged oncommon severe, and their screams and screeches were horrid—no soul could stand it; nothin was heerd all

day but *oh Lord Missus! oh Lord Missus!* Enoch was fairly sick of the sound, for he was a tender hearted man, and says he to her one day, Now do, marm, find out some other place to give your cattle the cowskin, for it worries me to hear 'em take on so dreadful bad—I can't stand it, I vow; they are flesh and blood as well as we be, though the meat is a different colour; but it was no good—she jist up and told him to mind his own business, and she guessed she'd mind hern. He was determined to shame her out of it; so one mornin arter breakfast he goes into the cane field and says he to Lavender, one of the black overseers, Muster up the whole gang of slaves, every soul, and bring 'em down to the whippin post, the whole stock of them, bulls, cows, and calves. Well, away goes Lavender, and drives up all the niggers. Now you catch it, says he, you lazy villains; I tole you so many a time—I tole you Massa he lose all patience wid you, you good for nothin rascals. I grad, upon my soul, I worry grad; you mind now what old Lavender say anoder time. (The black overseers are always the most cruel, said the Clockmaker; they have no sort of feeling for their own people.)

Well, when they were gathered there according to orders, they looked streaked enough you may depend, thinkin they were going to get it all round, and the wenches they fell to a cryin, wringin their hands, and boo-hooing like mad. Lavender was there with his cowskin, grinnin like a chessy cat, and crackin it about, ready for business. Pick me out, says Enoch, four that have the loudest voices; hard matter dat, says Lavender, hard matter dat, Massa, dey all talk loud, dey all lub talk more better nor work —de idle villains; better gib 'em all a little tickel, jist to teach em larf on tother side of de mouth: dat side bran new, they never use it yet. Do as I order you, Sir, said Uncle, or I'll have you tricked up, you cruel old rascal you. When they were picked out and sot by themselves, they hanged their heads, and looked like sheep going to the shambles. Now, says Uncle Enoch, my Pickininnies, do you sing out as loud as Niagara, at the very tip eend of your voice—

Dont't kill a nigger, pray,
Let him lib anoder day.
Oh Lord Missus—Oh Lord Missus.

My back be very sore,
No stand it any more.
Oh Lord Missus—Oh Lord Missus.

And all the rest of you join chorus, as loud as you can bawl, *Oh Lord Missus.* The black rascals understood the joke real well. They larfed ready to split their sides: they fairly lay down on the ground, and rolled over and over with lafter. Well, when they came to the chorus, *Oh Lord Missus,* if they didn't let go, it's a pity. They made the river ring agin—they were heerd clean out to sea. All the folks ran out of the Lady's house, to see what on airth was the matter on Uncle Enoch's plantation—they thought there was actilly a rebellion there; but when they listened awhile, and heerd it over and over again, they took the hint and returned a larfin in their sleeves. Says they, Master Enoch Slick, he upsides with Missus this hitch any how. Uncle never heerd any thing more of *oh Lord Missus,* after that. Yes, they ought to be shamed out of it, those blue-noses. When reason fails to convince, there is nothin left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelings, clap a blister on their pride, and it will do the business. It's like a puttin ginger under a horse's tail; it makes him carry up real hand*sum,* I tell you. When I was a boy, I was always late to school; well, father's preachin I didn't mind much, but I never could bear to hear my mother say, Why Sam, are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly risin won't hurt you, I declare. What on airth is agoin to happen now? Well, wonders will never cease. It raised my dander; at last says I, Now, mother, don't say that are any more for gracious sake, for it makes me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airly as any on you; and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin in this life, *An airly start makes easy stages.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S OPINION OF HALIFAX.

The next morning was warmer than several that had preceded it. It was one of those uncommonly fine days that distinguish an American autumn. I guess, said Mr. Slick, the heat to-day is like a glass of Mint Julip, with a lump of ice in it, it tastes cool and feels warm—its real good, I tell you; I love such a day as this dearly. Its generally allowed the finest weather in the world is in America—there ant the beat of it to be found any where. He then lighted a cigar, and throwing himself back on his chair, put both feet out of the window, and sat with his arms folded, a perfect picture of happiness.

You appear, said I, to have travelled over the whole of this Province, and to have observed the country and the people with much attention, pray what is your opinion of the present state and future prospects of Halifax? If you will tell me, said he, when the folks there will wake up, then I can answer you, but they are fast asleep; as to the Province, its a splendid province, and calculated to go ahead, it will grow as fast as a Varginy gall, and they grow so amazin fast, if you put your arm round one of their necks to kiss them, by the time you're done, they've grown up into women. It's a pretty Province I tell you, good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods, and a nation sight of water privileges, and under the ground full of mines—it puts me in mind of the soup at the *Tree*-mont house.

One day I was a walkin in the Mall, and who should I meet but Major Bradford, a gentleman from Connecticut, that traded in calves and pumpkins for the Boston market. Says he, Slick, where do you get your grub to-day? At General Peep's tavern, says I. Only fit for niggers, says he: why dont you come to the *Tree*-mont house, that's the most splendid thing its generally allowed in all the

world. Why, says I, that's a notch above my mark, I guess it's too plagy dear for me, I cant afford it no how. Well, says he, its dear in one sense, but its dog cheap in another—its a grand place for a speculation—there's so many rich southerners and strangers there that have more money than wit, that you might do a pretty good business there without goin out of the street door. I made two hundred dollars this mornin in little less than half no time. There's a Carolina lawyer there, as rich as a bank, and says he to me arter breakfast, Major, says he, I wish I knew where to get a real slapping trotter of a horse, one that could trot with a flash of lightning for a mile, and beat it by a whole neck or so. Says I, my Lord, (for you must know, he says he's the nearest male heir to a Scotch dormant peerage,) my Lord, says I, I have one, a proper sneezer, a chap that can go ahead of a rail-road steamer, a real natural traveller, one that can trot with the ball out of the small eend of a rifle, and never break into a gallop. Says he, Major, I wish you wouldnt give me that are knickname, I dont like it, (though he looked as tickled all the time as possible,) I never knew, says he, a lord that wornt a fool, that's a fact, and that's the reason I don't go ahead and claim the title. Well, says I, my Lord, I don't know, but somehow I cant help a thinkin, if you have a good claim, you'd be more like a fool not to go ahead with it. Well, says he, Lord or no Lord, let's look at your horse. So away I went to Joe Brown's livery stable, at tother eend of the city, and picked out the best trotter he had, and no great stick to brag on either; says I, Joe Brown, what do you ax for that are horse? Two hundred dollars, says he. Well, says I, I will take him out and try him, and if I like him I will keep him. So I shows our Carolina Lord the horse, and when he gets on him, says I, Dont let him trot as fast as he can, resarve that for a heat; if folks find out how everlastin fast he is, they'd be afeared to stump you for a start. When he returned, he said he liked the horse amazingly, and axed the price; four hundred dollars, says I, you can get nothin special without a good price, pewter cases never hold good watches; I know it, says he, the horse is mine. Thinks

I to myself, that's more than ever I could say of him then any how.

Well, I was goin to tell you about the soup—says the Major, its near about dinner time, jist come and see how you like the location. There was a sight of folks there, gentlemen and ladies in the public room (I never seed so many afore except at commencement day,) all ready for a start, and when the gong sounded, off we sott like a flock of sheep. Well, if there warnt a jam you may depend—some give me a pull, and I near abouts went heels up over head, so I reached out both hands, and caught hold of the first thing I could, and what should it be but a lady's dress—well, as I'm alive, rip went the frock, and tear goes the petticoat, and when I righted myself from my beam ends, away they all came home to me, and there she was, the pretty critter, with all her upper riggin standing as far as her waist, and nothin left below but a short linen under garment. If she didnt scream, its a pity, and the more she screamed, the more folks larfed, for no soul could help larfin, till one of the waiters folded her up in a table cloth.

What an awkward devil you be, Slick, says the Major, now that comes of not falling in first, they should have formed four deep, rear rank in open order, and marched in to our splendid national air, and filed off to their seats, right and left shoulders forward. I feel kinder sorry, too, says he for that are young heifer, but she showed a proper pretty leg tho' Slick, didnt she—I guess you dont often get such a chance as that are. Well, I gets near the Major at table, and afore me stood a china utensil with two handles, full of soup, about the size of a foot tub, with a large silver scoop in it, near about as big as a ladle of a maple sugar kettle. I was jist about hailing out some soup into my dish, when the Major said, fish it up from the bottom, Slick,—well, sure enough, I gives it a drag from the bottom, and up come the fat pieces of turtle, and the thick rich soup, and a sight of little forced meat balls, of the size of sheep's dung. No soul could tell how good it was—it was near about as handsum as father's old genuine particular cider, and that you could feel tingle clean away

down to the tip eends of your toes. Now, says the Major, I'll give you, Slick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks aint thought nothing of, unless they live at Treemont: its all the go. Do you dine at Peep's tavern every day, and then off hot foot to Treemont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it saves two dollars a day. Then he put his finger on his nose, and says he, '*Mum is the word.*'

Now this Province *is jist like that are soup, good enough* at top, but dip down and you have the riches, the coal, the *iron ore, the gypsum, and what not. As for Halifax, its* well enough in itself, though no great shakes neither, a few *sizeable houses, with a proper sight* of small ones, like half a dozen old hens with their broods of young chickens; but the people, the strange critters, they are all asleep. They walk in their sleep, and talk in their sleep, and what they say one day they forget the next, they say they were dreaming. You know where Governor Campbell lives, dont you, in a large stone house, with a great wall round it, that looks like a state prison; well, near hand there is a nasty dirty horrid lookin buryin ground there—its filled with large grave rats as big as kittens, and the springs of black water there, go through the chinks of the rocks, and flow into all the wells, and fairly pyson the folks—its a dismal place, I tell you—I wonder the air from it dont turn all the silver in the General's *house, of a* brass colour, (and folks say he has four cart loads of it) *its so everlastin bad—its near about as nosey as a slave ship* of niggers. Well, you may go there and shake the folks *to all eternity and you won't* wake 'em, I guess, and yet there ant much difference atween their sleep and the *folks at Halifax*, only they lie still there and are quiet, and don't walk and talk in their sleep like them above ground.

Halifax reminds me of a Russian officer I once seed at Warsaw; he had lost both arms in battle; but I guess I must tell you first why I went there, cause that will show you how we speculate. One Sabbath day, after bell ringin, when most of the women had gone to meetin (for they

were great hands for pretty sarmons, and our Unitarian ministers all preach poetry, only they leave the ryme out —it sparkles like perry,) I goes down to East India wharf to see Captain Zeek Hancock, of Nantucket, to enquire how oil was, and if it would bear doing anything in; when who should come along but Jabish Green. Slick, says he, how do you do: isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk; it whips English weather by a long chalk; and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole 'em. At last he looks up, and says he, Slick, I suppose you would'nt go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while? Which Warsaw? says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of them. None of ourn at all, says he; Warsaw in Poland. Well, I don't know, says I; what do you call worth while? Six dollars a day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if speculation turns out well. I am off, says I, whenever you say go. Tuesday, says he, in the Hamburgh packet. Now, says he, I'm in a tarnation hurry; I'm goin a pleasurin to day in the Custom House Boat, along with Josiah Bradford's galls down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at: the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queus on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig makers. Human hair is scarce and risin. Lord a massy! says I, how queer they will look, wont they. Well, I vow, that's what the sea folks call sailing *under bare Poles*, come true, aint it? I guess it will turn out a good spec, says he; and a good one it did turn out— he cleared ten thousand dollars by it.

When I was at Warsaw, as I was a sayin, there was a Russian officer there who had lost both his arms in battle, a good natured contented critter, as I een amost ever see'd, and he was fed with spoons by his neighbours, but arter a while they grew tired of it, and I guess he near about starved to death at last. Now Halifax is like that are *Spooney*, as I used to call him; it is fed by the outports, and they begin to have enough to do to feed themselves— it must larn to live without 'em. They have no river, and

no country about them; let them make a railroad to Minas Basin, and they will have arms of their own to feed themselves with. If they don't do it, and do it soon, I guess they'll get into a decline that no human skill will cure. They are proper thin now; you can count their ribs een a most as far as you can see them. *The only thing that will either make or save Halifax, is a railroad across the country to Bay of Fundy.*

It will do to talk of, says one; You'll see it some day, says another; Yes, says a third, it will come, but we are too young yet.

Our old minister had a darter, a real clever looking gall as you'd see in a day's ride, and she had two or three offers of marriage from sponsible men—most particular good specs—but minister always said 'Phœbe, you are too young—the day will come—but you are too young yet, dear.' Well, Phœbe did'nt think so at all; she said, She guessed she knew better nor that; so the next offer she had, she said she had no notion to lose another chance—off she shot to Rhode Island and got married; says she, Father's too old, he don't know. That's jist the case at Halifax. The old folks say the country is too young—the time will come, and so on; and in the mean time the young folks won't wait, *and run off to the States, where the maxim is, 'youth is the time for improvement; a new country is never too young for exertion—push on—keep movin—go ahead.'*

Darn it all, said the Clockmaker, rising with great animation, clinching his fist, and extending his arm—darn it all, it fairly makes my dander rise, to see the nasty idle loungin good for nothing do little critters—they aint fit to tend a bear trap, I vow. They ought to be quilted round and round a room, like a lady's lap dog the matter of two hours a day, to keep them from dyin of apoplexy. Hush, hush, said I, Mr. Slick, you forget. Well, said he, resuming his usual composure—well, it's enough to make one vexed though, I declare—is'nt it?

Mr. Slick has often alluded to this subject, and always in a most decided manner; I am inclined to think he is right. Mr. Howe's papers on the railroad I read, till I

came to his calculations, but I never could read figures, 'I can't cypher,' and there I paused; it was a barrier: I retreated a few paces, took a running leap, and cleared the whole of them. Mr. Slick says he has *under* and not *over* rated its advantages. He appears to be such a shrewd, observing, intelligent man, and so perfectly at home on these subjects, that I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker, than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce '*there will be a railroad.*'

CHAPTER XIV.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN CUMBERLAND.

I RECKON, said the Clockmaker, as we strolled through Amherst, you have read Hook's story of the boy that one day asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbour was, and when he heerd his name, asked him if he warnt a fool. No, my little feller, said he, he beant a fool, he is a most particular sensible man; but why did you ax that are question? Why, said the little boy, mother said tother day you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you. His mother felt pretty ugly, I guess, when she heerd him run right slap on that are breaker.

Now these Cumberland folks have curious next door neighbours, too; they are placed by their location right atwixt fire and water; they have New Brunswick politics on one side, and Nova Scotia politics on tother side of them, and Bay Fundy and Bay Varte on tother two sides; they are actilly in hot water; they are up to their croopers in politics, and great hands for talking of House of Assembly, political Unions, and what not. Like all folks who wade so deep, they can't always tell the natur of the ford. Sometimes they strike their shins agin a snag of a rock; at other times, they go whap into a quicksand, and if they

don't take special care they are apt to go souse over head and ears into deep water. I guess if they'd talk more of *Rotations*, and less of *elections*, more of them are *Dykes*, and less of *Banks*, and attend more to *top dressing*, and less to *re-dressing*, it ed be better for 'em.

Now you mention the subject, I think I have observed, said I, that there is a great change in your countrymen in that respect. Formerly, whenever you met an American, you had a dish of politics set before you, whether you had an appetite for it or not; but lately I have remarked they seldom allude to it. Pray to what is this attributable? I guess, said he, they have enough of it to home, and are sick of the subject. They are cured the way our pastry cooks cure their prentices of stealing sweet notions out of their shops. When they get a new prentice they tell him he must never so much as look at all them are nice things; and if he dares to lay the weight of his finger upon one of them, they'll have him up for it before a justice; they tell him its every bit and grain as bad as stealing from a till. Well, that's sure to set him at it, just as a high fence does a breechy ox, first to look over it, and then to push it down with its rump; its human natur. Well, the boy eats and eats till he can't eat no longer, and then he gets sick at his stomach, and hates the very sight of sweatmeats arterwards.

We've had politics with us till we're dog sick of 'em, I tell you. Besides, I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set out a roin for it. You may get *purity of Election*, but how are you to get *purity of Members?* It would take a great deal of cyphering to tell that. I never heerd tell of one who had seed it.

The best member I een amost ever seed was John Adams. Well, John Adams could no more plough a straight furrow in politics than he could haul the plough himself. He might set out straight at beginnin for a little way, but he was sure to get crooked afore he got to the eend of the ridge—and sometimes he would have two or three crooks in it. I used to say to him, how on airth is it, Mr. Adams (for he was no way proud like, though he was president of our great nation, and it is allowed to be the greatest nation in the world, too; for you might see him sometimes of an

arternoon a swimmin along with the boys in the Potomac; I do believe that's the way he larned to give the folks the dodge so spry;) well, I used to say to him, how on airth is it, Mr. Adams, you can't make straight work on it? He was a grand hand at an excuse (though minister used to say that folks that were good at an excuse, were seldom good for nothin else); sometimes, he said, the ground was so tarnation stony, it throwed the plough out; at other times, he said, the off ox was such an ugly wilful tempered critter, there was no doin nothin with him; or that there was so much machinery about the plough, it made it plaguy hard to steer, or may be it was the fault of them that went afore him, that they laid it down so bad; unless he was hired for another term of four years, the work would'nt look well; and if all them are excuses would'nt do, why he would take to scolding the nigger that drove the team throw all the blame on him, and order him to have an everlastin lacin with the cowskin. You might as well catch a weazel asleep as catch him. He had somethin the matter with one eye—well, he knew I know'd that when he was a boy; so one day, a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it was very affectin. Says he, it fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to lettin off its water like statiee; so as soon as the chap went, he winks to me with tother one, quite knowin, as much as to say, you *see its all in my eye*, Slick, but don't let on to any one about it, that I said so. That eye was a regular cheat, a complete New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said that Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye did'nt pump its water out o' that place.

Members in general aint to be depended on, I tell you. Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a pedlar; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it *teaches a man to stoop in the long run*. Arter all, there's not that difference in 'em (at least there ain't in Congress) one would think; for if one of them is clear of one vice, why, as like as not, he has another fault jist as bad. An honest farmer, like one of these Cumberland folks, when he goes to choose atwixt two that offers for votes, is jist like the flying fish. That are little crittur is not content to stay to home

in the water, and mind its business, but he must try his hand at flyin,—and he is no great dab at flyin, neither. Well, the moment he's out of water, and takes to flyin, the sea fowl are arter him, and let him have it; and if he has the good luck to escape them, and dive into the sea, the dolphin, as like as not, has a dig at him, that knocks more wind out of him than he got while aping the birds, a plaguy sight. I guess the blue-noses know jist about as much about politics as this foolish fish knows about flying. *All critturs in natur are better in their own element.*

It beats cock-fightin, I tell you, to hear the blue-noses, when they get together, talk politics. They have got three or four evil spirits, like the Irish Banshees, that they say cause all the mischief in the Province—the Council, the Banks, the House of Assembly, and the Lawyers. If a man places a higher valiation on himself than his neighbors do, and wants to be a magistrate before he is fit to carry the ink horn for one, and finds himself safely delivered of a mistake, he says it is all owing to the Council. The members are cunning critters, too, they know this feelin, and when they come home from Assembly, and people ax 'em, 'where are all them are fine things you promised us?' Why, they say, we'd a had 'em all for you, but for that eternal Council, they nullified all we did. The country will come to no good till them chaps show their respect for it, by covering their bottoms with homespun. If a man is so tarnation lazy he wont work, and in course has no money, why he says it all owin to the banks, they wont discount, there's no money, they've ruined the Province. If there beant a road made up to every citizen's door, away back to the woods (who as like as not has squatted there) why he says the House of Assembly have voted all the money to pay great men's salaries, and there's nothing left for poor settlers, and cross roads. Well, the lawyers come in for their share of cake and ale, too, if they don't catch it, it's a pity.

There was one Jim Munroe of Onion County, Connecticut, a desperate idle fellow, a great hand at singin songs, a skatin, drivin about with the gals, and so on. Well, if any body's windows were broke, it was Jim Munroe—and

if there were any youngsters in want of a father, they were sure to be poor Jim's. Jist so it is with the lawyers here; they stand Godfathers for every misfortune that happens in the country. When there is a *mad dog a goin about, every dog that barks* is said to be bit by the mad one, so he gets credit for all the mischief that every dog does for three months to come. So every feller that goes yelpin home from a court house, smartin from the *law, swears he is bit by a lawyer. Now there* may be something wrong in all these things, (and it cant be otherwise in natur) in Council, Banks, House of Assembly, and Lawyers: but change them all, and its an even chance if you don't *get worse ones in their room. It is in* politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. ***My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I dont know.***

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANCING MASTER ABROAD

I WISH that are black heifer in the kitchen would [illegible] over singing that are everlastin dismal *tune, said the* Clockmaker, *it makes my* head ache. You've heerd a song afore now, said he, havn't you, till you was fairly sick of it? for I have, I vow. The last time I was in Rhode Island, (all the galls sing there, and *it's generally allowed* there's *no such singers anywhere*; they beat the *Eyetalians* a long chalk—they sing so high some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin sometimes, like a lark,) well, you heerd nothing but 'Oh no, we never mention her;' well, I grew so plagy *tired of it, I used to say to myself*, I'd sooner *see it than heer* tell of it, I vow; I wish to gracious you 'would never mention her,' for it makes me feel ugly to

hear that same thing for ever and ever and amen that way. Well, they've got a cant phrase here, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' and every feller tells you that fifty times a-day.

There was a chap said to me not long ago at Truro, Mr. Slick, this country is rapidly improving, 'the schoolmaster is abroad now,' and he looked as knowin as though he had found a mare's nest. So I should think, said I, and it would jist be about as well, I guess, if he'd stay to home and mind his business, for your folks are so consoomedly ignorant, I reckon he's abroad een amost all his time. I hope, when he returns, he'll be the better of his travels, and that's more nor many of our young folks are who go 'abroad,' for they import more airs and nonsense than they dispose of one while, I tell you—some of the stock remains on hand all the rest of their lives. There's nothin I hate so much as cant, of all kinds; its a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a feller cant in religion, clap your hand into your pocket, and lay right hold of your puss, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're alive; and if a man cant in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are jist the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to cantin, it's like the fox preachin to the geese, he'll eat up his whole congregation; and if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as rates. The Lord have massy on you, for he wont. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook any time, than one that's half-covered with bad bait. The fish will sometimes swallow the one, without thinkin, but they get frightened at tother, turn tail, and off like a shot.

Now, to change the tune, I'll give the blue-noses a new phrase. They'll have an election most likely next year, and then '*the Dancin Master will be abroad.*' A candidate is a most particular polite man, and a noddin here, and a bowin there, and a shakin hands all round. Nothin improves a man's manners like an election. '*The Dancin Master's abroad then;*' nothin gives the paces equal to that, it makes them as squirmy as an eel; they cross hands and back agin, set to their partners and right and left in great style, and slick it off at the eend, with a real complete bow, and a smile for all the world as sweet as a cat makes at a

pan of new milk. Then they get as full of compliments as a dog is full of fleas—enquirin how the old lady is to home, and the little boy that made such a wonderful smart answer, they never can forget it till next time; a praisin a man's farms to the nines, and a tellin of him how scandalous the road that leads to his location has been neglected, and how much he wants to find a real complete hand that can build a bridge over his brook, and axin him if *he* ever built one. When he gets the hook baited with the right fly, and the simple critter begins to jump out of water arter it, all mouth and gills, he winds up the reel, and takes leave, athinkin to himself, 'now you see what's to the eend of my line, I guess I'll know where to find you when I want you.'

There's no sort of fishin requires so much practice as this. When bait is scarce, one worm must answer for several fish. A handful of oats in a pan, arter it brings one horse up in a pastur for the bridle, serves for another; a shakin of it, is better than a givin of it—it saves the grain for another time. Its a poor business arter all, is electioneering, and when '*the Dancin Master is abroad*,' he's as apt to teach a man to cut capers and get larfed at as anything else. It tante every one that's soople enough to dance real complete. Politics takes a great deal of time, and grinds away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust, '*it takes its steel out*.' What does a critter get arter all for it in this country, why nothin but expense and disappointment. As King Solomon says, (and that are man was up to a thing or two, you may depend, tho' our professor did say he warn't so knowin as Uncle Sam,) its all vanity and vexation of spirit.

I raised a four year old colt once, half blood, a perfect pictur of a horse, and a genuine clipper, could gallop like the wind; a real daisy, a perfect doll, had an eye like a weazel, and nostril like Commodore Rogers's speaking trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races at New York, and father he went along with me; for says he, Sam, you don't know every thing, I guess, you hant cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are goin among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past. Well, when we gets to the races, father he gets colt and puts him in an old

waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness, and breast band, he looked like Old Nick that's a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths atwixt his fore legs. Says I, father, what on airth are you at. I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like old Saytan himself—no soul would know him. I guess I warn't born yesterday, says he, let me be, I now what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a millstone as the best on 'em.

Well, father never entered the horse at all, but stood by and seed the races, and the winnin horse was followed about by the matter of two or three thousand people a praisin of him and admirin him. They seemed as if they never had seed a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on eend a boastin of him, and a stumpin the course to produce a horse to run agin him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, lookin as soft as dough, and as meechin as you please, and says he, friend, it tante every one that has four hundred dollars—its a plaguy sight of money, I tell you; would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? if you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon agin you, I vow. Let's look at your horse, says he; so away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them to look at colt, and when they seed him they sot up such a larf, I felt een a most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, what can possess the old man to act arter that fashion, I do believe he has taken leave of his senses. You need'nt larf, says father, he's smarter than he looks; our Minister's old horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that are colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy—I seed it myself. Well, they larfed agin louder than before, and says father, if you dispute my word, try me; what odds will you give? Two to one, says the owner—800 to 400 dollars. Well, that's a great deal of money, aint it, says father; if I was to lose it I'd look pretty foolish would'nt I. How folks would pass their jokes at me when I went home again. You would'nt take that are waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you? says he. Well, says the other, sooner than disap-

point you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.

As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, chock full of spring like the wire eend of a bran new pair of trowser gallusses—one said that's a plaguy nice lookin colt that old feller has arter all; that horse will show play for it yet, says a third; and I heerd one feller say, I guess that's a regular yankee trick, a complete take in. They had a fair start for it, and off they sot, father took the lead and kept it, and won the race, tho' it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt, he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him; but says father, how am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that are waggon and harness so far as I be from Slickville. So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulse pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for 700 dollars, and we returned, having made a considerable good spec of colt. Says father to me, Sam, says he, you seed the crowd a follerin the winnin horse, when we came there, didn't you? Yes, sir, said I, I did. Well, when colt beat him, no one follered him at all, but come a crowded about *him*. That's popularity, said he, soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and deserted the next, or run down; colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, and then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Buonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to lye and grease agin.

I was served the same way, I liked to have missed my pension—the Committee said I warn't at Bunker's hill, at all, the villans. That was a glo——, (thinks I, old boy, if you once get into that are field, you'll race longer than colt, a plaguy sight; you'll run clear away to the fence,

to the far end afore you stop, so I jist cut in and took a hand myself.) Yes, says I, you did 'em father, properly, that old waggon was a bright scheme, it led 'em on till you got 'em on the right spot, did'nt it? Says father, *There's a moral, Sam, in every thing in natur.* Never have nothin to do with elections, you see the valy of popularity in the case of that are horse—sarve the public 999 times, and the 1000th, if they don't agree with you, they desart and abuse you—see how they sarved old John Adams, see how they let Jefferson starve in his old age, see how good old Munroe like to have got right into jail, after his term of President was up. They may talk of independence, says father, but Sam, I'll tell you what independence is—and he gave his hands a slap agin his trowsers pocket, and made the gold eagles he won at the race all jingle agin—*that*, says he, giving them another wipe with his fist, (and winkin as much as to say do you hear that, my boy) *that I call independence.* He was in great spirits, the old man, he was so proud of winnin the race, and puttin the leake into the New Yorkers—he looked all dander. Let them great hungry, ill favoured, long legged bitterns, says he, (only he called them by another name that don't sound quite pretty) from the outlandish states to Congress, *talk about* independence; but Sam, said he, (hitting the shiners agin till he made them dance right up an eend in his pocket) *I like to feel it.*

No, Sam, said he, line the pocket well first, make that independent, and then the spirit will be like a horse turned out to grass in the spring, for the first time; he's all head and tail, a snortin and kickin and racin and carrying on like mad—it soon gets independent too. While it's in the stall it may hold up, and paw, and whiner, and feel as spry as any thing, but the leather strap keeps it to the manger, and the lead weight to the eend of it makes it hold down its head at last. No, says he, here's independence, and he gave the eagles such a drive with his fist, he bust his pocket, and sent a whole raft of them a spinnin down his leg to the ground. Says I, Father, (and I swear I could hardly keep from larfin, he looked so peskily vexed) Father, says I, I guess there's a moral in that are too—*Extremes nary way are none o' the best.* Well, well, says

he, (kinder snappishly) I suppose you're half right, Sam, but we've said enough about it, lets drop the subject and see if I have picked em all up, for my eyes are none of the best now, I'm near hand to seventy.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH.

WHAT success had you, said I, in the sale of your Clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? do you find them as gullible as the blue-noses? Well, said he, you have heerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question, without axing another, havent you? Did you ever see an English Stage Driver make a bow? because if you hante obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin nod of his head, as much as to say, how do you do: but keep clear o' my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth as sure as you're born; jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose. Well, that's the way I pass them are bare breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these here Cumberland mashes, how the musquitoes would tickle them up, would'nt they? They'd set 'em scratchin thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in sarch of a lie. Them are fellers cut their eye teeth afore they ever sot foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact; they open their pouch and drop it in, and its got a spring like a fox-trap —it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skin flints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shakes at best; it tante even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginy corn, but I guess I warnt long in finding out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better

You can no more put a leake into them, than you can send a chisel into Teake-wood—it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the blue-noses knew the value of money as well as they do, they'd have more cash, and fewer clocks and tin reflectors, I reckon.

Now, its different with the Irish; they never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler, I dare say you have heerd tell of him—he's a funny feiler—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'no cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I wont have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account. When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave trade, I recollect hearin old John Adams say, we had ought to humour them; for, says he, they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shippin out the Irish. Says he, they work better, and they work cheaper, and they dont live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expence they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates for tother ones.

The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are all bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as head-strong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen, absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths, that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

There's no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to

see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, 'look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one, and a mouthful of tother: beant he lovely?' and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'say boo *to a goose*, if you dare.'

No, I believe we may stump the univarse; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. Its generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash.

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that any thing additional would only weaken its effect; he therefore changed the conversation immediately, by pointing to a tree at some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock maple or sugar tree. Its a pretty tree, said he, and a profitable one too to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, tho' it gets exhausted at last.

This Province is like that are tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they dont drive in a spile and stop the everlastin flow of the sap, it will perish all together. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid on it, and a pretty considerable portion of rent too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to us to buy bread. It's drained like a bog, it has opened and covered trenches all through it, and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs.

Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take

the moisture out to that degree, that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a spunge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it. That very bridge we heerd of at Windsor, is owned in New Brunswick, and will pay toll to that province. The capitalists of Nova Scotia treat it like a hired house, they wont keep it in repair; they neither paint it to presarve the boards, nor stop a leak to keep the frame from rottin; but let it go to wrack sooner than drive a nail or put in a pane of glass. It will sarve our turn out, they say.

There's neither spirit, enterprise, nor patriotism here; but the whole country is as inactive as a bear in winter, that does nothin but scroutch up in his den, a thinkin to himself, "Well, if I ant an unfortunate divil, it's a pity; I have a most splendid warm coat as are a gentleman in these here woods, let him be who he will; but I got no socks to my feet, and have to sit for everlastingly a suckin of my paws to keep 'em warm; if it warn't for that, I guess I'd make some o' them chaps that have hoofs to their feet and horns to their heads, look about them pretty sharp, I know. It's dismal, now aint it?" If I had the framin of the Governor's message, if I wouldn't show 'em how to put timber together you may depend; I'd make them scratch their heads and stare, I know.

I went down to Matanzas in the Fulton Steam Boat once —well it was the first of the kind they ever seed, and proper scared they were to see a vessel without sails or oars, goin right straight ahead, nine knots an hour, in the very wind's eye, and a great streak of smoke arter her as long as the tail of a comet. I believe they thought it was Old Nick alive, a treatin himself to a swim. You could see the niggers a clippin it away from the shore, for dear life, and the soldiers a movin about as if they thought that we were agoin to take the whole country. Presently a little, half-starved, orange coloured looking Spanish officer, all dressed off in his livery, as fine as a fiddle, came off with two men in a boat to board us. Well, we yawed once or twice, and motioned to him to keep off for fear he should get hurt; but he came right on afore the wheel, and I hope I may be shot if the paddle didn't strike the bow of the boat

with that force, it knocked up the starn like a plank tilt, when one of the boys playing on it is heavier than t'other, and chucked him right atop of the wheel house—you never see'd a fellow in such a dunderment in your life. He had picked up a little English from seein our folks there so much, and when he got up, the first thing he said was, 'Damn all sheenery, I say, where's my boat?' and he looked round as if he thought it had jumped on board too. Your boat, said the Captain, why I expect it's gone to the bottom, and your men have gone down to look arter it, for we never see'd or heerd tell of one or t'other of them arter the boat was struck. Yes, I'd make 'em stare like that are Spanish officer, as if they had see'd out of their eyes for the first time. Governor Campbell didn't expect to see such a country as this when he came here, I reckon, I know he didn't.

When I was a little boy, about knee high or so, and lived down Connecticut river, mother used to say, Sam, if you don't give over acting so like old Scratch, I'll send you off to Nova Scotia, as sure as you are born, I will, I vow. Well, Lord, how that are used to frighten me; it made my hair stand right up on eend, like a cat's back when she's wrathy; it made me drop it as quick as wink—like a tin night cap put on a dipt candle agoin to bed, it put the fun right out. Neighbour Dearborn's darter married a gentleman to Yarmouth, that speculates in the smuggling line: well when she went on board to sail down to Nova Scotia, all her folks took on as if it was a funeral; they said she was goin to be buried alive, like the nuns in Portengale that get a frolickin, break out of the pastur, and race off, and get catched and brought back agin. Says the old Colonel, her father, Deliverance, my dear, I would sooner foller you to your grave, for that would be an eend to your troubles, than to see you go off to that dismal country, that's nothin but an iceburg aground; and he howled as loud as an Irishman that tries to wake his wife when she is dead. Awful accounts we have of the country, that's a fact; but if the Province is not so bad as they make it out, the folks are a thousand times worse.

You've seen a flock of partridges of a frosty mornin in the fall, a crowdin out of the shade to a sunny spot, and

huddlin up there in the warmth—well, the blue-noses have nothin else to do half the time but sun themselves. Whose fault is that? Why its the fault of the legislature! *they don't encourage internal improvement, nor the investment of capital in the country; and the result is apathy, inaction, and poverty.* They spend three months in Halifax, and what do they do? Father gave me a dollar once, to go to the fair at Hartford, and when I came back, says he, Sam, what have you got to show for it? Now I ax what have they to show for their three months' setting? They mislead folks; they make 'em believe all the use of the Assembly is to bark at Councillors, Judges, Bankers, and such cattle, to keep 'em from eatin up the crops, and it actilly costs more to feed them when they are watchin, than all the others could eat if they did break a fence, and get in. Indeed, some folks say they are the most breachy of the two, and ought to go to pound themselves. If their fences are good, them hungry cattle couldn't break through; and if they aint, they ought to stake 'em up, and with them well; *but it's no use to make fences unless the land is cultivated.* If I see a farm all gone to wrack, I say here's bad husbandry and bad management; and if I see a Province like this, of great capacity, and great natural resources, poverty-stricken, I say, there's bad legislation.

No, said he, (with an air of more seriousness than I had yet observed,) *how much it is to be regretted, that, laying aside personal attacks and petty jealousies, they would unite as one man, and with one mind and one heart apply themselves sedulously to the internal improvement and development of this beautiful Province. Its value is utterly unknown, either to the general or local Government, and the only persons who duly appreciate it, are the Yankees.*

CHAPTER XVII.

A YANKEE HANDLE FOR A HALIFAX BLADE.

I MET a man this mornin, said the Clockmaker, from Halifax, a real conceited lookin critter as you een a most ever seed, all shines and didos. He looked as if he had picked up his airs arter some officer of the regilars had worn 'em out and cast 'em off. They sot on him like second-hand clothes, as if they had'nt been made for him and did'nt exactly fit. He looked fine, but awkward, like a captain of militia, when he gets his uniform on, to play sodger; a thinkin himself mighty hand*sum*, and that all the world is a lookin at him. He marched up and down afore the street door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as natural; he had a riding whip in his hand, and every now and then struck it agin his thigh, as much as to say, Aint that a splendid leg for a boot, now? Won't I astonish the Amherst folks, that's all? Thinks I you are a pretty blade, aint you? I'd like to fit a Yankee handle on to you, that's a fact. When I came up, he held up his head near about as high as a shot factory, and stood with his fists on his hips, and eyed me from head to foot, as a shakin quaker does a town lady: as much as to say, what a queer critter you be, that's toggery I never seed afore, you're some carnal minded maiden, that's sartain.

Well, says he to me, with the air of a man that chucks a cent into a beggar's hat, a fine day this, sir. Do you actilly think so? said I, and I gave it the real Connecticut drawl. Why, said he, quite short, if I did'nt think so, I would'nt say so. Well, says I, I don't know, but if I did think so, I guess I would'nt say so. Why not? says he—Because, I expect, says I, any fool could see that as well as me; and then I stared at him, as much as to say, now if you like that are swap, I am ready to trade with you agin as soon as you like. Well, he turned right round on his heel and walked off, a whistlin Yankee Doodle to him-

self. He looked jist like a man that finds whistlin a plaguy sight easier than thinkin.

Presently, I heard him ax the groom who that are Yankee lookin feller was. That, said the groom; why, I guess its Mr. Slick. Sho!! said he, how you talk. What, Slick the Clockmaker, why it ant possible; I wish I had a known that are afore, I declare, for I have a great curiosity to see *him*, folks say he is amazin clever feller that—and he turned and stared, as if it was old Hickory himself. Then he walked round and about like a pig round the fence of a potatoe field, a watchin for a chance to cut in; so, thinks I, I'll jist give him something to talk about, when he gets back to the city, I'll fix a Yankee handle on to him in no time.

How's times to Halifax, sir, said I.—better, says he, much better, business is done on a surer bottom than it was, and things look bright agin. So does a candle, say I, jist afore it goes out; it burns up ever so high, and then sinks right down, and leaves nothin behind but grease, and an everlastin bad smell. I guess they don't know how to feed their lamp, and it can't burn long on nothin. No, sir, the jig is up with Halifax, and it's all their own fault. If a man sits at his door, and sees stray cattle in his field, a eatin up of his crop, and his neighbours a cartin off his grain, and won't so much as go and drive 'em out, why I should say it sarves him right.

I don't exactly understand, sir, said he—thinks I, it would be strange if you did, for I never see one of your folks yet that could understand a hawk from a handsaw. Well, says I, I will tell you what I mean—draw a line from Cape Sable to Cape Canso, right thro' the Province, and it will split it into two, this way, and I cut an apple into two halves; now, says I, the worst half, like the rotten half of the apple, belongs to Halifax, and the other and sound half belongs to St. John. Your side of the province on the sea-coast is all stone—I never seed such a proper sight of rocks in my life, its enough to starve a rabbit. Well, tother side on the Bay of Fundy is a superfine country, there aint the beat of it to be found any where. Now, would'nt the folks living away up to the Bay be pretty fools to go to Halifax, when they can go to St. John

with half the trouble. St. John is the natural capital of the Bay of Fundy, it will be the largest city in America, next to New York. It has an immense back country as big as Great Britain, a first chop river, and amazin sharp folks, most as cute as the Yankees—its a splendid location for business. Well, they draw all the produce of the Bay shores, and where the produce goes the supplies return—it will take the whole trade of the Province; I guess your rich folks will find they've burnt their fingers, they've put their foot in it, that's a fact. Houses without tenants—wharves without shipping, a town without people—what a grand investment!! If you have any loose dollars, let 'em out on a mortgage in Halifax, that's the security—keep clear of the country for your life—the people may run, but the town can't. No, take away the troops, and you're done—you'll sing the dead march folks did at Louisburg and Shelburne. Why you hant got a single thing worth havin, but a good harbour, and as for that the coast is full on 'em. You hav'nt a pine log, a spruce board, or a refuse shingle; you neither raise wheat, oats, or hay, nor never can; you have no staples on airth, unless it be them iron ones for the padlocks in Bridewell—you've sowed pride, and reaped poverty, take care of your crop, for it's worth harvestin—you have no river and no country, what in the name of fortin have you to trade on?

But, said he, (and he showed the whites of his eyes like a wall-eyed horse) but, said he, Mr. Slick, how is it, then, Halifax ever grew at all, has'nt it got what it always had; it's no worse than it was. I guess, said I, that pole aint strong enough to bear you, neither; if you trust to that you'll be into the brook, as sure as you are born; you once had the trade of the whole Province, but St. John has run off with that now—you've lost all but your trade in blue berries and rabbits with the niggers at Hammond Plains. *You've lost your customers, your rivals have a better stand for business—they've got the corner store—four great streets meet there, and its near the market slip.*

Well, he stared; says he, I believe you're right, but I never thought of that afore; (thinks I, nobody ever suspect you of the trick of thinkin, that ever I heerd tell of;) some of our great men, said he, laid it all to your folks, selling

so many Clocks and Polyglot Bibles, they say you have taken off a horrid sight of money. Did they, indeed, said I; well, I guess it tante pins and needles that's the expense of house-keepin, it is something more costly than that. Well some folks say its the Banks, says he. Better still, says I, perhaps you've hearn tell too, that greasing the axle makes a gig harder to draw, for there's jist about as much sense in that. Well then, says he, others say it's smugglin has made us so poor. That guess, said I, is most as good as tother one, whoever found out that secret ought to get a patent for it, for its worth knowin. Then the country has grown poorer, has'nt it, because it has bought cheaper this year than it did the year before? Why, your folks are cute chaps, I vow; they'd puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer, they are so amazin knowin. Ah, said he, and he rubb'd his hands and smiled like a young doctor, when he gets his first patient; ah, said he, if the timber duties are altered, down comes St. John, body and breeches, it's built on a poor foundation—its all show—they are speculatin like mad—they'll ruin themselves. Says I, If you wait till they're dead, for your fortin, it will be one while I tell you, afore you pocket the shiners. Its no joke waitin for a dead man's shoes. Suppose an old feller of eighty was to say when that are young feller dies, I'm to inherit his property, what would you think? Why, I guess you'd think he was an old fool. *No, sir, if the English don't want their timber we do want it all, we have used ourn up, we hant got a stick even to whittle.* If the British dont offer we will, and St. John, like a dear little weeping widow, will dry up her tears, and take to frolickin agin and accept it right off.

There is'nt at this moment such a location hardly in America, as St. John; for beside all its other advantages, it has this great one, its only rival, Halifax, has got a dose of opium that will send it snoring out of the world, like a feller who falls asleep on the ice of a winter's night. It has been asleep so long, I actilly think it never will wake. Its an easy death too, you may rouse them up if you like, but I vow I wont. I once brought a feller too that was drowned, and one night he got drunk and quilted me, I could'nt walk for a week; says I, Youre the last chap I'll

ever save from drowning in all my born days, if that's all the thanks I get for it. No, sir, Halifax has lost the run of its custom. Who does Yarmouth trade with? St. John. Who does Annapolis County trade with? St. John. Who do all the folks on the Basin of Mines, and Bay Shore, trade with? St. John. Who does Cumberland trade with? St. John. Well, Pictou, Lunenburg,, and Liverpool supply themselves, and the rest that aint wort havin, trade with Halifax. They take down a few half-starved pigs, old viteran geese, and long legged fowls, some ram mutton and tuf beef, and swap them for tea, sugar, and such little notions for their old women to home; while the railroads and canals of St. John are goin to cut off your Gulf Shore trade to Miramichi, and along there. Flies live in the summer and die in winter, you're jist as noisy in war as those little critters, but you sing small in peace.

No, your done for, you are up a tree, you may depend, pride must fall. Your town is like a ball room arter a dance. The folks have eat, drank, and frolicked, and left an empty house; the lamps and hangings are left, but the people are gone.

Is there no remedy for this? said he, and he looked as wild as a Cherokee Indian. Thinks I, the handle is fitten on proper tight now. Well, says I, when a man has a cold, he had ought to look out pretty sharp, afore it gets seated on his lungs; if he don't, he gets into a gallopin consumption, and it's gone goose with him. There is a remedy, if applied in time: *make a railroad to Minas Basin, and you have a way for your customers to get to you, and a conveyance for your goods to them.* When I was in New York last, a cousin of mine, Hezekiah Slick, said to me, I do believe, Sam, I shall be ruined; I've lost all my custom, they are widening and improving the streets, and there's so many carts and people to work in it, folks can't come to my shop to trade, what on airth shall I do, and I'm payin a dreadful high rent, too? Stop Ki, says I, when the street is all finished off and slicked up, they'll all come back agin, and a whole raft more on 'em too, you'll sell twice as much as ever you did, you'll put off a proper swad of goods next year, you may depend; and so he did, he made money, hand over hand. A railroad will

bring back your customers, if done right off; but wait till trade has made new channels, and fairly gets settled in them, and you'll never divart it agin to all eternity. When a feller waits till a gall gets married, I guess it will be too late to pop the question then.

St. John *must* go ahead, at any rate; you *may*, if you choose, but you must exert yourselves, I tell you. If a man has only one leg, and wants to walk, he must get an artificial one. If you have no river, make a railroad, and that will supply its place. But, says he, Mr. Slick, people said it never will pay in the world, they say it's as mad a scheme as the canal. Do they, indeed, says I; send them to me then, and I'll fit the handle on to them in tu tu's. I say it will pay, and the best proof is, our folks will take tu thirds of the stock. Did you ever hear any one else but your folks, ax whether a dose of medicine would pay when it was given to save life? If that everlastin long Erie canal can secure to New York the supply of that far off country, most tother side of creation, surely a railroad of forty-five miles can give you the trade of the Bay of Fundy. A railroad will go from Halifax to Windsor and make them one town, easier to send goods from one to tother, than from Governor Campbell's House to Admiral Cockburn's. A bridge makes a town, a river makes a town, a canal makes a town, but a railroad is bridge, river, thoroughfare, canal, all in one; what a whappin large place that would make, would'nt it? It would be the dandy, that's a fact. No, when you go back, take a piece of chalk, and the first dark night, write on every door in Halifax, in large letters—*a railroad*—and if they don't know the meanin of it, says you it's a Yankee word; if you'll go to Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, the chap that fixed a Yankee handle on to a Halifax blade, (and I made him a scrape of my leg, as much as to say that's you,) every man that buys a Clock shall hear all about a *Railroad*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAHAMITE AND THE IRISH PILOT.

I THINK, said I, this is a happy country, Mr. Slick. The people are fortunately all of one origin, there are no national jealousies to divide, and no very violent politics to agitate them. They appear to be cheerful and contented, and are a civil, good-natured, hospitable race. Considering the unsettled state of almost every part of the world, I think I would as soon cast my lot in Nova Scotia as in any part I know of.

Its a clever country, you may depend, said he, a very clever country; full of mineral wealth, aboundin in superior water privileges and noble harbours, a large part of it prime land, and it is in the very heart of the fisheries. But the folks put me in mind of a sect in our country they call the Grahamites—they eat no meat and no exciting food, and drink nothin stronger than water. They call it Philosophy (and that is such a pretty word it has made fools of more folks than them afore now;) but I call it tarnation nonsense. I once travelled all through the State of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; a real gander gutted lookin critter, as hollor as a bamboo walkin cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved lookin critter, you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

Well, when we came to an inn, and a beef-steak was sot afore us for dinner, he'd say: Oh, that is too good for me,

it's too exciting; all fat meat is diseased meat—give me some bread and cheese. Well, I'd say, I dont know what you call too good, but it tante good enough for me, for I call it as tuf as laushong, and that will bear chawing all day. When I liquidate for my dinner, I like to get about the best that's goin, and I ant a bit too well pleased if I don't. Exciting indeed!! thinks I. Lord, I should like to see you excited, if it was only for the fun of the thing. What a temptin lookin critter you'd be among the galls, wouldn't you? Why, you look like a subject the doctor boys had dropped on the road arter they had dug you up, and had cut stick and run for it.

Well, when tea came, he said the same thing, it's too exciting, give me some water, do; that's follerin the law of natur. Well, says I, if that's the case you ought to eat beef; why, says he, how do you make out that are proposition? Why, says I, if drinking water, instead of tea, is natur, so is eatin grass according to natur; now all flesh is grass, we are told, so you had better eat that and call it vegetable; like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had done, whipped a leg o' mutton into the oven and took it out fish; says he it's 'changed *plaice*,' that's all, and '*plaice*' aint a bad fish. The Catholics fast enough, gracious knows, but then they fast on a great rousin big salmon at two dollars and forty cents a pound, and lots of old Madeira to make it float light on the stomach; there is some sense in mortifying the appetite arter that fashion, but plagy little in your way. No, says I, friend, you may talk about natur as you please, I've studied natur all my life, and I vow if your natur could speak out, it would tell you, it don't over half like to be starved arter that plan. If you know'd as much about the marks of the mouth as I do, you'd know that you have carniverous as well as graniverous teeth, and that natur meant by that, you should eat most anything that are door-keeper, your nose, would give a ticket to, to pass into your mouth. Father rode a race at New York course, when he was near hand to seventy, and that's more nor you'll do, I guess, and he eats as hearty as a turkey cock, and he never confined himself to water neither, when he could get any thing convened him better. Says he, Sam, grandfather Slick

used to say there was an old proverb in Yorkshire, 'a full belly makes a strong back,' and I guess if you try it, natur will tell you so too. If ever you go to Connecticut, jist call into father's, and he'll give you a real right down genuine New-England breakfast, and if that don't happify your heart, then my name's not Sam Slick. It will make you feel about among the stiffest, I tell you. It will blow your jacket out like a pig at sea. You'll have to shake a reef or two out of your waistbans and make good stowage, I guess, to carry it all under hatches. There's nothin like a good pastur to cover the ribs, and make the hide shine, depend on't.

Now this Province is like that are Grahamite lawyer's beef, it's too good for the folks that's in it; they either don't avail its value or won't use it, because work aint arter their 'law of natur.' As you say, they are quiet enough (there's worse folks than the blue-noses, too, if you come to that,) and so they had ought to be quiet, for they have nothin to fight about. As for politics, they have nothin to desarve the name; but they talk about it, and a plaguy sight of nonsense they do talk too.

Now with us the country is divided into two parties, of the mammoth breed, the *ins* and the *outs*, the *administration* and the *opposition*. But where's the administration here? Where's the War Office, the Foreign Office, and the Home Office? where's the Secretary of the Navy? where's the State Bank? where's the Ambassadors and Diplomatists (them are the boys to wind off a snarl of ravellins as slick as if it were on a reel) and where's that Ship of State, fitted up all the way from the forecastle clean up to the starn post, chock full of good snug berths, handsomely found and furnished, tier over tier, one above another, as thick as it can hold? That's a helm worth handlen I tell you; I don't wonder that folks mutiny below, and fight on the decks above for it—it makes a plaguy uproar the whole time, and keeps the passengers for everlastingly in a state of alarm for fear they'd do mischief by bustin the byler, a runnin aground, or gettin foul of some other craft.

This Province is better as it is, quieter and happier far; they have berths enough and big enough, they should be

careful not to increase 'em; and if they were to do it over agin, perhaps they'd be as well with fewer. They have two parties here, the Tory party and the Opposition party, and both on 'em run to extremes. Them radicals, says one, are for levellin all down to their own level, tho' not a peg lower; that's their gage, jist down to their own notch and no further; and they'd agitate the whole country to obtain that object, for if a man can't grow to be as tall as his neighbour, if he cuts a few inches off him why then they are both of one heighth. They are a most dangerous, disaffected people—they are eternally appealin to the worst passions of the mob. Well, says tother, them aristocrats, they'll ruinate the country, they spend the whole revenu on themselves. What with Bankers, Councillors, Judges, Bishops, and Public Officers, and a whole tribe of Lawyers, as hungry as hawks, and jist about as marciful, the country is devoured, as if there was a flock of locusts a feedin on it. There's nothin left for roads and bridges. When a chap sets out to canvass, he's got to antagonise one side or tother. If he hangs on to the powers that be, then he's a Council-man, he's for votin large salaries, for doin as the great people at Halifax tell him. *He is a fool.* If he is on tother side, a railin at Banks, Judges, Lawyers, and such cattle, and baulin for what he knows he can't get, then *he is a rogue.* So that, if you were to listen to the weak and noisy critters on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was *one-half rogues and tother half fools.* All this arises from ignorance. *If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one-half their fears and all their abuse. The upper classes don't know one-half the virtue that's in the middlin and lower classes, and they don't know one-half the integrity and good feelin that's in the others, and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin champions.* Take any two men tha are by the ears, they opinionate all they hear of each other impute all sorts of onworthy motives, and misconstrue every act; let them see more of each other, and they'll find out to their surprise, that they have not only been lookin through a magnifying glass that warnt very true, but a coloured one also, that changed the complexion, and distorted the features, and each one will think tother a very

good kind of chap, and like as not a plaguy pleasant one too.

If I was axed which side was farthest from the mark in this Province, I vow I should be puzzled to say. As I don't belong to the country, and don't care a snap of my finger for either of 'em, I suppose I can judge better than any man in it, but I snore I don't think there's much difference. The popular side (I wont say patriotic, for we find in our steam-boats a man who has a plaguy sight of property in his portmanter is quite as anxious for its safety as him that's only one pair of yarn stockings and a clean shirt, is for hisn) the popular side are not so well informed as tother, and they have the misfortin of havin their passions addressed more than their reason, therefore they are often out of the way, or rather led out of it, and put astray by bad guides; well, tother side have the prejudices of birth and education to dim their vision, and are alarmed to undertake a thing, from the dread of ambush, or open foes, that their guides are eternally descrying in the mist—*and beside power has a nateral tendency to corpulency.* As for them guides, I'd make short work of 'em if it was me.

In the last war with Britain, the Constitution frigate was close in once on the shores of Ireland, a lookin arter some marchant ships, and she took on board a pilot; well, he was a deep, sly, twistical lookin chap, as you een amost ever seed. He had a sort of dark down look about him, and a leer out of the corner of one eye, like a horse that's goin to kick. The captain guessed he read in his face, 'well now, if I was to run this here Yankee right slap on a rock and bilge her, the King would make a man of me for ever.' So says he to the first leftenant, reeve a rope thro' that are block at the tip eend of the fore yard, and clap a runnin nuse in it. The leftenant did it as quick as wink, and came back, and says he, I guess it's done. Now, says the Captain, look here, pilot, here's a rope you han't seed yet; I'll jist explain the use of it to you in case you want the loan of it. If this here frigate, manned with our free and enlighted citizens, gets aground, I'll give you a ride on the slack of that are rope, right up to that yard by the neck, by Gum. Well, it rub'd all the writin out of his face, as quick as spittin on a slate takes a sum out, you

may depend. Now, they should rig up a crane over the street door of the State House at Halifax, and when any of the pilots at either eend of the buildin, run 'em on the breakers on purpose, string 'em up like an onsafe dog. A sign of that are kind, with 'a house of public entertainment,' painted under it, would do the business in less than no time. If it would'nt keep the hawks out of the poultry yard, it's a pity—it would scare them out of a year's growth, that's a fact—if they used it once, I guess they wouldn't have occasion for it agin in a hurry—it would be like the Aloe tree, and that bears fruit only once in a hundred years.

If you want to know how to act any time, squire, never go to books, leave them to galls and school boys; but go right off and cypher it out of natur, that's a sure guide, it will never deceive you, you may depend. For instance, '*what's that to me*,' is a phrase so common that it shows it's a natural one, when people have no particular interest in a thing. Well, when a feller gets so warm on either side as never to use that phrase at all, watch him, that's all! keep your eye on him, or he'll walk right into you afore you know where you be. If a man runs to me and says, 'your fence is down,' thank you, says I, that's kind—if he comes agin and says, 'I guess some stray cattle have broke into your short sarce garden,' I thank him again; says I, come now, this is neighbourly; but when he keeps etarnally tellin me this thing of one sarvant, and that thing of another sarvant, hints that my friend a'nt true, that my neighbours are inclined to take advantage of me, and that suspicious folks are seen about my place, I say to myself, what on airth makes this critter take such a wonderful interest in my affairs? I don't like to hear such tales—he's arter something as sure as the world, if he warnt he'd say, '*what's that to me*.' I never believe much what I hear said by a man's *violent friend*, or *violent enemy*, I want to hear what a disinterested man has to say—*now, as a disinterested man, I say if the members of the House of Assembly, instead of raisin up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, and to show what swordsmen they be, a cuttin and a thrustin at phantoms that only exist in their own brains, would turn to, heart and hand, and do*

velope the resources of this fine country, facilitate the means of transport—promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the richest and greatest, as it now is one of the happiest, sections of all America—I hope I may be skinned if they wouldn't—they would, I swan.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOCKMAKER QUILTS A BLUE-NOSE.

THE descendants of Eve have profited little by her example. The curiosity of the fair sex is still insatiable, and, as it is often ill directed, it frequently terminates in error. In the country this feminine propensity is troublesome to a traveller, and he who would avoid importunities, would do well to announce at once, on his arrival at a Cumberland Inn, his name and his business, the place of his abode, and the length of his visit.

Our beautiful hostess, Mrs. Pugwash, as she took her seat at the breakfast table this morning, exhibited the example that suggested these reflections. She was struck with horror at our conversation, the latter part only of which she heard, and of course misapplied and misunderstood.

She was run down by the President, said I, and has been laid up for some time. Gulard's people have stripped her, in consequence of her making water so fast. Stripped whom? said Mrs. Pugwash, as she suddenly dropped the teapot from her hand; stripped whom,—for heaven's sake tell me who it is? The Lady Ogle, said I. Lady Ogle, said she, how horrid! Two of her ribs were so broken as to require to be replaced with new ones. Two new ribs, said she, well I never heerd the beat of that in all my born days; poor critter, how she must have suffered. On examining her below the waist they found—Examining her still lower, said she (all the pride of her sex revolting at the idea of such an indecent exhibition,) you dont pretend

to say they stripped her below the waist; what did the Admiral say? Did he stand by and see her handled in that way? The Admiral, madam, said I, did not trouble his head about it. They found her extremely unsound there, and much worm eaten. Worm eaten, she continued, how awful! it must have been them nasty jiggers, that got in there; they tell me they are dreadful thick in the West Indies; Joe Crow had them in his feet, and lost two of his toes. Worm eaten, dear, dear!! but still that aint so bad as having them great he fellows strip one. I promise you if them Gulards had undertaken to strip me, I'd taught them different guess manners; I'd died first before I'd submitted to it. I always heerd tell the English quality ladies were awful bold, but I never heerd the like o'that.

What on airth are you drivin at? said Mr. Slick. I never seed you so much out in your latitude afore, marm, I vow. We were talkin of repairin a vessel, not strippin a woman: what under the sun could have put that are crocket into your head? She looked mortified and humbled at the result of her own absurd curiosity, and soon quitted the room. I thought I should have snorted right out two or three times, said the Clockmaker; I had to pucker up my mouth like the upper eend of a silk puss, to keep from yawhawin in her face, to hear the critter let her clapper run that fashion. She is not the first hand that has caught a lobster, by puttin in her oar afore her turn, I guess. She'll mind her stops next hitch, I reckon. This was our last breakfast at Amherst.

An early frost that smote the potatoe fields, and changed the beautiful green colour of the Indian corn into shades of light yellow and dark brown, reminded me of the presence of autumn—of the season of short days and bad roads. I determined to proceed at once to Parrsboro, and thence by the Windsor and Kentville route to Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Shelburne, and to return by the shore road, through Liverpool and Lunenburg to Halifax. I therefore took leave (though not without much reluctance) of the Clockmaker, whose intention had been to go to Fort Lawrence. Well, said he, I vow I am sorry to part company along with you; a considerable long journey like ourn, is like sitting up late with the gails, a body knows its getting on pretty well

toward mornin, and yet feels loth to go to bed, for its just the time folks grow sociable.

I got a scheme in my head, said he, that I think will answer both on us; I got debts due to me in all them are places for Clocks sold by the concern; now suppose you leave your horse on these marshes this fall, he'll get as fat as a fool, he wont be able to see out of his eyes in a month, and I'll put '*Old Clay*,' (I call him Clay arter our senator, who is a prime bit of stuff) into a Yankee waggon I have here, and drive you all round the coast.

This was too good an offer to be declined. A run at grass for my horse, an easy and comfortable waggon, and a guide so original and amusing as Mr. Slick, were either of them enough to induce my acquiescence.

As soon as we had taken our seats in the waggon, he observed, We shall progress real handsum now; that are horse goes etarnal fast, he near about set my axle on fire twice. He's a spanker, you may depend. I had him when he was a two-year old, all legs and tail, like a devil's darnin needle, and had him broke on purpose by father's old nigger, January Snow. He knows English real well, and can do near about any thing but speak it. He helped me once to ginn a blue-nose a proper handsum quiltin. He must have stood a poor chance indeed, said I, a horse kickin, and a man strikin him at the same time. Oh! not arter that pattern at all, said he; Lord, if Old Clay had kicked him, he'd a smashed him like that are saucer you broke at Pugnose's inn, into ten hundred thousand million flinders. Oh! no, if I didn't fix his flint for him in fair play it's a pity. I'll tell you how it was. I was up to Truro, at Ezra Whitter's Inn. There was an arbitration there atween Deacon Text and Deacon Faithful. Well, there was a nation sight of folks there, for they said it was a biter bit, and they came to witness the sport, and to see which critter would get the ear mark.

Well, I'd been doin a little business there among the folks and had jist sot off for the river, mounted on Old Clay, arter takin a glass of Ezra's most particular handsum Jamaiky, and was trottin off pretty slick, when who should I run agin but Tim Bradley. He is a dreadful ugly, cross-grained critter, as you een amost ever seed, when he is

about half-shaved. Well, I stopped short, and says I, Mr. Bradley, I hope you beant hurt; I'm proper sorry I run agin you, you can't feel uglier than I do about it, I do assure you. He called me a Yankee pedlar, a cheatin vagabond, a wooden nutmeg, and threw a good deal of assorted hardware of that kind at me; and the crowd of folks cried out, Down with the Yankee, let him have it, Tim, teach him better manners; and they carried on pretty high, I tell you, Well, I got my dander up too, I felt all up on eend like; and, thinks I to myself, my lad, if I get a clever chance, I'll give you such a quiltin as you never had since you were raised from a seedlin, I vow. So, says I, Mr. Bradley, I guess you had better let me be; you know I can't fight no more than a cow—I never was brought up to wranglin, and I don't like it. Haul off the cowardly rascal, they all bawled out, haul him off, and lay it into him. So he lays right hold of me by the collar, and gives me a pull, and I lets on as if I'd lost my balance and falls right down. Then I jumps up on eend, and says I 'go ahead, Clay,' and the old horse he sets off ahead, so I knew I had him when I wanted him. Then says I, I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Bradley, with that are ungenteel fall you ginn me. Well, he makes a blow at me, and I dodged it: now says I, you'll be sorry for this, I tell you; I wont be treated this way for nothin, I'll go right off and swear my life agin you, I'm most afeard you'll murder me. Well, he strikes at me agin, (thinkin he had a genuine soft horn to deal with,) and hits me in the shoulder. Now, says I, I wont stand here to be lathered like a dog all day long this fashion, it tante pretty at all, I guess I'll give you a chase for it. Off I sets arter my horse like mad, and he arter me (I did that to get clear of the crowd, so that I might have fair play at him.) Well, I soon found I had the heels of him, and could play him as I liked. Then I slackened up a little, and when he came close up to me, so as nearly to lay his hand upon me, I squatted right whap down, all short, and he pitched over me near about a rod or so, I guess, on his head, and plowed up the ground with his nose, the matter of a foot or two. If he didn't polish up the coulter, and both mould boards of his face, it's a pity. Now, says I, you had better lay where you be and let me go, for I am proper tired; I blow

like a horse that's got the heaves; and besides, says I, I guess you had better wash your face, for I am most a feared you hurt yourself. That ryled him properly; I meant that it should; so he ups and at me awful spiteful, like a bull; then I let's him have it, right, left, right, jist three corkers, beginning with the right hand, shiftin to the left, and then with the right hand agin. This way I did it, said the Clockmaker, (and he showed me the manner in which it was done); its a beautiful way of hitting, and always does the business—a blow for each eye, and one for the mouth. It sounds like ten pounds ten on a blacksmith's anvil; I bunged up both eyes for him, and put in the dead lights in two tu's, and drew three of his teeth, quicker a plaguy sight than the Truro doctor could, to save his soul alive. Now, says I, my friend, when you recover your eye-sight, I guess you'll see your mistake—I warnt born in the woods to be scared by an owl. The next time you feel in a most particular elegant good humour, come to me, and I'll play you the second part of that identical same tune, that's a fact.

With that I whistled for Old Clay, and back he comes, and I mounted and off, jist as the crowd came up. The folks looked staggered, and wondered a little grain how it was done so cleverly in short metre. If I did'nt quilt him in no time, you may depend; I went right slap into him, like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush. He found his suit ready made and fitted afore he thought he was half measured. Thinks I, friend Bradley, I hope you know yourself now, for I vow no livin soul would; you swallowed your soup without singin out scaldins, and you're near about a pint and a half nearer crying than larfin.

Yes, as I was sayin, this 'Old Clay' is a real knowin one, he's as spry as a colt yet, clear grit, ginger to the back bone; I can't help a thinkin sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentuck, half horse half alligator, with a cross of the airthquake.

I hope I may be tee-totally ruinated, if I'd take eight hundred dollars for him. Go ahead, you old clinker built villain, said he, and show the gentleman how wonderful han*d*s*um* you can travel. Give him the real Connecticut

quick step. That's it—that's the way to carry the President's message to Congress, from Washington to New York, in no time—that's the go to carry a gall from Boston to Rhode Island, and trice her up to a Justice to be married, afore her father's out of bed of a summer's mornin. Aint he a beauty? a real doll? none of your Cumberland critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they wont go; but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothin, all out of his own head volun*terrilly* Yes, a horse like 'Old Clay,' is worth the whole seed, breed, and generation of them Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, is *Old Clay*.

CHAPTER XX.

SISTER SALL'S COURTSHIP.

THERE goes one of them are everlastin rottin poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's leg, said the Clockmaker. They remind me of a trap Jim Munroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than tother. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle feller he was—he came from Onion County in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin Sister Sall—she was a real handsum looking gall; you scarce ever seed a more out and out complete critter than she was—a fine figur head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the state, a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she would'nt, and we got plaguy oneasy about it, for his character was none of the best. He was a universal favourite with the galls, and tho' he did'nt behave very pretty neither, forgetting to marry where he promised, and where he had'nt ought to have forgot, too, yet so it was, he had such an uncommon winnin way with

him, he could talk them over in no time—Sall was fairly bewitched.

At last, father said to him one evening when he came a courtin, Jim, says he, you'll never come to no good, if you act like old Scratch as you do; you aint fit to come into no decent man's house, at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sall's goin to them are huskin parties and quiltin frolics along with you no more, on no account, for you know how Polly Brown and Nancy White ———. Now don't, says he, now don't, Uncle Sam; say no more about that; if you know'd all you would'nt say it was my fault; and besides, I have turned right about, I am on tother tack now, and the long leg, too; I am as steady as a pump bolt, now. I intend to settle myself and take a farm. Yes, yes, and you could stock it, too, by all accounts, pretty well, unless you are much misreported, says father, but it won't do. I knew your father, he was our sargeant, a proper clever and brave man he was, too; he was one of the heroes of our glorious revolution. I had a great respect for him, and I am sorry, for his sake, you will act as you do; but I tell you once for all, you must give up all thoughts of Sall, now and for everlastin. When Sall heerd this, she began to nit away like mad in a desperate hurry—she looked foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite in her breath, and look as if there was nothin particular in the wind, then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon, and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap off her seat on the floor, in a faintin fit. I see, says father, I see it now, you etarnal villain, and he made a pull at the old fashioned sword, that always hung over the fire place, (we used to call it old Bunker, for his stories always begun, 'when I was at Bunker's hill,') and drawing it out he made a clip at him as wicked as if he was stabbing a rat with a hay fork; but Jim, he outs of the door like a shot, and draws it too arter him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. I'll chop you up as fine as mince meat, you villain, said he, if ever I catch you inside my door agin;

mind what I tell you, '*you'll swing for it yet.*' Well, he made himself considerable scarce arter that, he never sot foot inside the door agin, and I thought he had ginn up all hopes of Sall, and she of him; when one night, a most particular uncommon dark night, as I was a comin home from neighbour Dearborne's, I heerd some one a talkin under Sall's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saplin but Jim Munroe, a tryin to persuade Sall to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled, he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, jist at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he axes her to reach down her hand for him to kiss, (for he was proper clever at soft sawder) and she stretches it down and he kisses it; and says he, I believe I must have the whole of you out arter all, and gives her a jirk that kinder startled her; it came so sudden like it made her scream; so off he sot hot foot, and over the gate in no time.

Well, I cyphered over this all night, a calculatin how I should reciprocate that trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I recollected father's words at partin, '*mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet;*' and thinks I, friend Jim, I'll make that prophecy come true, yet, I guess. So the next night, jist at dark, I gives January Snow, the old nigger, a nidge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out and he arter me—says I, January, can you keep your tongue within your teeth, you old nigger, you? Why massa, why you ax that are question? my Gor Ormity, you tink old Snow he don't know that are yet; my tongue he got plenty room now, debil a tooth left, he can stretch out ever so far; like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quiet enough, massa, neber fear. Well, then, says I, bend down that are ash saplin softly, you old Snowball, and make no noise. The saplin was no sooner bent than secured to the ground by a notched peg and a roose, and a slip knot was suspended from the tree, jist over the track that led from the pathway to the house. Why my Gor, massa, that's a ——. Hold your mug, you old nigger, says I, or I'll send your tongue a sarchin arter your teeth; keep quiet, and follow me in presently.

Well, jist as it struck nine o'clock, says I, Sally, hold this here hank of twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a dear critter. She sot down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down stairs. Sam, says she, I do believe you won't wind that are twine off all night, do give it to January, I won't stay no longer, I'm een a most dead asleep. The old feller's arm is so plaguy onsteady, says I, it won't do; but hark, what's that, I'm sure I heerd something in the ash saplin, didn't you, Sall? I heerd the geese there, that's all, says she, they always come under the windows at night; but she looked scared enough, and says she, I vow I'm tired a holdin out of my arms this way, and I won't do it no longer; and down she throw'd the hank on the floor. Well, says I, stop one minute, dear, till I send old January out to see if any body is there; perhaps some o' neighbour Dearborne's cattle have broke into the sarce garden. January went out, tho' Sall say'd it was no use, for she knew the noise of the geese, they always kept close to the house at night, for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Snow, with his hair standin up an end, and the whites of his eyes lookin as big as the rims of a soup plate; Oh! Gor Ormity, said he, oh massa, oh Miss Sally, oh!! What on airth is the matter with you, said Sally, how you do frighten me, I vow I believe you're mad—oh my Gor, said he, oh! massa Jim Munroe he hang himself on the ash saplin under Miss Sally's window—oh my Gor!!! That shot was a settler, it struck poor Sal right atwixt wind and water; she gave a lurch ahead, and then heeled over and sunk right down in another faintin fit; and Juno, old Snow's wife, carried her off and laid her down on the bed —poor thing, she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

Well, father, I thought he'd a fainted too, he was so struck up all of a heap, he was completely bung fungered; dear, dear, said he, I didn't think it would come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come; I foretold it, says I, the last time I seed him; Jim, says I, mind what I say, *you'll swing for it yet.* Give me the sword I wore when I was at Bunker's hill, may be there's life yet, I'll cut him down. The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the

ash saplin. Cut me down, Sam, that's a good fellow, said Jim, all the blood in my body has swashed into my head, and's a runnin out o' my nose, I'm een a most smothered—be quick, for heaven's sake. The Lord be praised, said father, the poor sinner is not quite dead yet. Why, as I'm alive—well if that don't beat all natur, why he has hanged himself by one leg, and's a swingin like a rabbit upside down, that's a fact. Why, if he aint snared, Sam; he is properly wired I declare—I vow this is some o' your doins, Sam—well it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess. Don't stand starin and jawin there all night, said Jim, cut me down, I tell you—or cut my throat, and be damned to you, for I'm choakin with blood. Roll over that are hogshead, old Snow, said I, till I get a top on it and cut him down; so I soon released him, but he couldn't walk a bit. His ankle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he swore one leg was near about six inches longer than tother. Jim Munroe, says father, little did I think I should ever see you inside my door agin, but I bid you enter now, we owe you that kindness, any how.

Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chap-fallen and so down in the mouth, he begged for heaven's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would *run* the state, if ever it got wind, he was sure he couldn't *stand* it. It will be one while, I guess, said father, afore you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it secret, but you shall be a welcome guest, at old Sam Slick's once more, for the sake of your father—he was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's hill, he was our sarjeant and——. He promises, says I, father (for the old man had stuck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stir a peg, it was a grand chance, and he was agoin to give him the whole revolution, from General Gage up to Independence,) he promises, says I, father. Well it was all settled, and things soon grew as calm as a pan of milk two days old; and afore a year was over, Jim was as steady agoin man as Minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Sall. Nothin was ever said about the snare till arter the weddin. When the minister had

finished axin a blessin, father goes up to Jim, and says he, Jim Munroe, my boy, givin him a rousin slap on the shoulder that sot him a coughin for the matter of five minutes, (for he was a mortal powerful man, was father,) Jim Munroe, my boy, says he, you've got the snare round your neck, I guess now, instead of your leg; the saplin has been a father to you, you may be the father of many saplins.

We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into a corner, and gave him chapter and verse for the whole war. Every now and then as I come near them, I heard Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, Clinton, Gates, and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, Minister, we had'nt time this hitch, or I'd a told you all about the *Evakyation* of New York, but I'll tell you that the next time we meet.

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTING UP FOR GOVERNOR.

I NEVER see one of them queer little old-fashioned teapots, like that are in the cupboard of Marm Pugwash, said the Clockmaker, that I don't think of Lawyer Crowningshield and his wife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an evening with them. After I had been there awhile, the black house-help brought in a little home-made dipt candle, stuck in a turnip sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and sot it down on the table. Why, says the Lawyer to his wife, Increase, my dear, what on earth is the meanin o' that? What does little Viney mean by bringin in such a light as this, that aint fit for even a log hut of one of our free and enlightened citizens away down east; where's the lamp? My dear, says she, I ordered it—you know they are a goin to set you up for Governor next year, and I allot we must economise or we will be

ruined—the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you know, and you'll have to give up your practice—we can't afford nothin now.

Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee china teapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups and sarcers about the bigness of children's toys. When he seed that, he grew most peskily ryled, his under lip curled down like a peach leaf that's got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth and showed his grinders, like a bull dog. What foolery is this, said he? My dear, said she, it's the foolery of being Governor; if you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to being the first rung in the ladder, dont blame me for it. I did'nt nominate you—I had not art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that are Convention, at Town Hall. Well, he sot for some time without sayin a word, lookin as black as a thunder cloud, just ready to make all natur crack agin. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife's chair, and takin her face between his two hands, he turns it up and gives her a buss that went off like a pistol—it fairly made my mouth water to see him; thinks I, them lips aint a bad bank to deposit one's spare kisses in, neither. Increase, my dear, said he, I believe you are half right, I'll decline to-morrow, I'll have nothin to do with it—*I wont be a Governor, on no account.*

Well, she had to haw and gee like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands; and then she said, Zachariah, says she, how you do act, aint you ashamed? Do for gracious sake behave yourself: and she colored up all over like a crimson piany; if you hav'nt foozled all my hair too, that's a fact, says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as fun, though poutin all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well dressed house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a real London touch, and another with a tea tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and tea-pot, and a cream jug, and sugar bowl, of the same genuine metal, and a most an elegant set of real gilt china. Then in came Marm Crowningshield, herself, lookin as proud as if she would not call the President her cousin; and she gave the Lawyer a look, as much as to say, I guess when

Mr. Slick is gone, I'll pay you off that are kiss with interest, you dear you—I'll answer a bill at sight for it, I will, you may depend.

I believe, said he agin, you are right, Increase, my dear, its an expensive kind of honor that bein Governor, and no great thanks neither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider—its enough I guess for a man to govern his own family, aint it, dear? Sartin, my love, said she, sartin, a man is never so much in his own proper sphere as there; and beside, said she, his will is supreme to home, there is no danger of any one nonconcurring him there, and she gave me a sly look, as much as to say, I let him think he is master in his own house, *for when ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them;* but I allot, Mr. Slick, you can see with half an eye that the 'grey mare is the better horse here.'

What a pity it is, continued the Clockmaker, that the blue-noses would not take a leaf out of Marm Crowningshield's book—talk more of their own affairs and less of politics. I'm sick of the everlastin sound of 'House of Assembly,' and 'Council,' and 'great folks.' They never alleviate talking about them from July to eternity.

I had a curious conversation about politics once, away up to the right here. Do you see that are house, said he, in the field, that's got a lurch to leeward, like a north river sloop, struck with a squall, off West Point, lopsided like? It looks like Seth Pine, a tailor down to Hartford, that had one leg shorter than tother, when he stood at ease at militia trainin, a restin on the littlest one. Well, I had a special frolic there the last time I passed this way. I lost the linch pin out of my forred axle, and I turned up there to get it sot to rights. Just as I drove through the gate, I saw the eldest gall a makin for the house for dear life—she had a short petticoat on that looked like a kilt, and her bare legs put me in mind of the long shanks of a bittern down in a rush swamp, a drivin away like mad full chizel arter a frog. I could not think what on airth was the matter. Thinks I, she wants to make herself look decent like afore I get in, she don't like to pull her stockings on afore me; so I pulls up the old horse and let her have a fair start.

Well, when I came to the door, I heard a proper scuddin; there was a regular flight into Egypt, jist such a noise as little children make when the mistress comes suddenly into school, all a huddlin and scroudgin into their seats as quick as wink. Dear me, says the old woman, as she put her head out of a broken window to avail who it was, is it you Mr. Slick? I sniggers, if you did not frighten us properly we actilly thought it was the Sheriff; do come in.

Poor thing, she looked half starved and half savage, hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that has had more work than oats, and had a wicked expression, as though it war'nt over safe to come too near her heels—an everlastin kicker. You may come out, John, said she to her husband, its only Mr. Slick; and out came John from under the bed backwards, on all fours, like an ox out of the shoein frame, or a lobster skullin wrong eend foremost—he looked as wild as a hawk. Well, I swan I thought I should have split, I could hardly keep from bursting right out with larfter—he was all covered with feathers, lint, and dust, the savins of all the sweepins since the house was built, shoved under there for tidiness. He actilly sneezed for the matter of ten minutes—he seemed half-choked with the flaff and stuff, that came out with him like a cloud. Lord, he looked like a goose half-picked, as if all the quills were gone, but the pen feathers and down were left, jist ready for singin and stuffin. He put me in mind of a sick Adjutant, a great tall hulkin bird, that comes from the East Indgies, a most as high as a man, and most as knowin as a blue-nose. I'd a ginn a hundred dollars to have had that chap as a show at a fair—tar and feathers warn't half as nateral. You've seen a gall both larf and cry at the same time, hante you? well, I hope I may be shot if I could'nt have done the same. To see that critter come like a turkey out of a bag at Christmas, to be fired at for two cents a shot, was as good as a play; but to look round and see the poverty—the half naked children—the old pine stumps for chairs—a small bin of poor watery yaller potatoes in the corner—daylight through the sides and roof of the house, looking like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out

—no utensils for cookin or eatin—and starvation wrote as plain as a handbill on their holler cheeks, skinny fingers, and sunk eyes, went right straight to the heart. I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they did'nt seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it, like a man that's married to a thunderin ugly wife, he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlastin dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.

Well, there was another chap a settin by the fire, and he *did* look as if he saw it and felt it too, he did'nt seem over half pleased, you may depend. He was the District Schoolmaster, and he told me he was takin a spell at boardin there, for it was their turn to keep him. Thinks I to myself, poor devil, you've brought your pigs to a pretty market, that's a fact. I see how it is, the blue-noses can't 'cypher.' The cat's out of the bag now—its no wonder they don't go ahead, for they don't know nothin—the 'Schoolmaster is *abroad*,' with the devil to it, for he has *no home* at all. Why, Squire, you might jist as well expect a horse to go right off in gear, before he is halter broke, as a blue-nose to get on in the world, when he has got no schoolin.

But to get back to my story. Well, says I, how's times with you, Mrs. Spry? Dull, says she, very dull, there's no markets now, things don't fetch nothin. Thinks I, some folks had'nt ought to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothin to sell, but I did'nt say so; *for poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by pokin fun at it.* Potatoes, says I, will fetch a good price this fall, for its a short crop in a general way; how's yourn? Grand, says she, as complete as ever you seed; our tops were small and did'nt look well; but we have the handsomest bottoms, it is generally allowed, in all our place; you never seed the beat of them, they are actilly worth lookin at. I vow I had to take a chaw of tobacky to keep from snorting right out, it sounded so queer like. Thinks I to myself, old lady, it's a pity you could'nt be changed eend for eend then, as some folks do their stockings: it would improve the looks of your dial plate amazinly then, that's a fact.

Now, there was human natur, squire, said the Clockmaker, there was pride even in that hovel. It is found in rags as well as kings' robes, where butter is spread with

the thumb as well as the silver knife, *natur is natur, wherever you find it.*

Just then, in came one or two neighbours to see the sport, for they took me for a sheriff or a constable, or something of that breed, and when they saw it was me they sot down to hear the news; they fell right to at politics as keen as anything, as if it had been a dish of real Connecticut Slap Jacks, or Hominy; or what is better still, a glass of rea genuine splendid mint julep, *whe-cu-up*, it fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. I wonder, says one, what they will do for us this winter in the House of Assembly? Nothin, says the other, they never do nothin but what the great people at Halifax tell 'em. Squire Yeoman is the man, he'll pay up the great folks this hitch, he'll let 'em have their own, he's jist the boy that can do it. Says I, I wish I could say all men were as honest then, for I am afeard there are a great many wont pay me up this winter; I should like to trade with your friend, who is he? Why, says he, he is the member for Isle Sable County, and if he don't let the great folks have it, it's a pity. Who do you call great folks, for, said I, I vow, I havn't seed one since I came here. The only one that I know that comes near hand to one is Nicholas Overknocker, that lives all along shore, about Margaret's Bay, and *he is* a great man, it takes a yoke of oxen to drag him. When I first seed him, says I, what on airth is the matter o' that man, has he the dropsy, for he is actilly the greatest man I ever seed; he must weigh the matter of five hundred weight; he'd cut three inches on the rib, he must have a proper sight of lard, that chap? No, says I, don't call 'em great men, for there aint a great man in the country, that's a fact; there aint one that desarves the name; folks will only larf at you if you talk that way. There may be some rich men, and I believe there be, and it's a pity there warn't more on 'em, and a still greater pity they have so little spirit or enterprise among 'em, but a country is none the worse having rich men in it, you may depend. Great folks! well, come, that's a good joke, that bangs the bush. No, my friend, says I, the meat that's *at the top of the barrel, is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down: the upper*

and lower eends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good.

Well, says the blue-nose, perhaps they beant great men, exactly in that sense, but they are great men compared to us poor folks; and they eat up all the revenue, there's nothin left for roads and bridges, they want to ruin the country, that's a fact. Want to ruin your granny, says I, (for it raised my dander to hear the critter talk such nonsense,) I did hear of one chap, says I, that set fire to his own house once, up to Squantum, but the cunnin rascal insured it first; now how can your great folks ruin the country without ruinin themselves, unless they have insured the Province? our folks will insure all creation for half nothin, but I never heerd tell of a country being insured agin rich men. Now if you ever go to Wall Street to get such a policy, leave the door open behind you, that's all; or they'll grab right hold of you, shave your head and blister it, clap a strait jacket on you, and whip you right into a mad house, afore you can say Jack Robinson. No, your great men are nothin but rich men, and I can tell you for your comfort, there's nothin to hinder you from bein rich too, if you will take the same means as they did. They were once all as poor folks as you be, or their fathers afore them; for I know their whole breed, seed, and generation, and they wouldn't thank you to tell them that you knew their fathers and grandfathers, I tell you. If ever you want the loan of a hundred pounds from any of them, keep dark about that—see as far ahead as you please, but it tante always pleasant to have folks see too far back. Perhaps they be a little proud or so, but that's nateral; all folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal its extraction, but what's that to you? If they get too large salaries, dock 'em down at once, but don't keep talkin about it for everlastinly. If you have too many sarvants, pay some of 'em off, or when they quit your sarvice don't hire others in their room, that's all: but you miss your mark when you keep firin away the whole blessed time that way.

I went out a gunnin when I was a boy, and father went with me to teach me. Well the first flock of plover I see'd I let slip at them and missed them. Says father, says he, What a blockhead you be, Sam, that's your own fault, they were too far off, you had'nt ought to have fired so soon. At Bunker's hill we let the British come right on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let them have it slap bang. Well, I felt kinder grigged at missin my shot, and I didn't over half like to be scolded too; so says I, Yes, father; but recollect you had a mud bank to hide behind, where you were proper safe, and you had a rest for your guns too; but as soon as you seed a little more than the whites of their eyes, you run for your dear life, full split, and so I don't see much to brag on in that arter all, so come now. I'll teach you to talk that way, you puppy you, said he, of that glorious day; and he fetched me a wipe that I do believe, if I hadn't a dodged, would have spoiled my gunnin for that hitch; so I gave him a wide birth arter that all day. Well, the next time I missed, says I, she hung fire so everlastinly, it's no wonder, and the next miss, says I, the powder is no good, I vow. Well, I missed every shot, and I had an excuse for every one on 'em—the flint was bad, or she flashed in the pan, or the shot scaled, or something or another; and when all would'nt do, I swore the gun was no good at all. Now, says father, (and he edged up all the time, to pay me off for that hit at his Bunker hill story, which was the only shot I did'nt miss,) you han't got the right reason arter all. It was your own fault, Sam.

Now that's jist the case with you; you may blame Banks and Council, and House of Assembly, and 'the great men,' till you are tired, but it's all your own fault—*you've no spirit and no enterprise, you want industry and economy; use them, and you'll soon be as rich as the people at Halifax you call great folks*—they did'nt grow rich by talking, but by workin; instead of lookin after other folks' business, they looked about the keenest arter their own. You are like the machinery of one of our boats, good enough, and strong enough, but of no airthly use till you get the steam up; you want to be set in motion, and then you'll go ahead like any thing, you may depend.

Give up politics—it's a barren field, and well watched too; where one critter jumps a fence into a good field and gets fat, more nor twenty are chased round and round, by a whole pack of yelpin curs, till they are fairly beat out, and end by bein half starved, and are at the liftin at last. Look to your farms—your water powers —your fisheries, and factories. In short, says I, puttin on my hat and startin, look to yourselves, and don't look to others.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CURE FOR CONCEIT.

Its a most curious unaccountable thing, but it's a fact, said the Clockmaker, the blue-noses are so conceited, they think they know every thing; and yet there aint a livin soul in Nova Scotia knows his own business real complete, farmer or fisherman, lawyer or doctor, or any other folk. A farmer said to me one day, up to Pugnose's inn, at River Philip, Mr. Slick, says he, I allot this aint '*a bread country;*' I intend to sell off the house I improve, and go to the States. If it aint a bread country, said I, I never see'd one that was. There is more bread used here, made of best superfine flour, and No. 1. Genessee, than in any other place of the same population in the univarse. You might as well say it aint a clock country, when, to my sartin knowledge, there are more clocks than bibles in it. I guess you expect to raise your bread ready made, don't you? Well there's only one class of our free and enlightened citizens that can do that, and that's them that are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It's a pity you wasn't availed of this truth, afore you up killoch and off—take my advice and bide where you be.

Well, the fishermen are jist as bad. The next time you go into the fish-market at Halifax, stump some of the old hands; says you, 'how many fins has a cod, at a word,' and I'll liquidate the bet if you lose it. When I've been

along-shore afore now, a vendin of my clocks, and they began to raise my dander, by belittling the Yankees, I always brought them up by a round turn by that requirement, 'how many fins has a cod, at a word.' Well, they never could answer it; and then, says I, when you larn your own business, I guess it will be time enough to teach other folks theirn.

How different it is with our men folk, if they can't get through a question, how beautifully they can go round it, can't they? Nothin never stops them: I had two brothers, Josiah and Eldad, one was a lawyer, and the other a doctor. They were a talkin about their examinations one night, at a huskin frolic, up to Governor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Josy, When I was examined, the Judge axed me all about real estate; and, says he, Josiah, says he, what's a fee? Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the natur of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but lawyer Webster has got afore now, I've heerd tell, 1,000 dollars, and that *I do call* a fee. Well, the Judge he larfed ready to split his sides; (thinks I, old chap, you'll bust like a steam byler, if you han't got a safety valve somewhere or another,) and says he, I vow that's superfine; I'll indorse your certificate for you, young man; there's no fear of you, you'll pass the inspection brand any how.

Well, says Eldad, I hope I may be skinned if the same thing didn't een amost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions, some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no soul could, right off the reel at a word, without a little cypherin; at last they axed me, 'How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat when common modes wouldn't work no how? Why, says I, I'd do as Dr. Comfort Payne sarved father. And how was that, said they. Why, says I, he put him into such a sweat as I never seed in him afore, in all my born days, since I was raised, by sending him in his bit, and if that didn't sweat him its a pity; it was an *active* dose you may depend. I guess that are chap has cut his eye teeth, said the President, let him pass as approbated.

They both knowed well enough, they only made as if they didn't, to poke a little fun at them, for the Slick family

were counted in a general way to be pretty considerable cute.

They reckon themselves here, a chalk above us Yankees, but I guess they have a wrinkle or two to grow afore they progress ahead on us yet. If they han't got a full cargo of conceit here, then I never see'd a load, that's all. They have the hold chock full, deck piled up to the pump handles, and scuppers under water. They larnt that of the British, who are actilly so full of it, they remind me of Commodore Trip. When he was about half shaved he thought every body drunk but himself. I never liked the last war, I thought it unnateral, and that we hadn't ought to have taken hold of it at all, and so most of our New England folks thought; and I wasn't sorry to hear Gineral Dearborne was beat, seein we had no call to go into Canada. But when the Guerriere was captivated by our old Ironsides, the Constitution, I did feel lifted up amost as high as a stalk of Varginy corn among Connecticut middlins; I grew two inches taller, I vow, the night I heerd that news. Brag, says I, is a good dog, but hold fast is better. The British navals had been braggin and a hectorin so long, that when they landed in our cities, they swaggered e'en amost as Uncle Peleg (big Peleg as he was called,) and when he walked up the centre of one of our narrow Boston streets, he used to swing his arms on each side of him, so that folks had to clear out of both foot paths; he's cut, afore now, the fingers of both hands agin the shop windows on each side of the street. Many the poor feller's crupper bone he's smashed, with his great thick boots, a throwin out his feet afore him e'en amost out of sight, when he was in full rig a swiggling away at the top of his gait. Well, they cut as many shines as Uncle Peleg. One frigate, they guessed, would captivate, sink, or burn our whole navy. Says a naval, one day, to the skipper of a fishing boat that he took, says he, Is it true, Commodore Decatur's sword is made of an old iron hoop? Well, says the skipper, I'm not quite certified as to that, seeing as I never sot eyes on it; but I guess if he gets a chance he'll show you the temper of it some of these days, any how.

I mind once a British man-o'-war took one of our Boston vessels, and ordered all hands on board, and sent a party to

skuttle her; well they skuttled the fowls and the old particular genuine rum, but they obliviated their arrand and left her. Well, next day another frigate (for they were as thick as toads arter a rain) comes near her and fires a shot for her to bring to. No answer was made, there bein no livin soul on board, and another shot fired, still no answer. Why, what on airth is the meanin of this, said the Captain, why don't they haul down that damn goose and gridiron (that's what he called our eagle and stars on the flag.) Why, says the first leftenant, I guess they are all dead men, that shot frightened them to death. They are afeard to show their noses, says another, lest they should be shaved off by our shots. They are all down below a '*calculatin*' their loss, I guess, says a third. I'll take my davy, says the Captain, its some Yankee trick, a torpedo in her bottom, or some such trap — we'll let her be, and sure enough, next day, back she came to shore herself. I'll give you a quarter of an hour, says the Captain of the Guerriere to his men, to take that are Yankee frigate, the Constitution. I guess he found his mistake where he didn't expect it, without any great sarch for it either. Yes, (to eventuate my story) it did me good, I felt dreadful nice, I promise you. It was as lovely as bitters of a cold mornin. Our folks beat 'em arter that so often, they got a little grain too much conceit also. They got their heels too high for their boots, and began to walk like uncle Peleg too, so that when the Chesapeake got whipped I warnt sorry. We could spare that one, and it made our navals look round, like a feller who gets a hoist, to see who's a larfin at him. It made 'em brush the dust off, and walk on rather sheepish. It cut their combs, that's a fact. The war did us a plaguy sight of good in more ways than one, and it did the British some good, too. It taught 'em not to carry their chins too high, for fear they shouldn't see the gutters—a mistake that's spoiled many a bran new coat and trowsers afore now.

"Well, these blue-noses have caught this disease, as folks do the Scotch fiddle, by shakin hands along with the British. Conceit has become here, as Doctor Rush says, (you have heerd tell of him, he's the first man of the age, and its generally allowed our doctors take the shine off of

all the world) acclimated, it is citizenised among 'em, and the only cure is a real good quiltin. I met a first chop Colchester Gag this summer again to the races to Halifax, and he knowed as much about racin, I do suppose, as a Chictaw Ingian does of a railroad. Well, he was a praisin of his horse, and runnin on like Statiee. He was begot, he said, by Roncesvalles, which was better than any horse that ever was seen, because he was once in a duke's stable in England. It was only a man that had blood like a lord, said he, that knew what blood in a horse was. Captain Currycomb, an officer at Halifax, had seen his horse and praised him, and that was enough—that stamped him—that fixed his value. It was like the President's name to a bank note, it makes it pass current. Well, says I, I han't got a drop of blood in me nothin stronger than molasses and water, I vow, but I guess I know a horse when I see him for all that, and I don't think any great shakes of your beast, any how; what start will you give me, says I, and I will run 'Old Clay' agin you, for a mile lick right an end. Ten rods, said he, for twenty dollars. Well, we run, and I made 'Old Clay' bite in his breath, and only beat him by half a neck. A tight scratch, says I, that, and it would have served me right if I had been beat. I had no business to run an old roadster so everlastin fast, it aint fair on him, is it? Says he, I will double the bet and start even, and run you agin if you dare. Well, says I, since I won the last it wouldn't be pretty not to give you a chance; I do suppose I oughn't to refuse, but I don't love to abuse my beast by knockin him about this way.

As soon as the money was staked, I said, Hadn't we better, says I, draw stakes, that are blood horse of yourn has such uncommon particular bottom, he'll perhaps leave me clean out of sight. No fear of that, said he, larfin, but he'll beat you easy, any how. No flinchin, says he, I'll not let you back of the bargain. Its run or forfeit. Well, says I, friend, there is fear of it; your horse will leave me out of sight to a sartainty, that's a fact, for he *can't keep up to me no time*. I'll drop him, hull down, in tu tu's. If Old Clay didn't make a fool of him, it's a pity. Didn't he gallop pretty, that's all? He walked away from him, jist as the Chancellor Livingston steamboat passes a sloop at

anchor in the North River. Says I, I told you your horse would beat me clean out of sight, but you wouldn't believe me; now, says I, I will tell you something else. That are horse will help you to loose more money to Halifax than you are a thinkin on; for there aint a beast gone down there that won't beat him. He can't run a bit, and you may tell the British Captain I say so. *Take him home and sell him, buy a good yoke of oxen; they are fast enough for a farmer, and give up blood horses to them that can afford to keep stable-helps to tend 'em, and leave bettin alone to them as has more money nor wit, and can afford to lose their cash, without thinkin agin of their loss.* When *I want* your advice, said he, I will *ask it*, most peskily sulky. You might have got it before you *axed* for it, said I, but not afore you *wanted* it, you may depend on it. But stop, said I, let's see that all's right afore we part; so I counts over the fifteen pounds I won of him, note by note, as low as anything, on purpose to ryle him, then I mounts 'Old Clay' agin, and says I, Friend, you have considerably the advantage of me this hitch, any how. Possible! says he, how's that? Why, says I, I guess you'll return rather lighter than you came—and that's more nor I can say, any how, and then I gave him a wink and a jupe of the head, as much as to say, 'do you take?' and rode on and left him starin and scratchin his head like a feller who's lost his road. If that citizen aint a born fool, or too far gone in the disease, depend on't he found '*a cure for conceit.*'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BLOWIN TIME.

THE long rambling dissertation on conceit to which I ha just listened, from the Clockmaker, forcibly reminded me of the celebrated aphorism '*gnothi seauton*,' know thyself, which, both from its great antiquity and wisdom, has been by many attributed to an oracle.

With all his shrewdness to discover, and his humour to ridicule the foibles of others, Mr. Slick was blind to the many defects of his own character; and while prescribing 'a cure for conceit,' exhibited in all he said, and all he did, the most overweening conceit himself. He never spoke of his own countrymen, without calling them the 'most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth,' or as 'takin the shine off of all creation.' His country he boasted to be the 'best atween the two poles,' 'the greatest glory under heaven.' The Yankees he considered (to use his expression) as 'actilly the class-leaders in knowledge among all the Americans,' and boasted that they have not only 'gone ahead of all others,' but had lately arrived at that most enviable ne plus ultra point 'goin ahead of themselves.' In short, he entertained no doubt that Slickville was the finest place in the greatest nation in the world, and the Slick family the wisest family in it.

I was about calling his attention to this national trait, when I saw him draw his reins under his foot (a mode of driving peculiar to himself, when he wished to economise the time that would otherwise be lost by an unnecessary delay,) and taking off his hat, (which, like a pedlar's pack, contained a general assortment,) select from a number of loose cigars one that appeared likely 'to go,' as he called it. Having lighted it by a lucifer, and ascertained that it was 'true in draft,' he resumed his reins, and remarked 'This must be an everlastin fine country beyond all doubt for the folks have nothin to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow,

what grand times they have a slayin over these here marshes with the galls, or playin ball on the ice, or goin to quiltin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin home like mad by moonlight. Natur meant that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumptious looking slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin right at you—is e'en amost enough to drive one ravin, tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din, there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help looking right at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go capsized into a snow drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, a chatterin away all the time like a Canary bird, and you a haw-hawin with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue-nose gets led on to offer himself as a lovier, afore he knows where he bees.

But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's treed; his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She larns him how vinegar is made: *Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear, says she, if you want to make it real sharp.* The larf is on the other side of his mouth then. If his slay gets upsot, it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it right and left. Her eyes don't look right up to hisn any more, nor her little tongue ring, ring, ring, like a bell any longer, but a great big hood covers her head, and a whappin great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of soiled clothes agoin to the brook to be washed. When they get out, she don't wait any more for him to walk lock and lock with her but they march like a horse and a cow to water, one in each gutter. If there aint a transmogrification it's a pity. The difference atween a wife and a sweetheart is near

about as great as there is between new and hard cide —a man never tires of puttin one to his lip, but makes plaguy wry faces at tother. It makes me so kinder wamblecropt when I think on it, that I'm afeared to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue-noses most properly bit, you may depend. You've seen a boy a slidin on a most beautiful smooth bit of ice, ha'nt you, larfin, and hoopin, and hallowin like one possessed, when presently sowse he goes in over head and ears? How he outs fins, and flops about, and blows like a porpoise properly frightened, don't he? and when he gets out there he stands, all shiverin and shakin, and the water a squish-squashin in his shoes, and his trowsers all stickin slimsey like to his legs. Well, he sneaks off home, lookin like a fool, and thinkin every body he meets is a larfin at him—many folks here are like that are boy, afore they have been six months married. They'd be proper glad to get out of the scrape too, and sneak off if they could, that's a fact. The marriage yoke is plaguy apt to gall the neck, as the ash bow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated, they spend more strength in pullin agin each other, than in pullin the load. Well that's apt to be the case with them as choose their wives in sleighin parties, quiltin frolics, and so on; instead of the dairies, looms, and cheese-house.

Now the blue-noses are all a stirrin in winter. The young folks drive out the galls, and talk love and all sorts of things as sweet as dough-nuts. The old folks find it near about as well to leave the old women to home, for fear they shouldn't keep tune together; so they drive out alone to chat about House of Assembly with their neighbours, while the boys and hired helps do the chores. When the Spring comes, and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they all have to be plowed, *cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall ploughin.* Well, the plows have to be mended and sharpened, *cause what's the use of doin that afore it's wanted.* Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust, but whose fault is that? *Why the climate to be sure, for Nova Scotia aint a bread country*

When a man has to run ever so far as fast as he can clip, he has to stop and take breath; you must do that or choke. So it is with a horse; run him a mile, and his flanks will heave like a blacksmith's bellows; you must slack up the rein and give him a little wind, or he'll fall right down with you. It stands to reason, don't it? Atwixt spring and fall work is '*Blowin time*.' Then Courts come on, and Grand Jury business, and Militia trainin, and Race trainin, and what not; and a fine spell of ridin about and doin nothin, a real '*Blowin time*.' Then comes harvest, and that is proper hard work, mowin and pitchin hay, and reapin and bindin grain, and potatoe diggin. That's as hard as sole leather, afore it's hammered on the lap stone —it's a most next to any thing. It takes a feller as fough as Old Hickory (General Jackson) to stand that.

Ohio is most the only country I know of where folks are saved that trouble; and there the freshets come jist in the nick of time for 'em, and sweep all the crops right up in a heap for 'em, and they have nothin to do but take it home and house it, and sometimes a man gets more than his own crop, and finds a proper swad of it already piled up, only a little wet or so; but all countries aint like Ohio. Well, arter harvest comes fall, and then there's a grand 'blowin time' till spring. Now, how the Lord the blue-noses can complain of their country, when it's only one-third work and two-thirds 'blowin time,' no soul can tell.

Father used to say, when I lived on the farm along with him,—Sam, says he, I vow I wish there was jist four hundred days in the year, for its a plaguy sight too short for me. I can find as much work as all hands on us can do for 365 days, and jist 35 days more, if we had 'em. We han't got a minit to spare; you must shell the corn and winner the grain at night, clean all up slick, or I guess we'll fall astarn, as sure as the Lord made Moses. If he didn't keep us all at it, a drivin away full chisel, the whole blessed time, it's a pity. There was no 'blowin time' there, you may depend. We plowed all the fall for dear life; in winter we thrashed, made and mended tools, went to market and mill, and got out our firewood and rails. As soon as frost was gone, came sowin and plantin, weedin and hoein—then harvest and spreadin compost—then gatherin manure, fencin

and ditchin—and turn tu and fall plowin agin. It all went round like a wheel without stoppin, and so last, I guess you couldn't see the spokes, just one long everlastin stroke from July to eternity, without time to look back on the tracks. Instead of racin over the country like a young doctor, to show how busy a man is that has nothin to do, as blue-nose does, and then take a 'blowin time,' we kept a rale travellin gate, an eight-mile-an-hour pace, the whole year round. *They buy more nor they sell, and eat more than they raise*, in this country. What a pretty way that is, is'nt it? If the critters knew how to cypher, they would soon find out that a sum stated that way always eends in a naught. I never knew it to fail, and I defy any soul to cypher it so, as to make it come out any other way, either by Schoolmaster's Assistant or Algebra. When I was a boy, the Slickville bank broke, and an awful disorderment it made, that's a fact; nothin else was talked of. Well, I studied it over a long time, but I couldn't make it out: so says I, Father, how came that are bank to break? Warn't it well built? I thought that are Quincy granite was so amazin strong all natur wouldn't break it. Why you foolish critter, says he, it tant the buildin that's broke, its the consarn that's smashed. Well, says I, I know folks are plaguilly consarned about it, but what do you call 'folks smashin their consarns?' Father, he larfed out like any thing; I thought he never would stop—and sister Sall got right up and walked out of the room, as mad as a hatter. Says she, Sam, I do believe you are a born fool, I vow. When Father had done larfin, says he, I'll tell you, Sam, how it was. They cyphered it so, that they brought out nothin for a remainder. Possible! says I; I thought there was no eend to their puss. I thought it was like Uncle Peleg's musquash hole, and that no soul could ever find the bottom of. My!! says I. Yes, says he, that are bank spent and lost more money than it made, and when folks do that, they must smash at last, if their puss be as long as the national one of Uncle Sam. This Province is like that are bank of ourn, it's goin the same road, and they'll find the little eend of the horn afore they think they are half way down to it.

If folks would only give over talking about that everlastin House of Assembly and Council, and see to their farms,

it would be better for 'em, I guess; for arter all, what is it? Why it's only a sort of first chop Grand Jury, and nothin else. It's no more like Congress or Parliament than Marm Pugwash's keepin room is like our State hall. It's jist nothin—Congress makes war and peace, has a say in all treaties, confarms all great nominations of the President, regilates the army and navy, governs twenty-four independent States, and snaps its fingers in the face of all the nations of Europe, as much as to say, who be you? I allot I am as big as you be. If you are six foot high, I am six foot six in my stockin feet, by gum, and can lambaste any two on you in no time. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. But this little House of Assembly that folks make such a touss about, what is it? Why jist a decent Grand Jury. They make their presentments of little money votes, to mend these everlastin rottin little wooden bridges, to throw a poultice of mud once a year on the roads, and then take a 'blowin time' of three months and go home. The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that did'nt wear high heel boots, and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight most any one, to show that he was a man every inch of him.

I met a member the other day, who swaggered near about as large as Uncle Peleg. He looked as if he thought you couldn't find his 'ditto' any where. He used some most particular educational words, genuine jaw-breakers. He put me in mind of a squirrel I once shot in our wood location. The little critter got a hickory nut in his mouth; well, he found it too hard to crack, and too big to swaller, and for the life and soul of him, he couldn't spit it out agin. If he didn't look like a proper fool, you may depend. We had a pond back of our barn, about the bigness of a good sizeable wash-tub, and it was chock full of frogs. Well, one of these little critters fancied himself a bull-frog, and he puffed out his cheeks, and took a rael 'blowin time' of it; he roared away like thunder; at last he puffed and puffed out till he bust like a byler. If I see the Speaker this winter, (and I shall see him to a sartainty if they don't send for him to London, to teach their new Speaker,) and he's up to snuff, that are man; he knows how to cypher—

I'll jist say to him, Speaker, says I, if any of your folks in the House go to swell out like dropsy, give 'em a hint in time. Says you, if you have are a little safety valve about you, let off a little steam now and then, or you'll go for it; recollect the Clockmaker's story of the 'Blowin time.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER JOHN O'SHAUGNESSY.

To-morrow will be Sabbath day, said the Clockmaker, I guess we'll bide where we be till Monday. I like a Sabbath in the country, all natur seems at rest. There's a cheerfulness in the day here, you don't find in towns. You have natur before you here, and nothin but art there The deathy stillness of a town, and the barred windows, and shut shops, and empty streets, and great long lines of big brick buildins, look melancholy. It seems as if life had ceased ticken, but there hadn't been time for decay to take hold on there; as if day had broke, but man slept. I can't describe exactly what I mean, but I always feel kinder gloomy and whamblecropt there.

Now in the country it's jist what it ought to be—a day of rest for man and beast from labor. When a man rises on the Sabbath, and looks out on the sunny fields and wavin crops, his heart feels proper grateful, and he says come, this is a splendid day, aint it? let's get ready and put on our bettermost close, and go to meetin. His firs. thought is prayerfully to render thanks; and then when he goes to worship he meets all his neighbors, and he knows them all, and they are glad to see each other, and if any two on 'em han't gee'd together durin the week, why they meet on kind of neutral ground, and the minister or neighbors make peace atween them. But it tante so in towns. You don't know no one you meet there. It's the worship of neighbors, but it's the worship of strangers, too, for

neighbors don't know nor care about each other. Yes, I love a Sabbath in the country.

While uttering this soliloquy, he took up a pamphlet from the table, and turning to the title-page, said, have you ever seen this here book on the 'Elder Controversy,' (a controversy on the subject of Infant Baptism.) This author's friends say it's a clincher; they say he has sealed up Elder's mouth as tight as a bottle. No, said I, I have not; I have heard of it, but never read it. In my opinion the subject has been exhausted already, and admits of nothin new bein said upon it. These religious controversies are a serious injury to the cause of true religion; they are deeply deplored by the good and moderate men of all parties. It has already embraced several denominations in the dispute in this Province, and I hear the agitation has extended to New Brunswick, where it will doubtless be renewed with equal zeal. I am told all the pamphlets are exceptionable in point of temper, and this one in particular, which not only ascribes the most unworthy motives to its antagonist, but contains some very unjustifiable and gratuitous attacks upon other sects unconnected with the dispute. The author has injured his own cause, for *an intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe*. There is no doubt on it, said the Clockmaker, it is as clear as mud, and you are not the only one that thinks so, I tell you.

About the hottest time of the dispute, I was to Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic Priest. I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. Well, he was a leggin it off hot foot. Possible, says I, Father John, is that you—Why, what on airth is the matter of you—what makes you in such an everlastin hurry, drivin away like one ravin, distracted mad? A sick visit, says he; poor Pat Lanigan, him that you mind to Bradore Lake, well he's near about at the pint of death. I guess not, said I, for I jist hear tell he was dead. Well, that brought him up all standin, and he bouts ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way with me, and we got a talkin about this very subject. Says he, What are you, Mr. Slick? Well, I looks up to him, and winks, A Clockmaker, says I; well, he smiled, and says he, I see, as much as to say I hadn't ought to have axed that are

question at all, I guess, for every man's religion is his own, and nobody else's business. Then, says he, you know all about this country—who does folks say has the best of the dispute? Says I, Father John, it's like the battles up to Canada lines last war, each side claims victory; I guess there aint much to brag on nary way, damage done on both sides, and nothin gained, as far as I can learn. He stopt short, and looked me in the face, and says he, Mr. Slick, you are a man that has seed a good deal of the world, and a considerable of an understandin man, and I guess I *can* talk to *you*. Now, says he, for gracious sake do jist look here, and see how you heretics (Protestants I mean, says he,—for I guess that are word slipt out without leave,) are by the ears, a drivin away at each other, the whole blessed time, tooth and nail, hip and thigh, hammer and tongs, disputin, revilin, wranglin, and beloutin each other, with all sorts of ugly names that they can lay their tongues to. Is that the way you love your neighbor as yourself; *We say this is a practical comment on schism*, and by the powers of Moll Kelly, said he, but they all ought to be well lambasted together, the whole batch on 'em entirely. Says I, Father John, give me your hand; there are some things I guess you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seein that you are a Popish priest; but in that idee I do opinionate with you, and I wish, with all my heart, all the world thought with us.

I guess he didn't half like that are word Popish priest, it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder ryled, like well water arter a heavy rain; and said he, Mr. Slick, says he, your country is a free country, aint it? The freest, says I, on the face of the airth—you can't ditto' it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and when our dander's up, stronger than any hurricane you ever see'd—tear up all creation most; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere. Do you call this a free country? said he. Pretty considerable middlin, says I, seein that they are under a king. Well, says he, if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin hands along with a Popish priest, as you are pleased to call me, (and he made me a bow, as much as to say, mind your trumps the next deal) as you now are in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all

your crackin and boastin of your freedom, I guess you wouldn't sell a clock agin in that State for one while, I tell you—and he bid me good mornin and turned away. Father John! says I.—I can't stop, says he; I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed. Well, says I, one word with you afore you go; if that are name Popish priest was an ongenteel one, I ax your pardon; I didn't mean no offence, I do assure you, and I'll say this for your satisfaction, tu, you're the first man in this Province that ever gave me a real right down complete check-mate since I first sot foot in it, I'll be skinned if you aint.

Yes, said Mr. Slick, Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft of 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'em a backin up of their own man. At it agin, says one; fair play, says another; stick it into him, says a third; and that's your sort, says a fourth. Them are the folks who do mischief. They show such clear grit it fairly frightens me. It makes my hair stand right up an eend to see ministers do that are. *It appears to me that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writin agin any one, and if I couldn't I wouldn't write at all, I snore.* Our old minister, Mr. Hopewell, (a real good man, and a larned man too that,) they sent to him once to write agin the Unitarians for they are agoin ahead like statice in New England, but he refused. Said he, Sam, says he, when I first went to Cambridge, there was a boxer and wrastler came there, and he beat every one wherever he went. Well, old Mr. Possit was the Church of England parson at Charlestown, at the time, and a terrible powerful man he was—a rael sneezer, and as *active* as a weasel. Well, the boxer met him one day, a little way out of town, a takin of his evenin walk, and said he, Parson, says he, they say you are a most plaguy strong man and uncommon stiff too. Now, says he, I never see'd a man yet that was a match for me; would you have any objection jist to let me be availed of your strength here in a friendly way, by ourselves, where no soul would be the wiser; if you will I'll keep dark about it, I swan. Go your way, said the Parson, and tempt me not; you are a

carnal minded, wicked man, and I take no pleasure in such vain, idle sports. Very well, said the boxer; now here I stand, says he, in the path, right slap afore you; if you pass round me, then I take it as a sign that you are afear'd on me, and if you keep the path, why then you must first put me out—that's a fact. The Parson jist made a spring forrard and kitched him up as quick as wink, and throwed him right over the fence whap on the broad of his back, and then walked on as if nothin had happened—as demure as you please, and lookin as meek as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Stop, said the boxer, as soon as he picked himself up, stop Parson, said he, that's a good man, and jist chuck over my horse too, will you, for I swan I believe you could do one near about as easy as tother. My! said he, if that don't bang the bush; you are another guess chap from what I took you to be, any how.

Now, said Mr. Hopewell, says he, I won't write, but if are a Unitarian crosses my path, I'll jist over the fence with him in no time, as the parson did the boxer; *for writin only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never see'd a convart made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have see'd, a man set his own flock a doubtin by his own writin. You may happify your enemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it.* These writers, said he, put me in mind of that are boxer's pupils. He would sometimes set two on 'em to spar; well, they'd put on their gloves, and begin, larfin and jokin, all in good humour. Presently one on 'em would put in a pretty hard blow; well, tother would return it in airnest. Oh, says the other, if that's your play, off gloves and at it; and sure enough, away would fly their gloves, and at it they'd go tooth and nail.

No, Sam, the misfortin is, we are all apt to think Scriptur intended for our neighbors, and not for ourselves. The poor all think it made for the rich. Look at that are Dives, they say, what an all fired scrape he got into by his avarice, with Lazarus; and aint it writ as plain as any thing, that them folks will find it as easy to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

Well, then, the rich think it all made for the poor—that they sharnt steal nor bear false witness, but shall be obedient to them that's in authority. And as for them are Unitarians, and he always got his dander up when he spoke of them, why there's no doin nothin with them, says he. When they get fairly stumped, and you produce a text that they can't get over, nor get round, why they say it tante in our version at all—that's an interpolation, it's an invention of them are everlastin monks; there's nothin left for you to do with them, but to sarve them as Parson Possit detailed the boxer—lay right hold of 'em and chuck 'em over the fence, even if they were as big as all out doors. That's what our folks ought to have done with 'em at first, pitched 'em clean out of the state, and let 'em go down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place, for they aint fit to live in no Christian country at all.

Fightin is no way to make convarts; *the true way is to win 'em.* You may stop a man's mouth, Sam, says he, by a crammin a book down his throat, but you wont convince him. It's a fine thing to write a book all covered over with Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, like a bridle that's real jam, all spangled with brass nails, but who knows whether it's right or wrong? Why not one in ten thousand. If I had my religion to choose, and warn't able to judge for myself, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd jist ask myself *who leads the best lives?* Now, says he, Sam, I won't say who do, because it would look like vanity to say it was the folks who hold to our platform, but I'll tell you who don't. *It aint them that makes the greatest professions always;* and mind what I tell you, Sam, when you go a tradin with your clocks away down east to Nova Scotia, and them wild provinces, keep a bright look out on them as cant too much, *for a long face* is plaguy apt to *cover a long conscience*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XXV.

TAMING A SHREW.

The road from Amherst to Parrsboro' is tedious and uninteresting. In places it is made so straight, that you can see several miles of it before you, which produces an appearance of interminable length, while the stunted growth of the spruce and birch trees bespeaks a cold, thin soil, and invests the scene with a melancholy and sterile aspect. Here and there occurs a little valley, with its meandering stream, and verdant and fertile intervale, which though possessing nothing peculiar to distinguish it from many others of the same kind, strikes the traveller as superior to them all, from the contrast to the surrounding country. One of these secluded spots attracted my attention, from the number and neatness of the buildings which its proprietor, a tanner and currier, had erected for the purposes of his trade. Mr. Slick said, he knew him, and he guessed it was a pity he couldn't keep his wife in as good order as he did his factory. They don't hitch their horses together well at all. He is properly henpecked, said he; he is afeerd to call his soul his own, and he leads the life of a dog; you never seed the beat of it, I vow. Did you ever see a rooster hatch a brood of chickens? No, said I, not that I can recollect. Well, then I have, said he, and if he don't look like a fool all the time he is settin on the eggs, its a pity; no soul could help larfin to see him. Our old nigger, January Snow, had a spite agin one of father's roosters, seein that he was a coward, and wouldn't fight. He used to call him Dearborne, arter our General that behaved so ugly to Canada: and says he one day, I guess you are no better than a hen, you everlasting old chicken-hearted villain, and I'll make you a larfin stock to all the poultry. I'll put a trick on you you'll bear in mind all your born days. So he catches old Dearborne, and pulls all the feathers off his breast, and strips him as naked as when he was born, from his throat clean down to his tail,

and then takes a bundle of nettles and gives him a proper switchin that stung him, and made him smart like mad; then he warms some eggs and puts them in a nest, and sets the old cock right a top of 'em. Well, the warmth of the eggs felt good to the poor critter's naked belly, and kinder kept the itchin of the nettles down, and he was glad to bide where he was, and whenever he was tired and got off, his skin felt so cold, he'd run right back and squat down agin, and when his feathers began to grow, and he got obstropolous, he got another ticklin with the nettles, that made him return double quick to his location. In a little time he larnt the trade real complete.

Now, this John Porter, (and there he is on the bridge I vow, I never seed the beat o' that, speak of old Saytin and he's sure to appear;) well, he's jist like old Dearborne, only fit to hatch eggs. When he came to the bridge, Mr. Slick stopped his horse, to shake hands with Porter, whom he recognized as an old acquaintance and customer. He enquired after a bark mill he had smuggled from the States for him, and enlarged on the value of such a machine, and the cleverness of his countrymen who invented such useful and profitable articles, and was recommending a new process of tanning, when a female voice from the house was heard, vociferating, 'John Porter, come here this minute.' 'Coming, my dear,' said the husband. 'Come here, I say, directly, why do you stand talking to that yankee villain there?' The poor husband hung his head, looked silly, and bidding us good bye, returned slowly to the house. As we drove on, Mr. Slick said, that was me—I did that. Did what? said I. That was me that sent him back, I called him and not his wife. I had that are bestowment ever since I was knee high or so; I'm a real complete hand at Ventriloquism; I can take off any man's voice I ever heard to the very nines. If there was a law agin forgin that, as there is for handwritin, I guess I should have been hanged long ago. I've had high goes with it many a time, but its plaguy dangersome, and I dont practise it now but seldom.

I had a real bout with that are citizen's wife once, and completely broke her in for him: she went as gentle as a circus horse for a space, but he let her have her head agin, and she's as bad as ever now. I'll tell you how it was.

I was down to the Island a sellin clocks, and who should I meet but John Porter; well, I traded with him for one part cash, part truck, and pro*duce*, and also put off on him that are bark mill you heerd me axin about, and it was pretty considerable on in the evenin afore we finished our trade. I came home along with him, and had the clock in the waggon to fix it up for him, and to show him how to regilate it. Well, as we neared the house, he began to fret and take on dreadful oneasy; says he, I hope Jane wont be abed, cause if she is she'll act ugly, I do suppose. I had heerd tell of her afore; how she used to carry a stiff upper lip, and make him and the broomstick well acquainted together; and, says I, why do you put up with her tantrums, I'd make a fair division of the house with her, if it was me, I'd take the inside and allocate her the outside of it pretty quick, that's a fact. Well, when we came to the house, there was no light in it, and the poor critter looked so streaked and down in the mouth, I felt proper sorry for him. When he rapped at the door, she called out, Who's there? It's me, dear, says Porter. You, is it, said she, then you may stay where you be, them as gave you your supper, may give you your bed, instead of sendin you sneakin home at night like a thief. Said I, in a whisper, says I, Leave her to me, John Porter—jist take the horses up to the barn, and see arter them, and I'll manage her for you, I'll make her as sweet as sugary candy, never fear. The barn you see is a good piece off the eastward of the house; and as soon as he was cleverly out of hearin, says I, a imitatin of his voice to the life, Do let me in, Jane, says I, that's a dear critter, I've brought you home some things you'll like, I know. Well, she was an awful jealous critter; says she, Take em to her you spent the evenin with, I don't want you nor your presents neither. Arter a good deal of coaxin I stood on the tother tack, and began to threaten to break the door down; says I, You old unhansum lookin sinner, you vinerger cruet you, open the door this minit or I'll smash it right in. That grigged her properly, it made her very wrathy (for nothin sets up a woman's spunk like callin her ugly, she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws and bristles).

I heerd her bounce right out of bed, and she came to the door as she was, ondressed, and onbolted it; and as I entered it, she fetched me a box right across my cheek with the flat of her hand, that made it tingle agin. I'll teach you to call names agin, says she, you varmint. It was jist what I wanted; I pushed the door tu with my foot, and seizin her by the arm with one hand, I quilted her with the horsewhip real handsum with the other. At first she roared like mad; I'll give you the ten commandments, says she (meaning her ten claws), I'll pay you for this, you cowardly villain, to strike a woman. How dare you lift your hand, John Porter, to your lawful wife, and so on; all the time runnin round and round, like a colt that's a breakin, with the mouthin bit, rarein, kickin, and plungin like statice. Then she began to give in. Says she, I beg pardon, on my knees I beg pardon—don't murder me, for Heaven's sake—don't dear John, don't murder your poor wife, that's a dear, I'll do as you bid me, I promise to behave well, upon my honour I do—oh! dear John, do forgive me, do dear. When I had her properly brought too, for havin nothin on but a thin under garment every crack of the whip told like a notch on a baker's tally; says I, take that as a taste of what you'll catch, when you act that way like old Scratch. Now go and dress yourself, and get supper for me and a stranger I have brought home along with me, and be quick, for I vow I'll be master in my own house. She moaned like a dog hit with a stone, half whine, half yelp; dear, dear, says she, if I aint all covered over with welts as big as my finger, I do believe I'm flayed alive; and she boohood right out like any thing. I guess, said I, you've got 'em where folks wont see 'em, any how, and I calculate you won't be over forrard to show 'em where they be. But come, says I, be a stirrin, or I'll quilt you agin as sure as you're alive—I'll tan your hide for you, you may depend, you old ungainly tempered heifer you.

When I went to the barn, says I, John Porter, your wife made right at me, like one ravin distracted mad, when I opened the door, thinking it was you; and I was obliged to give her a crack or two of the cowskin to get clear of her. It has effectuated a cure completely; now foller it up, and

don't let on for your life it warn't you that did it, and you'll be master once more in your own house. She's all docity jist now, keep her so. As we returned we saw a light in the keepin room, the fire was blazin up cheerfulsome, and Marm Porter moved about as brisk as a parched pea, though as silent as dumb, and our supper was ready in no time. As soon as she took her seat and sot down, she sprung right up on eend, as if she sot on a pan of hot coals, and coloured all over; and then tears started in her eyes. Thinks I to myself, I calculate I wrote that are lesson in large letters any how, I read that writin without spellin, and no mistake; I guess you've got pretty well warmed thereabouts this hitch. Then she tried it again, first she sot on one leg, then on the tother, quite oneasy, and then right atwixt both, a fidgettin about dreadfully; like a man that's rode all day on a bad saddle, and lost a little leather on the way. If you had seed how she stared at Porter, it would have made you snicker. She could'nt credit her eyes. He warn't drunk, and he warn't crazy, but there he sot as peeked and as meechin as you please. She seemed all struck up of a heap at his rebellion. The next day when I was about startin, I advised him to act like a man, and keep the weather gage now he had it, and all would be well; but the poor critter only held on a day or two, she soon got the upper hand of him, and made him confess all, and by all accounts he leads a worse life now than ever. I put that are trick on him jist to try him, and I see its gone goose with him; the jig is up with him, she'll soon call him with a whistle like a dog. I often think of the hornpipe she danced there in the dark along with me to the music of my whip—she touched it off in great style, that's a fact. I shall mind that go one while, I promise you. It was actilly equal to a play at old Bowry. You may depend, Squire, the only way to tame a shrew is by the cowskin. Grandfather Slick was raised all along the coast of Kent in old England, and he used to say there was an old saying there, which, I expect, is not far off the mark;

> 'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
> The more you lick 'em the better they be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MINISTER'S HORN MUG.

This country, said Mr. Slick, abounds in superior mill privileges, and one would naterally calculate that such a sight of water power would have led to a knowledge of machinery. I guess if a blue-nose was to go to one of our free and enlightened citizens, and tell him Nova Scotia was intersected with rivers and brooks in all directions, and nearly one quarter of it covered with water, he'd say, well I'll start right off and see it, I vow, for I guess I'll larn somethin. I allot I'll get another wrinkle away down east there. With such splendid chances for experimentin, what first-chop mills they must have, to a sartainty. I'll see such new combinations, and such new applications of the force of water to motion, that I'll make my fortin, for we can improve on any thing amost. Well, he'd find his mistake out, I guess, as I did once, when I took passage in the night at New York for Providence, and found myself the next mornin clean out to sea, steerin away for Cape Hatteras, in the Charleston steamer. He'd find he'd gone to the wrong place, I reckon; there aint a mill of any kind in the province fit to be seen. If we had 'em, we'd sarve 'em as we do the gamblin houses down south, pull 'em right down, there wouldn't be one on 'em left in eight and forty hours.

Some domestic factories they ought to have here: it's an essential part of the social system. Now we've run to the other extreme, its got to be too big an interest with us, and aint suited to the political institutions of our great country. Natur designed us for an agricultural people, and our government was predicated on the supposition that we would be so. Mr. Hopewell was of the same opinion. He was a great hand at gardenin, orchardin, farmin, and what not. One evenin I was up to his house, and says he, Sam, what do you say to a bottle of my old genuine cider, I guess I got some that will take the shine off your father's

by a long chalk, much as the old gentleman brags of his'n —I never bring it out afore him. He thinks he has the best in all Connecticut. It's an innocent ambition that; and Sam, it would be but a poor thing for me to gratify my pride, at the expense of humblin his'n. So I never lets on that I have any better, but keep dark about this superfine particular article of mine, for I'd as lives he'd think so as not. He was a real primitive good man was minister. I got some, said he, that was bottled that very year that glorious action was fought atween the Constitution and the Guerriere. Perhaps the whole world couldn't show such a brilliant whippin as that was. It was a splendid deed, that's a fact. The British can whip the whole airth, and we can whip the British. It was a bright promise for our young eagle, a noble bird that, too; great strength, great courage, and surpassing sagacity.

Well, he went down to the cellar, and brought up a bottle, with a stick tied to its neck, and day and date to it, like the lye-bills on the trees in Squire Hendrick's garden. I like to see them are cobwebs, says he, as he brushed 'em off, they are like grey hairs in an old man's head, they indicate venerable old age. As he uncorked it, says he, I guess, Sam, this will warm your gizzard, my boy; I guess our great nation may be stumped to produce more eleganter liquor than this here. It's the dandy, that's a fact. That, said he, a smackin his lips, and lookin at its sparklin top, and layin back his head, and tippin off a horn mug brim full of it—that said he—and his eyes twinkled agin, for it was plaguy strong—that is the produce of my own orchard. Well, I said, minister, says I, I never see you a swiggin it out of that are horn mug, that I don't think of one of your texts. What's that, Sam? says he —for you always had a most a special memory when you was a boy; why, says I, 'that the horn of the righteous man shall be exalted,' I guess that's what they mean by 'exalten the horn,' aint it? Lord, if ever you was to New Orleens, and seed a black thunder cloud rise right up and cover the whole sky in a minit, you'd a thought of it if you had seed his face. It looked as dark as Egypt. For shame, says he, Sam, that's ondecent; and let me tell you that a man that jokes on such subjects, shows both a lack of wit

and sense too. I like mirth, you know I do, for it's only the Pharisees and hypocrites that wear long faces, but then mirth must be innocent to please me; and when I see a man make merry with serious things, I set him down as a lost sheep. That comes of your speculation to Lowell; and, I vow, them factorin towns will corrupt our youth of both sexes, and become hotbeds of iniquity. Evil communications endamnify good manners, as sure as rates; one scabby sheep will infect a whole flock—vice is as catchin as that nasty disease the Scotch have, its got by shakin hands, and both eend in the same way—in brimstone. I approbate domestic factories, but nothin further for us. It don't suit us or our institutions. A republic is only calculated for an enlightened and vartuous people, and folks chiefly in the farmin line. That is an innocent and a happy vocation. Agriculture was ordained by Him as made us, for our chief occupation.

Thinks I, here's a pretty how do you do; I'm in for it now, that's a fact; he'll jist fall to and read a regular sarmon, and he knows so many by heart he'll never stop. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to answer him. So, says I, Minister, I ax your pardon, I feel very ugly at havin given you offence, but I didn't mean it, I do assure you. It jist popt out unexpectedly, like a cork out of one of them are cider bottles. I'll do my possibles that the like don't happen agin, you may depend; so 'spose we drink a glass to our reconciliation. That I will, said he, and we will have another bottle too, but I must put a little water into *my glass*, (and he dwelt on that word, and looked at me quite feelin, as much as to say, don't for goodness sake make use of that are word *horn* agin, for its a joke I don't like,) for my head hante quite the strength my cider has. Taste this, Sam, said he, (openin of another bottle,) its of the same age as the last, but made of different apples, and I am fairly stumped sometimes to say which is best.

These are the pleasures, says he, of a country life. A man's own labor provides him with food, and an appetite to enjoy it. Let him look which way he will,-and he sees the goodness and bounty of his Creator, in his wisdom, his power, and his majesty. There never was anything so true, as that are old sayin, 'man made the town, but God

made the country,' and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue and the other with vice. One is the abode of plenty, and the other of want; one is a ware-duck of nice pure water—and tother one a cess-pool. Our towns are gettin so commercial and factoring, that they will soon generate mobs, Sam, (how true that are has turned out, haint it? He could see near about as far into a mill-stone as them that picks the hole into it,) and mobs will introduce disobedience and defiance to laws, and that must eend in anarchy and bloodshed. No, said the old man, raising his voice, and giving the table a wipe with his fist that made the glasses all jingle agin, give me the country; that country to which he that made it said, "Bring forth grass, the herb yieldin seed, and the tree yieldin fruit," *and who saw it that it was good.* Let me jine with the feathered tribe in the mornin, (I hope you get up airly now, Sam; when you was a boy there was no gittin you out of bed at no rate,) and at sun-set, in the hymns which they utter in full tide of song to their Creator. Let me pour out the thankfulness of my heart to the Giver of all good things, for the numerous blessings I enjoy, and intreat him to bless my increase, that I may have wherewithal to relieve the wants of others, as he prevents and relieves mine. No! give me the country. Its ———— Minister was jist like a horse that has the spavin; he sot off considerable stiff at first, but when he once got under way, he got on like a house a fire. He went like the wind full split.

He was jus beginnin to warm on the subject, and I knew if he did, what wonderful bottom he had; how he would hang on for ever amost; so says I, I think so too minister, I like the country, I always sleep better there than in towns; it tante so plaguy hot, nor so noisy neither, and then it's a pleasant thing to set out on the stoop and smoke in the cool, aint it? I think, says I, too, Minister, that are uncommon handsum cider of yourn desarves a pipe, what do you think? Well, says he, I think myself a pipe wouldn't be amiss, and I got some rael good Varginy, as you een amost ever seed, a present from Rowland Randolph, an old college chum; and none the worse to my palate, Sam, for bringin by-gone recollections with it. Phœbe, my dear, said he, to his dar-

ter, bring the pipes and tobacco. As soon as the old gentleman fairly got a pipe in his mouth, I give Phœbe a wink, as much as to say, warnt that well done. That's what I call a most particular handsum fix. He can *talk* now, (and that *I do like* to hear him do,) but he can't make a speech, or preach a sarmon, and that *I don't like* to hear him do, except on Sabbath day, or up to Town Hall, on oration times.

Minister was an uncommon pleasant man, (for there was nothin amost he didn't know,) except when he got his dander up, and then he did spin out his yarns for everlastinly.

But I'm of his opinion. If the folks here want their country to go ahead, they must honour the plough, and General Campbell ought to hammer that are into their noddles, full chisel, as hard as he can drive. I could larn him somethin, I guess, about hammerin he aint up to. It tante every one that knows how to beat a thing into a man's head. How could I have sold so many thousand clocks, if I hadn't had that nack. Why, I wouldn't have sold half a dozen, you may depend.

Agriculture is not only neglected but degraded here. What a number of young folks there seem to be in these parts, a ridin about, titivated out real jam, in their goto-meetin clothes, a doin nothin. It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young people are above their business. They are too high in the instep, that's a fact.

Old Drivvle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day, For gracious sake, says he, Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny. His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makins of a considerable smart man—he's growin up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable forehanded, but I dont know what the dogs to put him to. The Lawyers are like spiders, they've eat up all the flies, and I guess they'll have to eat each other soon, for there's more on 'em than causes now every court. The Doctors' trade is a poor one, too, they don't get barely cash enough to pay for their medicines; I never seed a country practitioner yet

that made any thing worth speakin of. Then, as for preachin, why church and dissenters are pretty much tarred with the same stick, they live in the same pastur with their flocks; and, between 'em, it's fed down pretty close I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him? Well, says I, I'll tell you if you won't be miffy with me. Miffy with you indeed, said he, I guess I'll be very much obliged to you; it tante every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience —I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an understandin man as you be. Well, says I, take a stick and give him a rael good quiltin, jist tantune him like blazes, and set him to work.—What does the critter want? you have a good farm for him, let him go and airn his bread; and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides—put him to, eh! why put him to the PLOUGH, *the most natcral, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world.* But, said the old man (and he did not look over half pleased) markets are so confounded dull, labour so high, and the banks and great folks a swallerin all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers, its hard rubbin, now-a-days, to live by the plough—he'll be a hard workin poor man all his days. Oh! says I, if he wants to get rich by farmin, he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat, and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton, and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes, make his own cloth, weave his own linen, and keep out of shops, and he'll soon grow rich—there are more fortins got by savin than by makin, I guess, a plaguy sight—he cant eat his cake and have it too, that's a fact. *No, make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society—more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.*

Ahem! says Marm Drivvle, and she began to clear her throat for action; she slumped down her nittin, and clawed off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me, so as to

take good aim. I seed a regular norwester a bruin, I knew it would bust somewhere sartan, and make all smoke agin, so I cleared out and left old Drivvle to stand the squall. I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it, for she had got her Ebenezer up, and looked like a proper sneezer. Make her Johnny a farmer, eh? I guess that was too much for the like o' her to stomach.

Pride, Squire, continued the Clockmaker, (with such an air of concern, that, I verily believe, the man feels an interest in the welfare of a Province, in which he has spent so long a time,) *Pride, Squire, and a false pride, too, is the ruin of this country, I hope I may be skinned if it tante.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WHITE NIGGER.

One of the most amiable, and at the same time most amusing traits, in the Clockmaker's character, was the attachment and kindness with which he regarded his horse. He considered 'Old Clay' as far above a Provincial horse, as he did one of his 'free and enlightened citizens' superior to a blue-nose. He treated him as a travelling companion, and when conversation flagged between us, would often soliloquise to him, a habit contracted from pursuing his journeys alone. Well now, he would say, 'Old Clay,' I guess you took your time agoin up that are hill—s'pose we progress now. Go along, you old sculpin, and turn out your toes. I reckon you are as deff as a shad, do you hear there 'go ahead, Old Clay.' There now, he'd say, Squire, aint that dreadful pretty? There's action. That looks about right—legs all under him—gathers all up snug—no bobbin of his head—no rollin of his shoulders—no wabblin of his hind parts, but steady as a pump bolt, and the motion all underneath. When he fairly lays himself to it, he trots like all vengeance. Then look at his ears, jist like rabbits, none o' your flop ears like them Amherst beasts, half horses,

half-pigs, but strait up and pineted, and not too near at the tips; for that are, I concait, alwuys shows a horse aint true to draw. *There are only two things, Squire, worth lookin at in a horse, action and soundness, for I never saw a critter that had good action that was a bad beast.* Old Clay puts me in mind of one of our free and enlightened———.

Excuse me, said I, Mr. Slick, but really you appropriate that word 'free' to your countrymen, as if you thought no other people in the world were entitled to it but yourselves. Neither they be, said he. We first sot the example. Look at our declaration of independence. It was writ by Jefferson, and he was the first man of the age, perhaps the world never seed his ditto. It's a beautiful piece of penmanship that, he gave the British the butt eend of his mind there. I calculate you couldn't falt it in no particular, it's generally allowed to be his cap shief. In the first page of it, second section, and first varse, are these words, 'We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' I guess King George turned his quid when he read that. It was somethin to chaw on, he hadn't been used to the flavor of, I reckon.

Jefferson forgot to insert one little word, said I, he should have said, 'all white men;' for as it now stands, it is a practical untruth, in a country which tolerates domestic slavery in its worst and most forbidding form. It is a declaration of *shame*, and not of *independence*. It is as perfect a misnomer as ever I knew. Well, said he, I must admit there is a screw loose somewhere thereabouts, and I wish it would convene to Congress to do somethin or another about our niggers, but I am not quite certified how that is to be sot to rights—I concait that you don't understand us. But, said he, (evading the subject with his usual dexterity,) we deal only in niggers,—and those thick skulled, crooked shanked, flat footed, long heeled, woolly headed gentlemen, don't seem fit for much else but slavery, I do suppose; they aint fit to contrive for themselves. They are just like grasshoppers; they dance and sing all summer, and when winter comes they have nothin provided for it, and lay down and die. They require some one to see arter them. Now, we deal in black niggers only, but the blue-noses sell their own

species—they trade in white slaves. Thank God, said I, slavery does not exist in any part of his Majesty's dominions now, we have at last wiped off that national stain. Not quite, I guess, said he, with an air of triumph, it tante done with in Nova Scotia, for I have see'd these human cattle sales with my own eyes—I was availed of the truth of it up here to old Furlong's, last November. I'll tell you the story, said he; and as this story of the Clockmaker's contained some extraordinary statements which I had never heard of before, I noted it in my journal, for the purpose of ascertaining their truth; and, if founded on fact, of laying them before the proper authorities.

Last fall, said he, I was on my way to Partridge Island, to ship off some truck and *produce* I had taken in, in the way of trade; and as I neared old Furlong's house, I see'd an amazin crowd of folks about the door; I said to myself says I, who's dead, and what's to pay now—what on airth is the meanin of all this? Is it a vandew, or a weddin, or a rotin frolic, or a religious stir, or what is it? Thinks I, I'll see—so I hitches old Clay to the fence, and walks in. It was sometime afore I was able to swiggle my way thro' the crowd, and get into the house. And when I did, who should I see but Deacon Westfall, a smooth faced, slick haired, meechin lookin chap as you'd see in a hundred, a standin on a stool, with an auctioneer's hammer in his hand; and afore him was one Jerry Oaks and his wife, and two little orphan children, the prettiest little toads I ever beheld in all my born days. Gentlemen, said he, I will begin the sale by putting up Jerry Oaks, of Apple River, he's a considerable of a smart man yet, and can do many little chores besides feedin the children and pigs, I guess he's near about worth his keep. Will you warrant him sound, wind and limb? says a tall, ragged lookin countryman, for he looks to me as if he was foundered in both feet, and had a string halt into the bargain. When you are as old as I be, says Jerry, mayhap you may be foundered too, young man; I have seen the day when you wouldn't dare to pass that joke on me, big as you be. Will any gentleman bid for him, says the deacon, he's cheap at 7*s.* 6*d.* Why deacon, said Jerry, why surely your honor isn't again for to sell me separate from my poor old wife, are you? Fifty years have

we lived together as man and wife, and a good wife has she been to me, through all my troubles and trials, and God knows I have had enough of 'em. No one knows my ways and ailments but her, and who can tend me so kind, or who will bear with the complaints of a poor old man but his wife. Do, Deacon, and Heaven bless you for it, and yours, do sell us together; we have but a few days to live now, death will divide us soon enough. Leave her to close my old eyes, when the struggle comes; and when it comes to you, deacon, as come it must to all, may this good deed rise up for you, as a memorial before God. I wish it had pleased him to have taken us afore it came to this, but his will be done; and he hung his head, as if he felt he had drained the cup of degradation to its dregs. Can't afford it, Jerry—can't afford it, old man, said the deacon (with such a smile as a November sun gives, a passin atween clouds.) Last year they took oats for rates, now nothin but wheat will go down, and that's as good as cash, and you'll hang on, as most of you do, yet these many years. There's old Joe Crowe, I believe in my conscience he will live for ever. The bidden then went on, and he was sold for six shillings a week. Well, the poor critter gave one long, loud, deep groan, and then folded his arms over his breast, so tight that he seemed tryin to keep in his breast from bustin. I pitied the misfortunate wretch from my soul, I don't know as I ever felt so streaked afore. Not so his wife, she was all tongue. She begged, and prayed, and cryed, and scolded, and talked at the very tip eend of her voice, till she became, poor critter, exhausted, and went off in a faintin fit, and they ketched her up and carried her out to the air, and she was sold in that condition.

Well I couldn't make head or tail of all this, I could hardly believe my own eyes and ears; so says I to John Porter, (him that has that catamount of a wife, that I had such a touss with,) John Porter, says I, who ever see'd or heer'd tell of the like of this, what under the sun does it all mean? What has that are critter done that he should be sold arter that fashion? Done, said he, why nothin, and that's the reason they sell him. This is town-meeting day, and we always sell the poor for the year, to the lowest bidder. Them that will keep them for the lowest sum, gets

them. Why, says I, that feller that bought him is a pauper himself, to my sartin knowledge. If you were to take him up by the heels and shake him for a week, you couldn't shake sixpence out of him. How can he keep him? it appears to me the poor buy the poor here, and that they all starve together. Says I, there was a very good man once lived to Liverpool, so good, he said he hadn't sinned for seven years: well, he put a mill-dam across the river, and stopt all the fish from goin up, and the court fined him fifty pounds for it, and this good man was so wrathy, he thought he should feel better to swear a little, but conscience told him it was wicked. So he compounded with conscience, and cheated the devil, by calling it a 'dam fine business.' Now, Friend Porter, if this is your poor-law, it is a damn poor law, I tell you, and no good can come of such hard-hearted doins. It's no wonder your country don't prosper, for who ever heer'd of a blessin on such carryins on as this? Says I, Did you ever hear tell of a sartin rich man, that had a beggar called Lazarus laid at his gate, and how the dogs had more compassion than he had, and came and licked his sores? cause if you have, look at that forehanded and sponsible man there, Deacon Westfall, and you see the rich man. And then look at that are pauper, dragged away in that ox-cart from his wife for ever, like a fellon, to States' Prison, and you see Lazarus. Recollect what follered, John Porter, and have neither art nor part in it, as you are a Christian man.

It fairly made me sick all day. John Porter follered me out of the house, and as I was a turnin Old Clay, said he, Mr. Slick, says he, I never see'd it in that are light afore, for its our custom, and custom, you know, will reconcile one to most anything. I must say, it does appear, as you lay it out, an unfeelin way of providin for the poor; but, as touchin the matter of dividin man and wife, why, (and he peered all round to see that no one was within hearin,) why, I don't know, but if it was my allotment to be sold, I'd as lives they'd sell me separate from Jane as not, for it appears to me it's about the best part of it.

Now, what I have told you Squire, said the Clockmaker, is the truth; and if members, instead of their everlastin politics, would only look into these matters a little, I guess

it would be far better for the country. So, for our declaration of independence, I guess you needn't twitt me with, our slave-sales, for we deal only in blacks; but blue-nose approbates no distinction in colours, and when reduced to poverty, is reduced to slavery, and is sold——*a White Nigger.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRE IN THE DAIRY.

As we approached within fifteen or twenty miles of Parrsboro', a sudden turn of the road brought us directly in front of a large wooden house, consisting of two stories and an immense roof, the height of which edifice was much increased by a stone foundation, rising several feet above ground. Now, did you ever see, said Mr. Slick, such a catamaran as that; there's a proper goney for you, for to go and raise such a buildin as that are, and he as much use for it, I do suppose, as my old waggon here has for a fifth wheel. Blue-nose always take keer to have a big house, cause it shows a big man, and one that's considerable forehanded, and pretty well to do in the world. These Nova Scotians turn up their blue-noses, as a bottle nose porpoise turns up his snout, and puff and snort exactly like him at a small house. If neighbor Currit has a two story house all filled with winders, like Sandy Hook lighthouse, neighbor Parsnip must add jist two feet more on to the post of hisn, and about as much more to the rafter, to go a head of him; so all these long sarce gentlemen strive who can get the furdest in the sky, away from their farms. In New England our maxim is a small house, and a most an everlastin almighty big barn; but these critters revarse it, they have little hovels for their cattle, about the bigness of a good sizeable bear trap, and a house for the humans as grand as Noah's Ark. Well, jist look at it and see what a figur it does cut. An old hat stuffed into one pane of glass, and an old flannel petticoat, as yaller as jaundice, in another, finish

off the front; an old pair of breeches, and the pad of a bran new cart-saddle worn out, titivate the eend, while the 'backside is all closed up on account of the wind. When it rains, if there aint a pretty how-do-you-do, it's a pity—beds toated out of this room and tubs set in tother to catch soft water to wash; while the clapboards, loose at the eends, go clap, clap, clap, like gails a hacklin flax, and the winders and doors keep a dancin to the music. The only dry place in the house is in the chimbley corner, where the folks all huddle up, as an old hen and her chickens do under a cart of a wet day. I wish I had the matter of a half a dozen pound of nails, (you'll hear the old gentleman in the grand house say,) I'll be darned if I don't, for if I had I'd fix them are clapboards, I guess they'll go for it some o' these days. I wish you had, his wife would say, for they do make a most particular unhansum clatter, that's a fact; and so they let it be till the next tempestical time comes, and then they wish agin. Now this grand house has only two rooms down stairs, that are altogether slicked up and finished off complete, the other is jist petitioned off rough like, one half great dark entries, and tother half places that look a plaguy sight more like packin boxes than rooms. Well, all up stairs is a great onfurnished place, filled with every sort of good for nothin trumpery in natur—barrels without eends—corn cobs half husked—cast off clothes and bits of old harness, sheep skins, hides, and wool, apples, one half rotten, and tother half squashed—a thousand or two of shingles that have bust their withs, and broke loose all over the floor, hay rakes, forks, and sickles, without handles or teeth; rusty scythes and odds and eends without number. When any thing is wanted, then there is a general overhaul of the whole cargo, and away they get shifted forrard, one by one, all handled over and chucked into a heap together till the lost one is found; and the next time away they get pitched to the starn agin, higglety, pigglety, heels over head, like sheep taken a split for it over a wall; only they increase in number each move, cause some on 'em are sure to get broke into more pieces than there was afore. Whenever I see one of these grand houses, and a hat lookin out o' the winder with nary head in it, thinks I, I'll be darned if that's a place for a wooden clock,

nothin short of a London touch would go down with them folks, so I calculate I wont alight.

Whenever you come to such a grand place as this, Squire, depend on't the farm is all of a piece, great crops of thistles, and an everlastin yield of weeds, and cattle the best fed in the country, for they are always in the grain fields or mowin lands, and the pigs a rootin in the potatoe patches. A spic and span new gig at the door, shinin like the mud banks of Windsor, when the sun's on 'em, and an old wrack of a hay waggin, with its tongue onhitched, and stickin out behind, like a pig's tail, all indicate a big man. He's above thinkin of farmin tools, he sees to the bran new gig, and the hired helps look arter the carts. Catch him with his go-to-meetin clothes on, a rubbin agin their nasty greasy axles, like a tarry nigger; not he, indeed, he'd stick you up with it.

The last time I came by here, it was a little bit arter day light down, rainin cats and dogs, and as dark as Egypt; so, thinks I, I'll jist turn in here for shelter to Squire Bill Blake's. Well, I knocks away at the front door, till I thought I'd a split it in; but arter a rappin awhile to no purpose, and findin no one come, I gropes my way round to the back door, and opens it, and feelin all along the partition for the latch of the keepin room, without finding it, I knocks agin, when some one from inside calls out 'walk.' Thinks I, I don't cleverly know whether that indicates 'walk in,' or 'walk out,' its plaguy short metre, that's a fact; but I'll see any how. Well, arter gropin about awhile, at last I got hold of the string and lifted the latch and walked in, and there sot old Marm Blake, close into one corner of the chimbley fire place, a see-sawin in a rockin chair, and a half grown black house-help, half asleep in tother corner, a scroudgin up over the embers. Who be you? said Marm Blake, for I can't see you. A stranger, said I. Beck, says she, speakin to the black heifer in the corner, Beck, says she agin, raisin her voice, I believe you are as def as a post, get up this minit and stir the coals, till I see the man. Arter the coals were stirred into a blaze, the old lady surveyed me from head to foot, then she axed me my name, and where I came from, where I was agoin, and what my business was. I guess, said she, you must

be reasonable wet, sit to the fire and dry yourself, or mayhap your health may be endamnified p'raps.

So I sot down, and we soon got pretty considerably well acquainted, and quite sociable like, and her tongue, when it fairly waked up, began to run like a mill race when the gate's up. I hadn't been talkin long, 'fore I well nigh lost sight of her altogether agin, for little Beck began to flourish about her broom, right and left, in great style, a clearin up, and she did raise such an awful thick cloud o' dust, I didn't know if I should ever see or breathe either agin. Well, when all was sot to rights and the fire made up, the old lady began to apologize for havin no candles; she said she'd had a grand tea party the night afore, and used them all up, and a whole sight of vittals too, the old man hadn't been well since, and had gone to bed airly. But, says she, I do wish with all my heart you had a come last night, for we had a most a special supper—punkin pies and doughnuts, and apple sarce, and a roast goose stuffed with Indian puddin, and a pig's harslet stewed in molasses and onions, and I don't know what all, and the fore part of to-day folks called to finish. I actilly have nothin left to set afore you; for it was none o' your skim-milk parties, but superfine uppercrust real jam, and we made clean work of it. But I'll make some tea, any how, for you, and perhaps, arter that, said she, alterin of her tone, perhaps you'll expound the Scriptures, for it's one while since I've heerd them laid open powerfully. I hant been fairly lifted up since that good man Judas Oglethrop travelled this road, and then she gave a groan and hung down her head, and looked cornerways, to see how the land lay thereabouts. The tea kettle was accordingly put on, and some lard fried into oil, and poured into a tumbler; which, with the aid of an inch of cotton wick, served as a make shift for a candle.

Well, arter tea we sat and chatted awhile about fashions, and markets, and sarmons, and scandal, and all sorts o' things: and, in the midst of it, in runs the nigger wench, screamin out at the tip eend of her voice, oh Missus! Missus! there's fire in the Dairy, fire in the Dairy! I'll give it to you for that, said the old lady, I'll give it to you for that, you good for nothin hussy, that's all your carelessness, go and put it out this minit, how on airth did it get

there? my night's milk gone, I dare say; run this minit and put it out and save the milk. I am dreadful afeard of fire, I always was from a boy, and seein the poor foolish critter seize a broom in her fright, I ups with the tea kettle and follows her; and away we clipt thro' the entry, she callin out mind the cellar door on the right, take keer of the close horse on the left, and so on, but as I couldn't see nothin, I kept right straight ahead. At last my foot kotched in somethin or another, that pitched me somewhat less than a rod or so, right agin the poor black critter, and away we went heels over head. I heerd a splash and a groan, and I smelt somethin plaguy sour, but I couldn't see nothin; at last I got hold of her and lifted her up, for she didn't scream, but made a strange kind of choakin noise, and by this time up came Marm Blake with a light. If poor Beck didn't let go then in airnest, and sing out for dear life, its a pity, for she had gone head first into the swill tub, and the tea kettle had scalded her feet. She kept a dancin right up and down, like one ravin distracted mad, and boohood like any thing, clawin away at her head the whole time, to clear away the stuff that stuck to her wool.

I held in as long as I could, till I thought I should have busted, for no soul could help larfin, and at last I haw hawed right out. You good for nothin stupid slut, you, said the old lady to poor Beck, it sarves you right, you had no business to leave it there—I'll pay you. But, said I, interferin for the unfortunate critter, Good gracious, Marm! you forget the fire. No I don't, said she, I see him, and seesin the broom that had fallen from the nigger's hand, she exclaimed, I see him, the nasty varmint, and began to belabor most onmarcifully a poor half-starved cur that the noise had attracted to the entry. I'll teach you, said she, to drink milk; I'll larn you to steal into the dairy, and the besot critter joined chorus with Beck, and hey both yelled together, till they fairly made the house ring agin. Presently old Squire Blake popt his head out of a door, and rubbin his eyes, half asleep and half awake, said, What the Devil's to pay now, wife? Why nothin, says she, only, '*fire's in the dairy*,' and Beck's in the swill tub, that's all. Well, don't make such a touss, then, said

he, if that's all, and he shot tu the door, and went to bed again. When we returned to the keepin room, the old lady told me that they always had had a dog called '*Fire*' ever since her grandfather, Major Donald Fraser's time, and what was very odd, says she, every one on 'em would drink milk if he had a chance.

By this time the shower was over, and the moon shinin so bright and clear that I thought I'd better be up and stirrin, and arter slippin a few cents into the poor nigger wench's hand, I took leave of the grand folks in the big house. Now, Squire, among these middlin sized farmers you may lay this down as a rule—*The bigger the house, the bigger the fools be that's in it.*

But, howsomever, I never call to mind that are go in the big house, up to the right, that I don't snicker when I think of '*Fire in the dairy.*'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BODY WITHOUT A HEAD.

I ALLOT you had ought to visit our great country, Squire, said the Clockmaker, afore you quit for good and all. I calculate you don't understand us. The most splendid location atween the Poles is the United States, and the first man alive is Gineral Jackson, the hero of the age, him that's skeered the British out of their seven senses. Then there's the great Daniel Webster, it's generally allowed, he's the greatest orator on the face of the airth, by a long chalk, and Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Clay, and Amos Kindle, and Judge White, and a whole raft of statesmen up to everything and all manner of politics; there aint the beat of 'em to be found any where. If you was to hear 'em I concait you'd hear genuine pure English for once, any how; for it's generally allowed we speak English better than the British. They all know me to be an American citizen here, by my talk, for we speak it complete in New England.

Yes, if you want to see a free people—them that makes their own laws, accordin to their own notions—go to the States. Indeed, if you can falt them at all, they are a little grain too free. Our folks have their head a trifle too much, sometimes, particularly in Elections both in freedom of speech and freedom of Press. One hadn't ought to blart right out always all that comes uppermost. A horse that's too free frets himself and his rider too, and both on 'em lose flesh in the long run. I'd een a most as lieves use the whip sometimes, as to be for everlastinly a pullin at the rein. One's arm gets plaguy tired, that's a fact. I often think of a lesson I larnt Jehiel Quirk once, for lettin his tongue outrun his good manners.

I was down to Rhode Island one summer, to larn gildin and bronzin, so as to give the finishin touch to my clocks. Well, the folks elected me a hogreave, jist to poke fun at me, and Mr. Jehiel, a bean pole of a lawyer, was at the bottom of it. So one day, up to Town Hall, where there was an oration to be delivered on our Independence, jist afore the orator commenced, in runs Jehiel in a most allfired hurry; and says he, I wonder, says he, if there's are a hogreave here, because if there be I require a turn of his office. And then, said he, a lookin up to me and callin out at the tip eend of his voice, Mr. Hogreave Slick, says he, here's a job out here for you. Folks snickered a good deal, and I felt my spunk a risin like half flood that's a fact, but I bit in my breath, and spoke quite cool. Possible, says I; well duty, I do suppose, must be done, though it tante the most agreeable in the world. I've been a thinkin, says I, that I would be liable to a fine of fifty cents for sufferin a hog to run at large, and as you are the biggest one, I presume in all Rhode Island, I'll jist begin by ringin your nose, to prevent you for the futur from pokin your snout where you hadn't ought to—and I seized him by the nose and nearly wrung it off. Well, you never heerd such a shoutin and clappin of hands, and cheerin, in your life—they haw-hawed like thunder. Says I, Jehiel Quirk, that was a superb joke of yourn, how you made the folks larf, didn't you? You are een amost the wittiest critter I ever seed. I guess you'll mind your parts o' speech, and study

the *accidence* agin afore you let your clapper run arter that fashion, won't you.

I thought, said I, that among you republicans, there were no gradations of rank or office, and that all were equal, the Hogreave and the Governor, the Judge and the Crier, the master and his servant; and although from the nature of things, more power might be entrusted to one than the other, yet that the rank of all was precisely the same. Well, said he, it is so in theory, but not always in practice; and when we do prac*tise* it, it seems to go a little agin the grain, as if it warn't quite right neither. When I was last to Baltimore there was a Court there, and Chief Justice Marshall was detailed there for duty. Well, with us in New England, the Sheriff attends the Judge to Court, and says I to the Sheriff, why don't you escort that are venerable old Judge to the State House, he's a credit to our nation that man, he's actilly the first pothook on the crane, the whole weight is on him, if it warn't for him the fat would be in the fire in no time; I wonder you don't show him that respect—it wouldn't hurt you one morsel, I guess. Says he, quite miffy like, don't he know the way to Court as well as I do? If I thought he didn't, I'd send one of my niggers to show him the road. I wonder who was his lackey last year, that he wants me to be hisn this time. It don't convene to one of our free and enlightened citizens, to tag arter any man, that's a fact? Its too English and too foreign for our glorious institutions. He's bound by law to be there at 10 o'clock, and so be I, and we both know the way there I reckon.

I told the story to our minister, Mr. Hopewell, (and he has some odd notions about him that man, though he don't always let out what he thinks;) says he, Sam, that was in bad taste, (a great phrase of the old gentleman's that) in bad taste, Sam. That are Sheriff was a goney; don't cut your cloth arter his pattern, or your garment won't become you, I tell you. We are too enlightened to worship our fellow citizens as the ancients did, but we ought to pay great respect to vartue and exalted talents in this life, and, arter their death, there should be statues of eminent men placed in our national temples, for the veneration of arter ages, and public ceremonies performed annually to their honor. Arter

all, Sam, said he, (and he made a considerable of a long pause, as if he was dubersome whether he ought to speak out or not) arter all, Sam, said he, atween ourselves, (but you must not let on I said so, for the fulness of time han't yet come) half a yard of blue ribbon is a plaguy cheap way of rewardin merit, as the English do; and, although we larf at 'em, (for folks always will larf at what they han't got, and never can get,) yet titles aint bad things as objects of ambition, are they? Then tappen me on the shoulder, and lookin up and smilin, as he always did when he was pleased with an idee, Sir Samuel Slick would not sound bad, I guess, would it Sam?

When I look at the English House of Lords, said he, and see so much larning, piety, talent, honor, vartue, and refinement collected together, I ax myself this here question, can a system which produces and sustains such a body of men as the world never saw before and never will see agin, be defective? Well, I answer myself, perhaps it is, for all human institutions are so, but I guess it's e'en about the best arter all. It wouldn't do here now, Sam, nor perhaps for a century to come, but it will come sooner or later with some variations. Now the Newtown pippin, when transplanted to England, don't produce such fruit as it does in Long Island, and English fruits don't presarve their flavour here neither; allowance must be made for difference of soil and climate—(Oh Lord! thinks I, if he turns into his orchard, I'm done for; I'll have to give him the dodge some how or another, through some hole in the fence, that's a fact, but he passed on that time.) So it is, said he, with constitutions; ourn will gradually approximate to theirn, and theirn to ourn. As they lose their strength of executive, they will varge to republicanism, and as we invigorate the form of government, (as we must do, or go to the old boy,) we shall tend towards a monarchy. If this comes on gradually, like the changes in the human body, by the slow approach of old age, so much the better: but I fear we shall have fevers and convulsion-fits, and cholics, and an everlastin gripin of the intestines first; you and I wont live to see it, Sam, but our posteriors will, you may depend.

I don't go the whole figur with minister, said the Clock-

maker, but I do opinionate with him in part. In our business relations we bely our political principles—we say every man is equal in the Union, and should have an equal vote and voice in the Government; but in our Banks, Railroad Companies, Factory Corporations, and so on, every man's vote is regilated by his share and proportion of stock; and if it warn't so, no man would take hold on these things at all.

Natur ordained it so—a father of a family is head, and rules supreme in his household; his eldest son and darter are like first leftenants under him, and then there is an overseer over the niggers; it would not do for all to be equal there. So it is in the univarse, it is ruled by one Superior Power; if all the Angels had a voice in the Government, I guess————Here I fell fast asleep; I had been nodding for some time, not in approbation of what he said, but in heaviness of slumber, for I had never before heard him so prosy since I first overtook him on the Colchester road. I hate politics as a subject of conversation, it is too wide a field for chit chat, and too often ends in angry discussion. How long he continued this train of speculation I do not know, but, judging by the different aspect of the country, I must have slept an hour.

I was at length aroused by the report of his rifle, which he had discharged from the waggon. The last I recollected of his conversation was, I think, about American angels having no voice in the Government, an assertion that struck my drowsy faculties as not strictly true; as I had often heard that the American ladies talked frequently and warmly on the subject of politics, and knew that one of them had very recently the credit of breaking up General Jackson's cabinet.—When I awoke, the first I heard was, well, I declare, if that aint an amazin fine shot, too, considerin how the critter was a runnin the whole blessed time; if I han't cut her head off with a ball, jist below the throat, that's a fact. There's no mistake in a good Kentucky rifle, I tell you. Whose head? said I, in great alarm, whose head, Mr. Slick? for heaven's sake what have you done? (for I had been dreaming of those angelic politicians, the American ladies.) Why that are hen-partridge's

head, to be sure, said he; don't you see how special wonderful wise it looks, a flutterin about arter its head. True, said I, rubbing my eyes, and opening them in time to see the last muscular spasms of the decapitated body; true, Mr. Slick, it is a happy illustration of our previous conversation—— *a body without a head.*

CHAPTER XXX.

A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mr. Slick, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He affected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, 'I guess you don't understand us,' or else enter into a laboured defence. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

We are a great nation, Squire, he said, that's sartin; but I'm afear'd we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in racin, every thing depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start you han't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to be jockied in the course. When we set

up housekeepin, as it were for ourselves, we hated our stepmother Old Engiand, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't foller any of her ways of managin at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we missed it in many things most consumedly, some how or another. Did you ever see, said he, a congregation split right in two by a quarrel? and one part go off and set up for themselves. I am sorry to say, said I, that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind. Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astern, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigratin in religion in this way, they never know where to bide. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here and some improve there, but they don't hitch their horses together long. Sometimes they complain they *have too little water*, at other times that they *have too much*; they are never satisfied, and, wherever these separatists go, they onsettle others as bad as themselves. *I never look on a desarter as any great shakes.*

My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you, if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he aint justified on that account, no how, to separate from them, for Sam, "*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*" The whole Christian world, he would say, is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that are family will grub out tother one, stalk, branch and root, it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a natural curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withered up together, (which it never was and never will be to all eternity) no great of a bundle arter all, you might take it up under one arm, and walk off with it without winkin. But, when all lyin loose as it always is, jist look at it, and see what a sight it is, all blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een a most out of sight, others rolin over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun—no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects

railin, quarrelin, separatin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. Tother family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism, commits a grievous sin; and Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothin to do with such folks.

It's pretty much the same in Politics. I aint quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious revolution. If that are blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then it was the Lord's doin, but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it. I was at Bunker's Hill (the most splendid battle its generally allowed that ever was fought); what effect my shots had, I can't tell, and I am glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot—Here the old gentleman became dreadful agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned bitterly. I have wrastled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that are blood from my hands. I never told you that are story, nor your mother neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder narvous.

Well, Doctor Warren, (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore,) commanded us all to resarve our fire till the British came within pint blank shot, and we could cleverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so—and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breastwork, for most on 'em, arter the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leading on his men and encouragin them to the charge. I could see his features, he was a rael handsum man, I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and three cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday instead of the year '75. Well, I took a steady aim at him and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, when all of a sudden, he sprung right straight up an eend, his sword slipt through

his hands up to the pint, and then he fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skivered. I never seed any thing so awful since I was raised, I actilly screamed out with horror—and I threw away my gun and joined them that were retreatin over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that are British officer, if our rebellion was onjust or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say aint they a sufficient justification? Well, it makes a long list, and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as any thing. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind jist like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly—and I get troubled and oneasy agin? And then I say to myself, says I, oh yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over agin. I actilly dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me, and I go over it all agin till I come to that are shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance, and your mother, poor old critter, says, Sam, says she, what on airth ails you to make you act so like old Scratch in your sleep—I do believe there's somethin or another on your conscience. And I say, Polly dear, I guess we're a goin to have rain, for that plaguy cute rheumatis has sciz-ed my foot and it does antagonise me so I have no peace. It always does so when it's like for a change. Dear heart, she says, (the poor simple critter,) then I guess I had bet-ter rub it, hadn't I, Sam? and she crawls out of bed and gets her red flannel petticoat, and rubs away at my foot ever so long. Oh, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin over spilt milk, but still one can't help a thinkin on it. But I don't love schisms, and I don't love rebellion.

Our revolution has made us grow faster and grow richer,

but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more pious and more happy. We have nothin fixed either in religion or politics. What connexion there ought to be atween Church and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion, when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts, and intersecting shoots, and superfluous wood make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam? that's the question —where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds will ruinate us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, cause it looks wise to doubt, and every drumstick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our Government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs —then, Sam, the blood we shed in our revolution will be atoned for in the blood and suffering of our fellow-citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a politi cal suicide of the State.'

I am somewhat of father's opinion, said the Clockmaker, though I don't go the whole figur with him, but he needn't have made such an everlastin touss about fixin that are British Officer's flint for him, for he'd a died himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. Praps we might have done a little better, and praps we mightn't, by stickin a little closer to the old constitution. But one thing I will say, I think, arter all, your Colony Government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbour.

I guess that's enough for any on us, now, aint it?

CHAPTER XXXI.

GULLING A BLUE-NOSE.

I ALLOT, said Mr. Slick, that the blue-noses are the most gullible folks on the face of the airth—rigular soft horns, that's a fact. Politicks and such stuff set 'em a gapin, like children in a chimbly corner listenin to tales of ghosts, Salem witches, and Nova Scotia snow storms; and while they stand starin and yawpin, all eyes and mouth, they get their pockets picked of every cent that's in 'em. One candidate chap says, 'Feller citizens, this country is goin to the dogs hand over hand; look at your rivers, you have no bridges; at your wild lands, you have no roads; at your treasury, you ainte got a cent in it; at your markets, things don't fetch nothin; at your fish, the Yankees ketch 'em all. There's nothin behind you but sufferin, around you but poverty, afore you but slavery and death. What's the cause of this unheerd of awful state of things, ay, what's the cause? Why Judges, and Banks, and Lawyers, and great folks, have swallered all the money. They've got you down, and they'll keep you down to all etarnity, you and your posteriors arter you. Rise up, like men, arouse yourselves like freemen, and elect me to the Legislatur, and I'll lead on the small but patriotic band, I'll put the big wigs thro' their facins, I'll make 'em shake in their shoes, I'll knock off your chains and make you free.' Well, the goneys fall tu and elect him, and he desarts right away, with balls, rifle, powder horn, and all. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a rael good man, and an everlastin fine preacher, a most a special spiritual man, renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil, preaches and prays day and night, so kind to the poor, and so humble, he has no more pride than a babe, and so short-handed, he's no butter to his bread—all self denial, mortifyin the flesh. Well, as soon as he can work it, he marries the richest gall in al' his flock, and then his bread is buttered on both sides *He promised too much.*

Then comes a doctor, and a prime article he is, too,

I've got, says he, a screw auger emetic and hot crop, and if I cant cure all sorts o' things in natur, my name, aint quack. Well he turns stomach and pocket both inside out, and leaves poor blue-nose—a dead man. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Lawyer, an honest lawyer too, a rael wonder under the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealins. He's so honest he can't bear to hear tell of other lawyers, he writes agin 'em, raves agin 'em, votes agin 'em, they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, cause *he* will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and fobs all for costs, cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Yankee clockmaker, (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled,) with his 'Soft Sawder,' and 'Human Natur,' and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Etarnity, stoppages included, and I must say they do run as long as—as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll show you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose flint I've made up my mind to fix this while past. Here we were nearly thrown out of the waggon, by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. Did you hear that are snap, said he, well, as sure as fate, I'll break my clocks over them are etarnal log bridges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them are poles are plaguy treacherous, they are jist like old Marm Patience Doesgood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independent Democratic Hotel at Squaw Neck Creek, in Massachusetts, one half gone, and tother half rotten eends.

I thought you had disposed of your last Clock, said I, at Colchester, to Deacon Flint. So I did, he replied, the last one I had to sell to *him*, but I got a few left for other folks yet. Now there is a man on this road, one Zeb Allen, a rael genuine skinflint, a proper close fisted customer as you'll almost see any where, and one that's not altogether the straight thing in his dealin neither. He dont want no one to live but himself, and he's mighty handsum to me

sayin my Clocks are all a cheat, and that we ruinate the country, a drainin every drop of money out of it, a callin me a Yankee broom and what not. But it tante all jist Gospel that he says. Now I'll put a Clock on him afore he knows it, I'll go right into him as slick as a whistle, and play him to the eend of my line like a trout. I'll have a hook in his gills, while he's a thinkin he's only smellin at the bait. There he is now, I'll be darned if he aint, standin afore his shop door, lookin as strong as high proof Jamaiky; I guess I'll whip out the bung while he's a lookin arter the spicket, and praps he'll be none o' the wiser till he finds it out, neither.

Well, Squire, how do you do, said he, how's all at home? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, won't you alight? Can't to-day, said Mr. Slick, I'm in a considerable of a hurry to katch the packet, have you any commands for Sow West? I'm goin to the Island, and across the bay to Windsor. Any word that way? No, says Mr. Allen, none that I can think on, unless it be to inquire how butter's goin; they tell me cheese is down, and pro*duce* of all kind particular dull this fall. Well, I'm glad I can tell that question, said Slick, for I don't calculate to return to these parts, butter is risin a cent or two; I put mine off mind at tenpence. Don't return! possible! why, how you talk? Have you done with the clock trade? I guess I have, it tante worth follerin now. Most time, said the other, larfin, for by all accounts the clocks warn't worth havin, and most infarnal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open. It warn't needed in your case, said Mr. Slick, with that peculiarly composed manner that indicates suppressed feeling, for you were always wide awake, if all the folks had cut their eye teeth as airly as you did, their'd be plaguy few clocks sold in these parts, I reckon; but you are right, Squire, you may say that, they actually were *not* worth havin, and that's the truth. The fact is, said he, throwin down his reins, and affecting a most confidential tone, I fel almost ashamed of them myself, I tell you. The long and short of the matter is jist this, they don't make no good ones now-a-days, no more, for they calculate 'em for shippin and not for home use. I was all struck up of a heap, when I seed the last lot I got from the States; I was pro-

perly bit by them, you may depend; they didn't pay cost, for I couldnt recommend them with a clear conscience, and I must say I do like a fair deal, for I'm straight up and down, and love to go right ahead, that's a fact. Did you ever see them I fetched when I first came, them I sold over the Bay? No, said Mr. Allen, I can't say I did. Well, continued he, they *were* a prime article, I tell you, no mistake there, fit for any market, it's generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. If you want a clock, and *can* lay your hands on one of them, I advise you not to let go the chance; you'll know 'em by the 'Lowell' mark, for they were all made at Judge Beler's factory. Squire Shepody, down to five Islands, axed me to get him one, and a special job I had of it, near about more sarch arter it than it was worth, but I did get him one, and a particular handsum one it is, copald and gilt superior. I guess it's worth ary half-dozen in these parts, let tothers be where they may. If I could a got supplied with the like o' them, I could a made a grand spec out of them, for they took at once, and went off quick. Have you got it with you, said Mr. Allen, I should like to see it. Yes, I have it here, all done up in tow, as snug as a bird's egg, to keep it from jarrin, for it hurts 'em consumedly to jolt 'em over them are etarnal wooden bridges. But it's no use to take it out, it aint for sale, it's bespoke, and I wouldn't take the same trouble to get another for twenty dollars. The only one that I know of that there's any chance of gettin, is one that Increase Crane has up to Wilmot, they say he's a sellin off.

After a good deal of persuasion, Mr. Slick unpacked the clock, but protested against his asking for it, for it was not for sale. It was then exhibited, every part explained and praised, as new in invention and perfect in workmanship. Now Mr. Allen had a very exalted opinion of Squire Shepody's taste, judgment, and saving knowledge; and, as it was the last and only chance of gettin a clock of such superior quality, he offered to take it at the price the Squire was to have it, at seven pounds ten shillings. But Mr. Slick vowed he couldn't part with it at no rate, he didn't know where he could get the like agin, (for he warn't quite

sure about Increase Crane's) and the Squire would be confounded disappointed, he couldn't think of it. In proportion to the difficulties, rose the ardor of Mr. Allen, his offers advanced to £8, to £8 10s., to £9. I vow, said Mr. Slick, I wish I hadn't let on that I had it at all. I don't like to refuse you, but where am I to get the like? after much discussion of a similar nature, he consented to part with the clock, though with great apparent reluctance, and pocketed the money with a protest that, cost what it would, he should have to procure another, for he couldn't think of putting the Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a bootjack.

Now, said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, that are fellow is properly sarved, he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. It's a pity he should be a tellin of lies of the Yankees all the time, this will help him now to a little grain of truth. Then mimicking his voice and manner, he repeated Allen's words with a strong nasal twang, 'Most time for you to give over the clock trade, I guess, for by all accounts they aint worth havin, and most infarnal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open.' Better for you, if you'd a had yourn open, I reckon; a joke is a joke, but I concait you'll find that no joke. The next time you tell stories about Yankee pedlars, put the wooden clock in with the wooden punkin seeds, and Hickory hams, will you? The blue-noses, Squire, are all like Zeb Allen, they think they know every thing, but they get gulled from year's eend to year's eend. They expect too much from others, and do too little for themselves. They actilly expect the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, through their little House of Assembly. What have you done for us? they keep axin their members. Who did you spunk up to last Session? jist as if all legislation consisted in attackin some half dozen puss proud folks at Halifax, who are jist as big noodles as they be themselves. You hear nothin but politics, politics, politics, one everlastin sound of give, give, give. If I was Governor I'd give 'em the butt end of my mind on the subject, I'd crack their pates till I let some light in 'em, if it was me, I know. I'd say to the members, don't come down here to Halifax with

your lockrums about politics, making a great touss about nothin, but open the country, foster agricultur, encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges, facilitate conveyance, and above all things make a railroad from Windsor to Halifax; and mind what I tell you now, write it down for fear you should forget it, for it's a fact; and if you don't believe me, I'll lick you till you do, for there aint a word of a lie in it, by Gum: *One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches, and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If it tante, I hope I may be shot.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Parrsborough to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs. Wilcox's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr. Slick seemed to be perfectly at home; and he pointed to a wooden clock, as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of 'soft sawder,' and a knowledge of 'human natur.' Taking out a penknife, he cut off a splinter from a stick of firewood, and balancing himself on one leg of his chair, by the aid of his right foot, commenced his favourite amusement of whittling, which he generally pursued in silence. Indeed it appeared to have become with him an indispensable accompaniment of reflection.

He sat in this abstracted manner, until he had manufactured into delicate shavings the whole of his raw material, when he very deliberately resumed a position of more ease and security, by resting his legs on two chairs instead of one, and putting both his feet on the mantelpiece. Then, lighting his cigar, he said in his usual quiet manner,

There's a plaguy sight of truth in them are old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazin deal of matter in a small compass. They are what I valy most, experience. Father used to say, I'd as lives have an old homespun, self-taught doctor as are a Professor in the College at Philadelphia or New York to attend me; for what they do know, they know by experience, and not by books; and experience is everything, it's hearin, and seein, and tryin, and arter that a feller must be a born fool if he don't know. That's the beauty of old proverbs; they are as true as a plum line, and as short and sweet as sugar candy. Now when you come to see all about this country, you'll find the truth of that are one—'*a man that has too many irons in the fire, is plaguy apt to get some on 'em burnt.*'

Do you recollect that are tree I show'd you to Parrsboro', it was all covered with *black knobs*, like a wart rubbed with caustic. Well, the plum trees had the same disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry trees I concait will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same '*black knobs*,' and they do look like old Scratch. If you see a place all gone to wrack and ruin, it's mortgaged you may depend. The '*black knob*' is on it. My plan, you know, is to ax leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin it, for I know when I come back, they won't let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knowed no one, and I was forced to inquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin all about every man's place, that lived on the road. Who lives up there in the big house? says I—it's a nice location that, pretty considerable improvements, them. Why, Sir, that's A. B.'s; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip and keered for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats, wore a long-tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt, but he must take to ship buildin, and has gone to the dogs. Oh, said I, too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potatoe field, whose is that? Oh Sir, that's C. D.'s.; he was a considerable forehanded farmer, as any in our place, but he sot up for an Assembly-man,

and opened a Store, and things went agin him somehow, he had no luck arterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery. '*The black knob*' is on him, said I. The black what, Sir, says blue-nose. Nothin, says I. But the next, who improves that house? Why that's E. F's.; he was the greatest farmer in these parts, another of the aristocracy, had a most noble stock o' cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in jint notes? well he took the contract for beef with the troops; and he fell astarn, so I guess it's a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged. 'Too many irons' agin, said I. Who lives to the left there? that man has a most special fine intervale, and a grand orchard too, he must be a good mark that. Well he was once, Sir, a few years ago; but he built a fallin mill, and a cardin mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Indy line, but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and faith he fell too; he's shot up, he han't been see'd these two years, his farm is a common, and fairly run out. Oh, said I, I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt. I never heerd tell of it, says blue-nose; they might, but not to my knowledge; and he scratched his head and looked as if he would ask the meanin of it, but didn't like to. Arter that I axed no more questions; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly features, the same cast o' countenance. The 'black knob' was discernible—there was no mistake—barn doors broken off—fences burnt up—glass out of windows—more white crops than green—and both looking weedy—no wood pile, no sarce garden, no compost, no stock—moss in the mowin lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect every where—skinnin had commenced—takin all out and puttin nothin in—gittin ready for a move, *so as to leave nothin behind*. Flittin time had come. Foregatherin, for foreclosin. Preparin to curse and quit.—That beautiful river we came up to day, what superfine farms it has on both sides of it, hante it? it's a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a country so far down east, beyond creation most, as Nova Scotia is. If I was to draw up an account of it for the Slickville Gazette,

salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all. Well, says I, are you done up stock and fluke—a total wrack? No, says he, I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good, but my farm, stock, and utensils, them young blood horses, and the bran new vessel I was a buildin, are all gone to pot, swept as clean as a thrashin floor, that's a fact; Shark and Co. took all. Well, says I, do you know the reason of all that misfortin? Oh, says he, any fool can tell that; bad times to be sure—every thing has turned agin the country, the banks have it all their own way, and much good may it do 'em. Well, says I, what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are as hungry as yourn be, and no way particular about their food neither; considerable sharp set—cut like razors, you may depend. I'll tell you, says I, how you got that are slide, that sent you heels over head—'*You had too many irons in the fire.*' You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship buildin at all, you knowed nothin about it? you should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, afore you spend your money, go up to Douglas, and you'll buy as good a farm for two hundred pounds as what you lost, and see to that, and to that only, and you'll grow rich. As for banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin, and I concait there's no fear of yourn breakin; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' heavy coaches, give 'em half the road, and if they run agin you, take the law of 'em. *Undivided, unremittin attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will ensure success; but you know the old sayin about 'too many irons.'*

Now, says I, Mr. Rigby, what o'clock is it? Why, says he, the moon is up a piece, I guess it's seven o'clock or thereabouts. I suppose it's time to be a movin. Stop, says I, jist come with me, I got a rael nateral curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova Scotia, I know. So we walked along towards the beach, Now, says I, look at that are man, old Lunar, and his son, a sawin plank by moonlight, for that are vessel on the stocks there; come agin to morrow mornin afore you can cleverly discarn objects the matter of a yard or so afore

you, and you'll find 'em at it again. I guess that vessel wont ruinate those folks. *They know their business and stick to it.* Well, away went Rigby, considerable sulky, (for he had no notion that it was his own fault, he laid all the blame on the folks to Halifax,) but I guess he was a little grain posed, for back he went, and bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better farm than he had afore.

I mind once we had an Irish gall as a dairy help; well we had a wicked devil of a cow, and she kicked over the milk pail, and in ran Dora, and swore the Bogle did it; jist so poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it to be nateral causes, but laid it all to politics. Talkin of Dora, puts me in mind of the galls, for she warnt a bad lookin heifer that: my! what an eye she had, and I conceited she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the hay mow, to sarch for eggs; but I cant exactly say, for when she brought 'em in, mother shook her head and said it was dangerous; she said she might fall through and hurt herself, and always sent old Snow arterwards. She was a considerable of a long headed woman, was mother, she could see as far ahead as most folks. She warnt born yesterday, I guess. But that are proverb is true as respects the galls too. Whenever yo see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings any one on 'em to the right weldin heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin gall in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, you dear little critter, you, take care, *you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and tother ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

THE next mornin the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighbourhood. You hadn't out, says he, to be in a hurry; you should see the *vicinity* of this location; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere.

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. That, said he, is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it. You mean of Halifax, said I; St. John is in the other province. I mean what I say, he replied, and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, Sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country—they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the blue-noses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a pedlar has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, cause he intends to *move all* at last. Its actilly over run with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at every thing; and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they're fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in any thing but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they han't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the

stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart spirited ones that's left, are too few to do any thing, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a blue-nose I'd —— but thank fortin I aint, so I says nothin—but there is somethin that aint altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder, beant it lovely? The Prayer Eyes of the Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dykes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our far west, it is generally allowed can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it. A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our real American live oak, (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world) send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot thro' it, you wouldn't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees, and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame ricketty.

Besides, we like the smell of the Salt Water, it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin of the seas, than plowin of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut river, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and *native* place, where one was raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States, for them are new ones, dont seem to go down well at all. Why the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters,

remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and idiom were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searching observation, and queer humour, rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, 'Inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, containin a thousand rael genuine first chop Havanahs —no mistake—the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, 'SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER.'

THE END

THE

CLOCKMAKER;

OR,

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

SAMUEL SLICK,

OF SLICKVILLE.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.
Here aint the Clockmaker again, as I am alive!

SECOND SERIES.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.

1840.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

PRINTED BY T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PHILADELPHIA.

TO

COLONEL C. R. FOX.

Dear Sir,

In consequence of the favourable opinion expressed by you of the First Series of The Clockmaker, an English Publisher was induced to reprint it in London; and I am indebted to that circumstance for an unexpected introduction, not only to the British Publisher, but to that of the United States. The very flattering reception it met with in both countries has given rise to the present volume, which, as it owes its origin to you, offers a suitable opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Author for this and other subsequent acts of kindness.

As a political work I cannot hope that you will approve of all the sentiments contained in it, for politics are peculiar; and besides the broad

lines that divide parties, there are smaller shades of difference that distinguish even those who usually act together; but humour is the common property of all, and a neutral ground on which men of opposite sides may cordially meet each other. As such, it affords me great pleasure to inscribe the work to you as a mark of the respect and esteem of

THE AUTHOR.

Nova Scotia,
21st April, 1838.

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THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

WHOEVER has condescended to read the First Series of the Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, will recollect that our tour of Nova Scotia terminated at Windsor last autumn, in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, and that it was mutually agreed upon between us to resume it in the following spring. But, alas! spring came not. They retain in this country the name of that delightful portion of the year, but it is "Vox et preterea nihil." The short space that intervenes between the dissolution of winter and the birth of summer deserves not the appellation. Vegetation is so rapid here, that the valleys are often clothed with verdure before the snow has wholly disappeared from the forest.

There is a strong similarity between the native and his climate; the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. *Cultivation is wanting.* Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared. *There is no time.* The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated.

When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well, I don't know, said he; I never see'd it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stump the whole universal

world for climate. It's ginerally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes amost an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shootin', drowndn', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky and a good breeze, rael cheerfulsome.

That, said I, is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America. But there is one favour I must beg of you during this tour, and that is, to avoid the practice you indulged in so much last year, of exalting every thing American by depreciating every thing British. This habit is, I assure you, very objectionable, and has already had a very perceptible effect on your national character. I believe I am as devoid of what is called national prejudices as most men, and can make all due allowances for them in others. I have no objection to this superlative praise of your country, its institutions or its people, provided you do not require me to join in it, or express it in language disrespectful of the English.

Well, well, if that don't beat all, said he; you say, you have no prejudices, and yet you can't bear to hear tell of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens. Captain Aul (Hall), as he called himself, for I never seed an Englishman yet that spoke good English, said he hadn't one mite or morsel of prejudice, and yet in all his three volumes of travels through the *U*-nited States (the greatest nation it's ginerally allowed atween the Poles), only found two things to praise, the kindness of our folks to him, and the State prisons. None are so blind, I guess, as them that won't see; but your folks can't bear it, that's a fact. Bear what? said I. The superiority of the Americans, he replied; it does seem to grig 'em, there's no denyin' it; it does somehow or another seem to go agin their grain to admit it most consumedly; nothin' a'most ryles them so much as that. But their sun has set in darkness and sorrow, never again to peer above the horizon. They will be blotted out of the list of nations. Their glory has departed across the Atlantic to fix her everlastin' abode in the *U*-nited States. Yes, man to man,—baganut to baganut, —ship to ship,—by land or by sea,—fair fight, or rough and tumble,—we've whipped 'em, that's a fact, deny it who can: and we'll whip 'em agin, to all eternity. We average more

physical, moral, and intellectual force than any people on the face of the airth; we are a right-minded, strong-minded, sound-minded, and high-minded people, I hope I may be shot if we ain't. On fresh or on salt water, on the lakes or the ocean, down comes the red cross and up go the stars. From Bunker's Hill clean away up to New Orleens the land teems with the glory of our heroes. Yes, our young Republic is a Colossus, with one foot in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, its head above the everlastin' hills, graspin' in its hand a tri—— A rifle, shooting squirrels, said I; a very suitable employment for such a tall, overgrown, long-legged youngster.

Well, well, said he, resuming his ordinary quiet demeanour, and with that good humour that distinguished him, put a rifle, if you will, in his hands, I guess you'll find he's not a bad shot neither. But I must see to Old Clay, and prepare for our journey, which is a considerable of a long one, I tell *you*,— and taking up his hat, he proceeded to the stable. Is that fellow mad or drunk, said a stranger who came from Halifax with me in the coach; I never heard such a vapouring fool in my life;—I had a strong inclination, if he had not taken himself off, to show him out of the door. Did you ever hear such insufferable vanity? I should have been excessively sorry, I said, if you had taken any notice of it. He is, I assure you, neither mad nor drunk, but a very shrewd, intelligent fellow. I met with him accidentally last year while travelling through the eastern part of the province; and although I was at first somewhat annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which he forced his acquaintance upon me, I soon found that his knowledge of the province, its people and government, might be most useful to me. He has some humour, much anecdote, and great originality;—he is, in short, quite a character. I have employed him to convey me from this place to Shelburne, and from thence along the Atlantic coast to Halifax. Although not exactly the person one would choose for a travelling companion, yet if my guide must also be my companion, I do not know that I could have made a happier selection. He enables me to study the Yankee character, of which in his particular class he is a fair sample; and to become acquainted with their peculiar habits, manners, and mode of thinking. He has just now given you a specimen of their national vanity; which, after all, is, I believe, not much greater than that of the French, though perhaps more loudly and rather differently

expressed. He is well informed and quite at home on all matters connected with the machinery of the American government, a subject of much interest to me. The explanations I receive from him enable me to compare it with the British and Colonial constitutions, and throw much light on the speculative projects of our reformers. I have sketched him in every attitude and in every light, and I carefully note down all our conversations, so that I flatter myself, when this tour is completed, I shall know as much of America and Americans as some who have even written a book on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

The day after our arrival at Windsor, being Sunday, we were compelled to remain there until the following Tuesday, so as to have one day at our command to visit the College, Retreat Farm, and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. One of the inhabitants having kindly offered me a seat in his pew, I accompanied him to the church, which, for the convenience of the College, was built nearly a mile from the village. From him I learned, that independently of the direct influence of the Church of England upon its own members, who form a very numerous and respectable portion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, its indirect operation has been both extensive and important in this colony.

The friends of the establishment, having at an early period founded a college, and patronised education, the professions have been filled with scholars and gentlemen, and the natural and very proper emulation of other sects being thus awakened to the importance of the subject, they have been stimulated to maintain and endow academies of their own.

The general diffusion through the country of a well-educated body of clergymen, like those of the establishment, has had a strong tendency to raise the standard of qualification among those who differ from them, while the habits, manners, and regular conduct of so respectable a body of men naturally and unconsciously modulate and influence those of their neighbours, who may not perhaps attend their ministrations. It is, therefore, among other causes doubtless, owing in a great measure to the exertions and salutary example of the Church

in the Colonies that a higher tone of moral feeling exists in the British Provinces than in the neighbouring states, a claim which I find very generally put forth in this country, and though not exactly admitted, yet certainly not denied even by Mr. Slick himself. The suggestions of this gentleman induced me to make some inquiries of the Clockmaker, connected with the subject of an establishment; I therefore asked him what his opinion was of the Voluntary System. Well, I don't know, said he; what is your'n? I am a member, I replied, of the Church of England; you may, therefore, easily suppose what my opinion is. And I am a citizen, said he, laughing, of Slickville, Onion county, state of Connecticut, United States of America: you may therefore guess what my opinion is too: I reckon we are even now, ar'n't we? To tell you the truth, said he, I never thought much about it. I've been a considerable of a traveller in my day; arovin' about here and there and every whare; atradin' wherever I seed a good chance of making a speck; paid my shot into the plate, whenever it was handed round in meetin', and axed no questions. It was about as much as I could cleverly do, to look arter my own consarns, and I left the ministers to look arter theirn; but take 'em in a gineral way, they are pretty well to do in the world with us, especially as they have the women on their side. Whoever has the women, is sure of the men, you may depend, squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they *do* contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the eend, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.

I recollect when I was last up to Albama, to one of the new cities lately built there, I was awalkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a leetle fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy sultry I could hardly breathe a'most, and I seed a most splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house, with a grand virandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green vernitians to the winders, and a white palisade fence in front, lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of sodgers with fixt baganuts; each side of the avenue was a grass plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em—and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other, made of wood by a native artist, and painted so nateral no soul could tell 'em from stone.

The avenue was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell *you*. While I was astoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the milkman with his cart. Says I, stranger, says I, I suppose you don't know who lives here, do you? I guess you are a stranger, said he, ain't you? Well, says I, I don't exactly know as I ain't, but who lives here? The Rev. Ahab Meldrum, said he, I reckon. Ahab Meldrum, said I, to myself; I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a State's prisoner than a State's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher on, for minister couldn't beat nothin' into him a'most, he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see any how: so I walks right through the gate, and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant farnished room. I was most darnted to sit down on the chairs, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and varses, and lamps, and picturs, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazar a'most, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities.

The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin'-gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the onexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'. If you'll gist throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble of axin' names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I,—what's left o' me at least. Verily, said he, friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must anow be ripe full of years as he is full of honours. Your mother, I think I heer'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to

stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are athinking on, or than I have to spare;—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho',—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.

Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he; open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none o' your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without adam-agin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I don't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, atakin' hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealin's. I can trust *you*, I know, but mind,—and he put his fingers on his lips—mum is the word;—bye gones are bye gones,—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, foller me, then, says he;—and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, farnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books and pipes and cigars, pig-tail and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he; chew, or smoke, or spit as you please;—do as you like here; we'll throw off all resarve now; but mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—don't talk too loud.

Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hunks—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin' I know,)—when old Hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I don't gist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might gist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. Ahem! said he, so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was,—tea and coffee and Indgian corn cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing a'most you could think on. You needn't wait, said Ahab, to

the blacks; I'll ring for you, when I want you; we'll help ourselves.

Well, when I looked round and seed this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly; for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onder-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahab, says I, I calculate you'r like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garrat-winder, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seem to come on your feet some how or other. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a-year); how on airth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit it does capitally, that's sartain. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, says I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I gist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like any thing. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the hind ones foller of course. Now it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swaller. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving disposition—(the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho', for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all healed up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'in, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels.—I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always,

—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies, and Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron are amazin' favourites; they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

"Oh woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

If I didn't touch it off to the nines it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew from natur', says I, a squezin' of her hand. Nor never so touchin', says another. You know my moddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her. I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me! says I. So true, says they, and so nateral, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated, my admired sisters,—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say, I felt somehow kinder inadequate to the task too, I said,—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

When I left 'em I heerd 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a rael right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars *produce*, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular he should remain single, for then the gals all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend it's gone goose with them arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters.—And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down atradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. *The road to the head lies through the heart.* Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess, said I; and if you don't travel that road full chissel it's a pity.—Well, says I, Ahab, when I go to Slickville I'll gist tell Mr. Hopewell what a most precious, superfine, superior darn'd rascal you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1, letter A, I want to know who is, that's all. You

do beat all, Sam, said he; it's *the system that's vicious, and not the preacher.* If I didn't give 'em the soft sawder they would neither pay me nor hear me; that's a fact. Are you so soft in the horn now, Sam, as to suppose that the gals would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt natur' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it? Very entertainin' that to tell 'em the worms will fatten on their pretty little rosy cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but grass, flourishin' to-day, and to be cut down withered and rotten to-morrow; ain't it? It ain't in the natur' o' things, if I put them out o' concait o' themselves, I can put them in concait o' me; or that they will come down handsome, and do the thing genteel, its gist onpossible. It warn't me made the system, but the system made me. *The voluntary don't work well.*

System or no system, said I, Ahab, you are Ahab still, and Ahab you'll be to the eend o' the chapter. You may deceive the women by soft sawder, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. It ain't pretty at all. Now, said I, Ahab, I told you I wouldn't blow you, nor will I. I will neither speak o' things past nor things present. I know you wouldn't, Sam, said he; you were always a good feller. But it's on one condition, says I, and that is that you allow Polly Bacon a hundred dollars a-year —she was a good gall and a decent gall when you first know'd her, and she's in great distress now to Slickville, I tell *you.* That's onfair, that's onkind, Sam, said he; that's not the clean thing; I can't afford it; it's a breach o' confidence this, but you got me on the hip, and I can't help myself; say fifty dollars, and I will. Done, said I, and mind you're up to the notch, for I'm in earnest—there's no mistake. Depend upon me, said he, and, Sam, said he, a shakin' hands along with me at partin',—excuse me, my good feller, but I hope I may never have the pleasure to see your face ag'in. Ditto, says I; but mind the fifty dollars a-year, or you will see me to a sartainty—good b'ye.

How different this cussed critter was from poor, dear, good, old Joshua Hopewell. I seed him not long arter. On my return to Connecticut, gist as I was apassin' out o' Molasses into Onion County, who should I meet but minister amounted upon his horse, old Captain Jack. Jack was a racker, and in his day about as good a beast as ever hoisted tail, (you know what a racker is, don't you squire? said the clockmaker; they bring

up the two feet on one side first, together like, and then t'other two at once, the same way; and they do get over the ground at a most an amazin' size, that's sartin,) but poor old critter, he looked pretty streak'd. You could count his ribs as far as you could see him, and his skin was drawn so tight over him, every blow of minister's cane on him sounded like a drum, he was so holler. A candle poked into him lighted would have shown through him like a lantern. He carried his head down to his knees, and the hide seem'd so scant a pattern, he showed his teeth like a cross dog, and it started his eyes and made 'em look all outside like a weasel's. He actilly did look as if he couldn't help it. Minister had two bags roll'd up and tied on behind him, like a portmanter, and was ajogging on alookin' down on his horse, and the horse alookin' down on the road, as if he was seekin' a soft spot to tumble down upon.

It was curious to see Captain Jack too, when he heerd old Clay acoming along full split behind him; he cock'd up his head and tail, and prick'd up his ears, and look'd corner ways out of his eye, as much as to say, if you are for a lick of a quarter of a mile I don't feel much up to it, but I'll try you any way;—so here's at you. He did try to do pretty, that's sartin, as if he was ashamed of looking so like Old Scratch, gist as a feller does up the shirt-collar and combs his hair with his fingers, afore he goes into the room among the galls.

The poor skilliton of a beast was ginger to the backbone, you may depend—all clear grit; what there was of him was whalebone; that's a fact. But minister had no rally *about him;* he was proper chap-fallen, and looked as dismal as if he had lost every friend that he had on airth. Why, minister, says I, what onder the sun is the matter of you? You and Captain Jack look as if you had the cholera; what makes *you* so dismal and your *horse* so thin? what's out o' joint now? Nothin' gone wrong, I hope, since I left? Nothin' has gone right with me, Sam, of late, said he; I've been sorely tried with affliction, and my spirit is fairly humbled. I've been more insulted this day, my son, than I ever was afore in all my born days. Minister, says I, I've gist one favour to ax o' you; give me the sinner's name, and afore daybreak to-morrow mornin' I'll bring him to a reck'nin' and see how the balance stands. I'll kick him from here to Washington, and from Washington back to Slickville, and then I'll cow-skin him, till this riding-whip is worn up to shoe-strings, and pitch him clean out o' the State. The infarnal villain!

tell me who he is, and if he war as big as all out-doors, I'd walk into him. I'll teach him the road to good manners, if he can save eyesight to see it,—hang me if I don't. I'd like no better fun, I vow. So gist show me the man, that darst insult you, and if he does so ag'in, I'll give you leave to tell me of it. Thank you, Sam, says he; thank you, my boy; but it's beyond your help. It ain't a parsonal affront of that natur', but a spiritual affront. It ain't an affront offered to me as Joshua Hopewell, so much as an affront to the minister of Slickville. That is worse still, said I, because you can't resent it yourself. Leave him to me, and I'll fix his flint for him.

It's a long story, Sam, and one to raise grief, but not anger; —you musn't talk or think of fightin', it's not becoming a Christian man, but here's my poor habitation, put up your horse and come in, and we'll talk this affair over by and by. Come in and see me,—for, sick as I am, both in body and mind, it will do me good. You was always a kind-hearted boy, Sam, and I'm glad to see the heart in the right place yet;—come in, my son. Well, when we got into the house, and sot down,—says I, minister, what the dickens was them two great rolls o' canvass for, I seed snugg'd up and tied to your crupper? You looked like a man who had taken his grist to mill, and was returnin' with the bags for another; and what onder the sun had you in them? I'll tell you, Sam, said he,—you know, said he,—when you was to home, we had a State Tax for the support o' the church, and every man had to pay his share to some church or another. I mind, said I, quite well. Well, said he, the inimy of souls has been to work among us, and instigated folks to think this was too compulsory for a free people, and smelt too strong of establishments, and the legislatur' repealed the law; so now, instead o' havin' a rigilar legal stipind, we have what they call the voluntary,—every man pays what he likes, when he likes, and to whom he likes, or if it don't convene him he pays nothin';—do you apprehend me? As clear as a boot-jack, says I; nothin' could be plainer, and I suppose that some o' your factory people that make canvass have given you a present of two rolls of it to make bags to hold your pay in? My breeches' pockets, says he, Sam, ashakin' o' his head, I estimate, are big enough for that. No, Sam; some subscribe and some don't. Some say, we'll give, but we'll not bind ourselves;—and some say, we'll see about it. Well, I'm e'en

a'most starved, and Captain Jack does look as poor as Job's turkey; that's a fact. So I thought, as times was hard, I'd take the bags and get some oats for him, from some of my subscribin' congregation;—it would save them the cash, and suit me gist as well as the blunt. Wherever I went, I might have filled my bags with excuses, but I got no oats;—but that warn't the worst of it neither, they turned the tables on me and took me to task. A new thing that for me, I guess, in my old age, to stand up to be catekised like a convarted Heathen. Why don't you, says one, jine the Temperance Society, minister? Because, says I, there's no warrant for it in Scriptur', as I see. A Christian obligation to sobriety is, in my mind, afore any engagement on honour. Can't think, says he, of payin' to a minister that countenances drunkenness. Says another,—minister, do you smoke? Yes, says I, I do sometimes; and I don't care if I take a pipe along with you now;—it seems sociable like. Well, says he, it's an abuse o' the critter,—a waste o' valuable time, and an encouragement of slavery; I don't pay to upholders of the slave system; I go the whole figur' for abolition. One found me too Calvinistic, and another too Arminian; one objected to my praying for the President,—for, he said, he was an everlastin' almighty rascal;—another to my wearin' a gown, for it was too Popish. In short, I git nothin' but objections to a'most every thing I do or say, and I see considerable plain my income is gone; I may work for nothin' and find thread now, if I choose. The only one that paid me, cheated me. Says he, minister, I've been alookin' for you for some time past, to pay my contribution, and I laid by twenty dollars for you. Thank you, said I, friend, but that is more than your share; ten dollars, I think, is the amount of your subscription. Well, says he, I know that, but I like to do things handsum', and he who gives to a minister lends to the Lord;—but, says he, I'm afeer'd it won't turn out so much now, for the bank has fail'd since. It's a pity you hadn't acall'd afore, but you must take the will for the deed. And he handed me a roll of the Bubble Bank paper, that ain't worth a cent. Are you sure, said I, that you put this aside for me when it was good? O sartain, says he, I'll take my oath of it. There's no 'casion for that, says I, my friend, nor for me to take more than my due neither;—here are ten of them back again. I hope you may not lose them altogether, as I fear I shall. But he cheated me,—I know he did.

This is the blessin' of the voluntary, as far as I'm consarned. Now I'll tell you how it's agoin' to work upon them; not through my agency tho', for I'd die first;—afore I'd do a wrong thing to gain the whole universal world. But what are you adoin' of, Sam, said he, acrackin' of that whip so, says he; you'll e'en amost deefen me. Atryin' of the spring of it, says I. The night afore I go down to Nova Scotia, I'll teach 'em Connecticut quick-step—I'll larn 'em to make somersets —I'll make 'em cut more capers than the caravan monkey ever could to save his soul alive, I know. I'll quilt 'em, as true as my name is Sam Slick; and if they foller me down east, I'll lambaste them back a plaguy sight quicker than they came; the nasty, dirty, mean, sneaking villains. I'll play them a voluntary—I'll fa la sol them, to a jig tune, and show 'em how to count baker's dozen. Crack, crack, crack, that's the music, minister; crack, crack, crack, I'll set all Slickville ayelpin'!

I'm in trouble enough, Sam, says he, without addin' that are to it; don't quite break my heart, for such carryin's on would near about kill me. Let the poor deluded critters be, promise me now. Well, well, says I, if you say so it shall be so;—but I must say, I long to be at 'em. But how is the voluntary agoin' for to operate on them? Emitic, diuretic, or purgative, eh? I hope it will be all three, and turn them inside out, the ungrateful scoundrils, and yet not be gist strong enough to turn them back ag'in. Sam you're an altered man, says he. It appears to me the whole world is changed. Don't talk so on-Christian: we must forget and forgive. They will be the greatest sufferers themselves, poor critters, havin' destroyed the independence of their minister,—their minister will pander to their vanity. He will be afeer'd to tell them unpalatable truths. Instead of tellin' 'em they are miserable sinners in need of repentance, he will tell 'em they are a great nation and a great people, will quote more history than the Bible, and give 'em orations not sarmons, encomiums and not censures. Presents, Sam, will bribe indulgences. *The minister will be a dum dog!* It sarves 'em right, says I; I don't care what becomes of them. I hope they will be *dum* dogs, for dum dogs bite, and if they drive you mad,—as I believe from my soul they will,—I hope you'll bite every one on 'em.

But, says I, minister, talkin' of presents, I've got one for you that's somethin' like the thing, I know; and I took out my pocket-book and gave him a hundred dollars. I hope I may be shot if I didn't. I felt so sorry for him.

Who's this from? said he, smilin'. From Alabama, said I; but the giver told me not to mention his name. Well, said he, I'd arather he'd asent me a pound of good Virginy pigtail, because I could have thank'd him for that, and not felt too much obligation. *Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect:* but it's all right; it will enable me to send neighbour Dearbourn's two sons to school. It will do good. 'Cute little fellers them, Sam, and will make considerable smart men, if they are properly seed to; but the old gentleman, their father, is, like myself, nearly used up, and plaguy poor. Thinks I, if that's your sort, old gentleman, I wish I had my hundred dollars in my pocketbook ag'in, as snug as a bug in a rug, and neighbour Dearbourn's two sons might go and whistle for their schoolin'. Who the plague cares whether they have any larning or not? I'm sure I don't. It's the first of the voluntary system I've tried, and I'm sure it will be the last.

Yes, yes, squire, the voluntary don't work well,—that's a fact. Ahab has lost his soul to save his body, minister has lost his body to save his soul, and I've lost my hundred dollars slap to save my feelins'. The duce take the voluntary, I say.

CHAPTER III.

TRAINING A CARRIBOO.

In the evening we sauntered out on the bank of the river, Mr. Slick taking his rifle with him, to shoot blue-winged duck, that often float up the Avon with the tide in great numbers. He made several shots with remarkable accuracy, but having no dogs we lost all the birds, but two, in the eddies of this rapid river. It was a delightful evening, and on our return we ascended the cliff that overlooks the village and the surrounding country, and sat down on the projecting point of limestone rock, to enjoy the glories of the sunset.

This evenin', said Mr. Slick, reminds me of one I spent the same way at Toronto, in Upper Canada, and of a conversation I had with a British traveller there. There was only himself and me at the inn, and havin' nothin' above partikilar to do, says I, 'spose we take the rifle and walk down by the

ake this splendid afternoon; who knows but we might see omethin' or another to shoot? So off we got, and it was so ool and pleasant we stroll'd a considerable distance up the each, which is like this, all limestone gravel, only cleaner nd less sediment in it.

When we got tired of the glare of the water, and a nasty allor scum that was on it at that season, we turned up a road hat led into the woods. Why, says I, if there ain't a Carri- oo, as I'm alive. Where? said he, seizin' the rifle, and ringin' it to his shoulder with great eagerness,—where is it? or heaven's sake let me have a shot at it! I have long wish'd, said he, to have it to say, before I leave the province, that I ad performed that feat of killin' a Carriboo. Oh, Lord! said , throwin' up the point of the gun to prevent an accident,— Oh, Lord! it ain't one o' them are sort o' critters at all; it's human Carriboo. It's a member, him that's in that are gig, ookin' as wise as a barber's block with a new wig on it. The Toronto folks call 'em Carriboos, 'cause they are untamed wild critters from the woods, and come down in droves to the legislatur'. I guess he's agoin' to spend the night to the hotel, where we be; if he is, I'll bring him into our room and train him: you'll see what sort o' folks makes laws sometimes. I do believe, arter all, says I, this univarsal suffrage will make univarsal fools of us all;—it ain't one man in a thousand knows how to choose a horse, much less a member, and yet there are some standin' rules about the horse, that most any one can larn, if he'll give his mind to it. There's the mark o' mouth,—then there's the limbs, shape, make, and soundness of 'em; the eye, the shoulder, and, above all, the action. It seems all plain enough, and yet it takes a considerable 'cute man to make a horse-jockey, and a little grain of the rogue too; for there is no mistake about the matter—you must lie a few to put 'em off well. Now, that's only the lowest grade of knowledge. It takes more skill yet to be a nigger-jockey. A nigger-jockey, said he; for heaven's sake, what is that? I never heer'd the term afore, since I was a created sinner—I hope I may be shot if I did. Possible, said I, never heer'd tell of a nigger-jockey! My sakes, you must come to the States then;—we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month than you'll get in twenty years here, for these critters don't know nothin'. A nigger-jockey, sir, says I, is a gentleman that trades in niggers,—buys them in one State, and sells them in another, where they ar'n't known. It's a beautiful

science, is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eye teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for it himself, instead of putting a leake into others; that's a fact. Niggers don't show their age like white folk, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, ilein' the joints, good feed, a clean shirt, a false tooth or two, and dyin' the wool black if it's got gray, keepin' 'em close shav'd, and gist given' 'em a glass 'o whiskey or two afore the sale, to brighten up the eye, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for forty. It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse, by a long chalk. Then if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in the next State for meetin' ag'in, slips a few dollars in Sambo's hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, meets massa there, and is sold a second time ag'in. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow, and remove the tooth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him ag'in.

If it takes so much knowledge to choose a horse, or choose a nigger, what must it take to choose a member?—Who kuows he won't give the people the slip as Sambo does the first master; ay, and look as different too, as a nigger does, when the dye rubs out, and his black wool looks white ag'in. Ah, squire, there are tricks in all trades, I do believe, except the clock trade. The nigger business, says I, is apt to get a man into court, too, as much as the horse trade, if he don't know the quirks of the law. I shall never forget a joke I passed off once on a Southerner. I had been down to Charleston, South Carr, where brother Siah is located as a lawyer, and drives a considerable business in that line. Well, one day as I was awalkin' along out o' town, asmokin' of my cigar, who should I meet but a poor old nigger, with a'most an almighty heavy load of pine-wood on his back, as much as he could cleverly stagger onder. Why, Sambo, said I, whose slave be you? You've got a considerable of a heavy load there for a man of your years. Oh, Massa, says he, Gor Ormighty bless you (and he laid down his load, and puttin' one hand on his loins, and t'other on his thigh, he tried to straighten himself up.) I free man now, I no longer slave no more. I purchased my freedom from Gineral Crocodile, him that keeps public at Mud Creek. Oh, Massa, but him gineral took me in terrible, by gosh! Says he, Pompey, says he,

you one werry good nigger, werry faithful nigger. I great opinion of you, Pompey; I make a man of you, you dam old tar-brush. I hope I may be skinned alive with wild cats if I don't. How much money you save, Pomp? Hunder dollars, says I. Well, says he, I will sell you your freedom for that, are little sum. Oh, massa gineral, I said, I believe I lib and die wid you;—what old man like me do now? I too old for freeman. O no, massa, leab poor old Pomp to die among de niggers. I tend young massa Gineral and little missy Gineral, and teach 'em how to cow-skin de black villains. Oh, you smart man yet, he says,—*quite sound*, werry smart man, you airn a great deal o' money:—I too great regard for you to keep you slave any longer. Well, he persuade me at last, and I buy freedom, and now I starve. I hab no one to take care ob me now; I old and good for nothin'—I wish old Pomp very much dead;—and he boohood right out like a child. Then he sold you to yourself, did he? Yes, massa, said he, and here de paper and de bill ob sale. And he told you you *sound man* yet? True, massa, ebbery word. Then, says I, come along with me; and I toated him along into Siah's office. Sy, says I, here's a job for you. Gineral Crocodile sold this poor old nigger to himself, and warrinted him *sound* wind and limb. He cheated him like a cantin' hypocritical sinner as he is, for he's foundered in his right foot, and ringboned on the left. Sue him on his warranty—there's some fun in't.—Fun, said Sy, I tell you it's a capital joke; and he jump'd up and danced round his office asnappin' of his fingers, as if he were bit by a galley-nipper. How it will comflustrigate old Sim Heter, the judge, won't it? I'll bambousle him, I'll befogify his brain for him with warranties general, special, and implied, texts, notes, and comentries. I'll lead him a dance through civil law, and common law, and statute law; I'll read old Latin, old French, and old English to him; I'll make his head turn like a mill-stone; I'll make him stare like an owl atrying to read by day-light; and he larfed ready to kill himself. Sure enough he did bother him so agoin' up from one court to another, that Crocodile was glad to compound the matter to get clear of the joke, and paid old Pomp his hundred dollars back again; that's a fact.

In the course of the evenin', Mr. Buck, the member elect for the township of Flats, in the Home district, came in, and I introduced him with much ceremony to the Britisher, agivin' of him a wink at the same time, as much as to say, now I'll

show you the way to train a Carriboo. Well, Squire Buck, said I, I vow I'm glad to see you;—how did you leave Mrs. Buck and all to home?—all well, I hope? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, sir, said he. And so they've elected you a member, eh? Well, they wanted some honest men among 'em—that's a fact, and some onderstandin' men too; how do you go, Tory or Radical? Oh, pop'lar side of course, said Mr. Buck. M'Kenzie and Papinau have open'd my eyes I tell you; I had no notion afore our government was so rotten—I'm for elective councils, short parliaments, ballot, universal suffrage, and ag'in all officials. Right, said I, you are on the right side then, and no mistake. You've a plain path afore you; go straight ahead, and there's no fear. I should like to do so, said he, but I don't understand these matters enough, I'm afeer'd, to probe 'em to the bottom; perhaps you'll be so good as to advise me a little. I should like to talk over these things with you, as they say you are a considerable of an onderstandin' man, and have seed a good deal of the world. Well, said I, nothin' would hapify me more, I do assure you. Be independent, that's the great thing; be independent, that is, attack every thing. First of all, there's the Church; that's a grand target, fire away at that till you are tired. *Raise a prejudice if you can, and then make every thing a Church question.* But I'm a churchman myself, Mr. Slick; and you wouldn't have me attack my own church, would you? So much the better, said I, it looks liberal;—*true liberality, as far as my experience goes, lies in praisin' every other church, and abusin' of your own;* it's only bigots that attacks other folks' doctrine and tenets; no strong-minded, straight ahead, right up and down man does that. It shows a narrer mind and narrer heart that. But what fault is there with the church? said he: they mind their own business, as far as I see, and let other folks alone; they have no privilege here that I know on, that other sects ha'en't got. It's pop'lar talk among some folks, and that's enough, said I. They are rich, and their clergy are larned and genteel, and there's a good many envious people in the world;—there's radicals in religion as well as in politics, that would like to see 'em all brought to a level. And then there's church lands: talk about dividin' them among other sects, givin' them to schools, and so on. There's no harm in robbing Peter if you pay Paul with it—a fair exchange is no robbery, all the world over; then wind up with a church tithe sale, and a military

massacre of a poor dissentin' old woman that was baganuted by bloody-minded sodgers *while* tryin' to save her pig. It will make an affectin' speech, draw tears from the gallery, and thunders of applause from the House.

Then there's judges, another grand mark; and councillors and rich men; call 'em the little big men of a little colony, the would-be aristocracy—the official gang—the favour'd few; call 'em by their Christian and surnames; John Den and Richard Fen, turn up your noses at 'em like a horse's tail that's double-nick'd. Salaries are a never-ending theme for you; officials shouldn't be paid at all; the honour is enough for 'em; a patriot sarves his country for nothin'. Take some big salary for a text, and treat it this way: says you, there's John Doe's salary, it is seven hundred and thirty pounds a year, that is two pounds a day. Now, says you, that is sixteen common labourers' pay at two and six-pence each per day;—shall it be said that one great mammoth official is worth sixteen free citizens who toil harder and fare worse than he does? then take his income for ten years and multiply it. See, says you, in ten years he has received the enormous sum of seven thousand five hundred pounds: then run over all the things seven thousand five hundred pounds would effect on roads, bridges, schools, and so on, and charge him with havin' been the means of robbin' the country of all these blessin's: call 'em blood-suckers, pampered minions, bloated leeches. Then there's the college, says you; it's for the aristocracy, to keep up distinctions, to rivet our fetters, to make the rich richer, and the strong stronger; talk of native genius and self-taught artists, of natur's scholars, of home-spun talent; it flatters the multitude this—it's pop'lar, you may depend. Call the troops mercenaries, vile hirelings, degraded slaves; turn up your eyes to the ceiling and invoke defeat and slaughter on 'em, if they dare to enforce the law; talk of standing armies, of slavery, of legionary tyrants,—call 'em foreigners, vultures thirsting for blood,—butchers,—every man killed in a row, or a mob, call a victim, a *murdered man*,—that's your sort, my darlin'—go the whole hog, and do the thing genteel. *Any thing that gives power to the masses will please the masses.* If there was nothin' to attack there would be no champions; if there is no grievance you must make one: call all changes reform, whether it makes it better or not,—any thing you want to alter, call an abuse. All that oppose you, call anti-reformers, upholders of abuses,

bigots, sycophants, office-seeking Tories. Say they live by corruption, by oppressin' the people, and that's the reason they oppose all change. How streaked they'll look, won't they? It will make them scratch their heads and stare, I know. If there's any man you don't like, use your privilege and abuse him like Old Scratch,—lash him like a nigger, cut him up beautiful—oh, it's a grand privilege that! Do this, and you'll be the speaker of the House, the first pot-hook on the crane, the truckle-head and cap-sheave—you will, I snore. Well, it does open a wide field, don't it, said Mr. Buck, for an ambitious man? I vow, I believe I'll take your advice; I like the idea amazin'ly. Lord, I wish I could talk like you, —you do trip it off so glib—I'll take your advice tho'—I will, I vow. Well then, Mr. Buck, if you really will take my advice, I'll give it to you, said I, free-gratis for nothin'. Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children.

CHAPTER IV.

NICK BRADSHAW.

We left Gaspereaux early in the morning, intending to breakfast at Kentville. The air was cool and bracing, and the sun, which had just risen, shed a lustre over the scenery of this beautiful and fertile valley, which gave it a fresh and glowing appearance. A splendid country this, squire, said the Clockmaker; that's a fact; the Lord never made the beat of it. I wouldn't ax no better location in the farmin' line than any of these allotments; grand grazin' grounds and superfine tillage lands. A man that know'd what he was about might live like a fightin' cock here, and no great scratchin' for it neither. Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there? Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of

best-grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns; and, by gosh! there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of 'em marchin' Indgian file arter milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place all snugged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose-bushes show the family are brought up right; somethin' to do at home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin' frolics, gossipin', talkin' scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they show which way the wind is. When galls attend to them are things, it shows that they are what our minister used to call "right-minded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful. I believe I'll alight and breakfast there, if you've no objection. I should like to see that citizen's improvements, and he's a plaguy nice man too, and will be proud to see you, you may depend.

We accordingly drove up to the door, where we were met by Squire James Horton, a respectable, intelligent, cheerful-looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age. He received me with all the ease and warmth of a man to whom hospitality was habitual and agreeable,—thanked Mr. Slick for bringing me to see him, and observed that he was a plain farmer, and lived without any pretensions to be other than he was, and that he always felt pleased and gratified to see any stranger who would do him the favour to call upon him, and would accommodate himself to the plain fare of a plain countryman. He said he lived out of the world, and the conversation of strangers was often instructive, and always acceptable to him. He then conducted us into the house, and introduced us to his wife and daughters, two very handsome and extremely interesting girls, who had just returned from superintending the operations of the dairy. I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness and propriety of their attire, plain and suitable to their morning occupations, but scrupulously nice in its appearance.

As the clock struck seven, (a wooden clock, to which Mr. Slick looked with evident satisfaction as a proof of his previous acquaintance,) the family were summoned, and Mr.

Horton addressed a short but very appropriate prayer to the Throne of Grace, rendering the tribute of a grateful heart for the numerous blessings with which he was surrounded, and supplicating a continuance of divine favour. There was something touching in the simplicity and fervour of his manner and in the unpretending style of his devotion, while there was a total absence of that familiar tone of address so common in America, which, often bordering on profanity, shocks and disgusts those who have been accustomed to the more decorous and respectful language of our beautiful liturgy.

Breakfast was soon announced, and we sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, every thing abundant and good of its kind, and the whole prepared with a neatness that bespoke a well-regulated and orderly family. We were then conducted round the farm, and admired the method, regularity, and good order of the establishment. I guess this might compare with any of your English farms, said the Clockmaker; it looks pretty considerable slick this—don't it? We have great advantages in this country, said Mr. Horton; our soil is naturally good, and we have such an abundance of salt sludge on the banks of the rivers, that we are enabled to put our uplands in the highest state of cultivation. Industry and economy can accomplish any thing here. We have not only good markets, but we enjoy an almost total exemption from taxation. We have a mild and paternal government, our laws are well and impartially administered, and we enjoy as much personal freedom as is consistent with the peace and good order of society. God grant that it may long continue so! and that we may render ourselves worthy of these blessings, by yielding the homage of grateful hearts to the Great Author and Giver of all good things. A bell ringing at the house at this time, reminded us that we were probably interfering with some of his arrangements, and we took leave of our kind host, and proceeded on our journey, strongly impressed with those feelings which a scene of domestic happiness and rural felicity like this never fails to inspire.

We had not driven more than two or three miles before Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right-hand side of the road, said, Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. That critter, said he, when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a half-house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley outside, to save the new

part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two gables stand starin' each other in the face, as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was best to be done. Them old geese and vetren fowls, that are so poor the foxes won't steal 'em for fear of hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jawed, long-legged, rabbit-eared, runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't turn its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, astandin' there with its eyes shot-to, acontemplatin' of its latter eend,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hocks swell'd bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess. The goney has showed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breakin' into his field to starve, and gives his Old Mooley a chance o' sneakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pair of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airly of a mornin', afore the dew was off the ground, and mow that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you wouldn't get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hang'd for it. 'Spose we drive up to the door to light a cigar; if Nick Bradshaw is to home, I should like to have a little chat with him. It's worth knowing how he can farm with so little labour; for any thing that saves labour in this country, where help is so plaguy dear, is worth larnin', you may depend.

Observing us pause and point towards his domain, Nicholas lifted off the door and laid it on its side, and, emerging from his den of dirt and smoke, stood awhile reconnoitering us. He was a tall, well-built, athletic-looking man, possessed of great personal strength and surprising activity, but looked like a good-natured, careless fellow, who loved talking and smoking better than work, and preferred the pleasures of the tap-room to the labours of the field. He thinks we want his vote, said the Clockmaker. He's looking as big as all outdoors just now, and waitin' for us to come to him. He wouldn't

condescend to call the king his cousin gist at this present time. It's independent day with him, I calculate; happy-lookin' critter, too, ain't he, with that are little, short, black pipe in his mouth? The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosifer;—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world. The Indgians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their folks, in case smokin' should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go unprovided. Gist look at him: his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an ontanned mocasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-sheerin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look too. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye, shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke, couldn't do that now, squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heerd tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet, where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven. Philosophy is like most other guests I've seed, it likes to visit them as keeps good tables, and though it has some poor acquaintances, it ain't more nor half pleased to be seen walkin' lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'——Here he comes, tho', I swan; he knows Old Clay, I reckon: he sees it ain't the candidate chap.

This discovery dispelled the important airs of Nicholas, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, he retreated a pace or two, and took a running leap of ten or twelve feet across a stagnant pool of green water that graced his lawn, and served the double purpose of rearing goslings and breeding musquitoes, and by repeating these feats of agility on the grass several times, (as if to keep himself in practice,) was by the side of the wagon in a few minutes.

'Mornin', Mr. Bradshaw, said the Clockmaker; how's all

to home to-day? Reasonable well, I give you thanks:—won't you alight? Thank you, I gist stopt to light a cigar.—I'll bring you a bit o' fire, said Nick, in the twinklin' of an eye; and bounding off to the house with similar gigantic strides, he was out of sight in a moment. Happy, good-natured citizen, that you see, squire, said Mr. Slick, he hain't been fool enough to stiffen himself by hard work neither; for you see he is as supple as an eel. The critter can jump like a catamount, and run like a deer; he'd catch a fox a'most, that chap.

Presently out bounded Nick in the same antelope style, waving over his head a lighted brand of three or four feet long. Here it is, said he, but you must be quick, for this soft green wood won't hold fire in no time—it goes right out. It's like my old house there, and that's so rotten it won't hold a nail now; after you drive one in you can pull it out with your finger. How are you off for tobacoo? said Mr. Slick. Grand, said he, got half a fig left yet. Get it for you in a minit, and the old lady's pipe too, and without waiting for a reply, was curvetting again off to the house. That goney, said the Clockmaker, is like a gun that goes off at half cock—there's no doin' nothin' with him. I didn't want his backey, I only wanted an excuse to give him some; but it's a strange thing that, squire, but it's as sure as rates, *the poor are every where more liberal, more obligin', and more hospitable, according to their means, than the rich are:* they beat them all hollar,—it's a fact, I assure you.

When he returned, Mr. Slick told him that he was so spry, that he was out of hearing before he could stop him; that he didn't require any himself, but was going to offer him a fig of first chop genuine stuff he had. Thank you, said he, as he took it, and put it to his nose;—it has the right flavour that—rather weak for me, tho'. I'm thinking it 'll gist suit the old lady. She smokes a good deal now for the cramp in her leg. She's troubled with the cramp sometimes, away down some where about the calf, and smokin', they say, is good for it.

He then took the tobacco very scientifically between the forefinger and thumb of his left hand, and cut it into small shreds that fell into the palm. Then holding both knife and fig between his teeth, he rolled, untwisted, and pulverised the cut tobacco by rubbing and grinding it between his two hands, and refilled and lighted his pipe, and pronouncing the tobacco a prime article, looked the very picture of happiness. How's

crops in a general way this year? said Mr. Slick. Well, they are just about middlin', said he; the seasons ha'n't been very good lately, and somehow the land don't bear as it used to when I was a boy; but I'm in great hopes times are goin' to be better now. They say things look brighter; *I feel a good deal encouraged myself.* They tell me the governor's agoin' to appoint a new council; I guess, they'll do sun'thin' for the country. Ah, said the Clockmaker, that indeed, that would be sun'thin' like,—it would make times quite brisk agin—farmers could afford to live then. It would raise markets considerable. So I see in the papers, said Nick: the fact o' the matter is the assemblymen must do sun'thin' for the country, or it will go to the dogs, that's sartain. They tell me too that the council doors are to be opened, so that we can hear the debates;—that will be a great privilege, won't it? Very, said the Clockmaker; it will help the farmers amazin'ly that; I should count that a great matter: they must be worth hearin', them counsellors. It's quite a treat to hear the members in the house, particularly when they talk about bankin', currency, constitution, bounties, and such tough knotty things;—they go so deep into these matters, and know so much about 'em, it's quite edifyin'. I've larnt more new things, and more things I niver knew afore, in half an hour in the assembly, than ever I heerd afore in my life, and I expect t'other house will be quite as wise. Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, said Nicholas; *I feel somehow quite encouraged myself:* if we had a bounty of about a shilling a bushel for raisin' potatoes, two-and-six-pence a bushel for wheat, and fifteen pence for oats, I think a body *might* have a chance to make out to scratch along to live here; and I'm told when the council doors are opened, we shall actually get them. I must say, *I feel quite encouraged myself.* But stop, said he, laying his hand on Mr. Slick, do you see that are varmint alookin' arter the old lady's chickins over there by the barn? I had a crack at him yesterday, but he was too far off—wait abit; and he scampered off to the house, brought out his gun, which had been previously loaded, and throwing himself on all fours, proceeded towards the barn as rapidly as a quadruped. Stop, stop, daddy, said a little half-naked imp of a boy, stop till I get my cock-shy. Well, bear a hand then, said he, or he'll be off: I wont wait a minit.

The boy darted into the house, and returned in an instant with a short round hard wood club in his hand, and throwing

himself in the same posture, thrust his head under the skirts of his father's coat, and crawled after him, between his legs, the two appearing like one long monstrous reptile. The hawk, observing this unusual motion, rose higher into the air, as he slowly sailed round the building; but Nicholas, not liking to be balked of his shot, fired at a venture, and fortunately broke his wing. Stop, daddy, said the boy, recovering his feet, stop, daddy, it's my turn now; and following the bird, that flew with inconceivable rapidity, like an ostrich, half running, half flying, threw his cock-shy at him with unerring aim, and killed him. Ain't he a whopper, daddy? said he. See! and he stretched out his wings to their full extent —he's a sneezer, ain't he? I'll show him to mammy, I guess, and off he ran to the house to exhibit his prize.—Make a smart man that, said Nick, regarding his boy, as he carried off the bird, with looks of entire satisfaction: make a considerable of a smart man that, if the assembly men would only give us a chance; but *I feel quite encouraged now.* I think we shall have a good brood of chickens this year, now that thievin' rascal has got his flint fixt; and if them three regiments come to Halifax that's talked of this winter, poultry will fetch a'most a grand price, that's sartain. It appears to me there's a hawk, or a wild cat, or a fox, or a lawyer, or a constable, or a somethin' or another for everlastin'ly a botherin' of a poor man; but I feel *quite encouraged now.*

I never seed that critter yet, said the Clockmaker, that he didn't say he felt "quite encouraged;" he's always lookin' for the Assembly to do great things for him, and every year feels "quite encouraged" that they will do sun'thin' at the next session that will make his fortin. I wonder if folks will ever larn that politics are the seed mentioned in Scriptur' that fell by the road-side, and the fowls came and pick'd them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds,—the party leaders.

The bane of this country, squire, and indeed of all America, is havin' too much land; they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land so severely that they run it out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out by repeated grain crops, and when you add that to land naterally too poor to bear grain, or too broken for cultivation, you will find this great country in a fair way to be ruined.

The State of Varmont has nothin' like the exports it used to have, and a plaguy sight of the young folks come down to

Boston to hire out as helps. The two Carolinas and Varginia are covered with places that have been given up as ruined, and many other States. We hav'n't the surplus of wheat and grain we used to h[redacted] in the *U*-nited States, and it never will be so plenty agin. That's the reason you hear of folks clearin' land, makin' a farm, and sellin' off agin and goin' farther into the bush. They've exhausted it, and find it easier to clear new lands than to restore the old.

A great deal of Nova Scotia is run out, and if it war'n't for the lime, marsh-mud, sea-weed, salt-sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, there'd be no cure for it. It takes good farmin' to keep an upland location in order, I tell you, and make it sustain itself. It takes more to fetch a farm to that's had the gizzard taken out of it, than it's worth. It actilly frightens me, when I think your agriculture in Britain is progressin', and the land better tilled every day, while thousands upon thousands of acres with us, are turned into barrens. No traveller as I've seed has noticed this, and our folks are not aware of it themselves to the extent of the evil. Squire, you and I won't live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another century as it has progressed for the last hundred years, we'll be a nation of paupers. Very little land in America, even of the best, will carry more than one crop of wheat arter it's clear'd afore it wants manure; and where it's clear'd so fast, where's the manure to come from?—it puzzles me (and I won't turn my back on any man in the farmin' line)—the Lord knows, for I don't; but if there's a thing that scares me, it's this.

Hullo! hullo!—said a voice behind us, and when we turned to look from whence it came, we saw Nicholas running and leaping over the fences of his neighbours like a greyhound. Stop a minit, said he, I want to speak to you. I feel *quite encouraged* since I seen you; there's one question I forgot to ask you, Mr. Slick, for I should like amazin'ly to have your opinion. Who do you go for? I go for the Squire, said he: I'm agoin' for to go round the sea-coast with him. I don't mean that at all, said he;—who do you go for in the election? There's to be a poll a Monday to Kentville; and Aylesford and Gasperaux are up; who do you go for? I don't go for either of 'em; I wouldn't give a chaw of tobakey for both on em: what is it to me who goes? Well, I don't suppose it is, but it's a great matter to us: who would you advise me to vote for? Who is agoin' for to do the most good for you? Ayles-

ford. Who promises you the most? Aylesford. Vote for t'other one then, for I never seed or heerd tell of a feller yet, that was very ready with his promises, that warn't quite as ready to break them, when it suited his purpose; and if Aylesford comes abotherin' you, call our little Nick with his "cock-shy," and let him take a shot at him. Any critter that finds out that all the world are rogues, and tells of the great things that he's agoin' for to do, generally overlooks the biggest rogue of all, and that's himself. Oh! Gaspereaux for ever! he's the man for your money, and no mistake. Well, said Nicholas, I believe you're half right. Aylesford did promise a shillin' a bushel bounty on potatoes tho', but I believe he lied arter all. I'll take your advice,—*I feel quite encouraged now.* If you'd like a coal to light your cigar by, said he, I'll step in here and get you one. Thank you, said Mr. Slick; I have no occasion for one gist now. Well, I believe I'll drop in and light a pipe there myself then, anyhow. Good-b'ye—*I feel quite encouraged now.*

Oh dear! said the clockmaker, what a good-natered, good-for-nothin' simple toad that is. I suppose when the sheriff takes the vote of such critters, he flatters himself he takes the sense of the county. What a difference atween him and Horton! The one is a lazy, idle critter, wanderin' about talkin' politics, or snarin' rabbits, catchin' eels, or shootin' hawks, and neglectin' his work, and a pretty kettle of fish he's made of it. The other, a careful, steady-goin', industrious man, that leaves politics to them as likes dabblin' in troubled waters, and attends steadily to his business, and he's a credit to his country.

Yes, too much land is the ruin of us all this side o' the water. Afore I went to England I used to think that the onequal divisions of property there, and the system of landlord and tenant, was a curse to the country, and that there was more dignity and freedom to the individual, and more benefit to the nation, for every man to own the land he cultivated, as with us. But I've changed my mind; I see it's the cause of the high state of cultivation in England, and the prosperity of its agriculture. If the great men had the land in their own hands there, every now and then an improvident one would skin the soil, and run it out; bein' let to others he can't do it himself, and he takes plaguy good care by his lease his tenant shan't do it neither. Well then, there he is, with

his capital to make great improvements, substantial repairs, and so on, and things are pushed up to perfection.

In Nova Scotia there are hundreds and thousands that would be better off as tenants, if they would but only think so. When a chap spends all his money in buying lands, and mortgages them to pay the rest of the price, he ain't able to stock his farm, and work it properly; and he labours like a nigger all his life, and dies poor at last, while the land gets run out in his hands, and is no good for ever after. Now if he was to hire the farm, the money that he paid for the purchase would stock it complete, enable him to hire labour,—to wait for markets,—to buy up cattle cheap, and to sell them to advantage. He'd make money hand over hand, while he'd throw the cost of all repairs and improvements on the owner. But you might talk till you were grey-headed, and you wouldn't persuade folks of that in this country. The glorious privilege of having a vote, to give to some goney of a member, carries the day. Well may they call it a dear privilege that, for it keeps them poor to their dyin' day. No, squire, your system of landlord and tenant is the best for the farmer, and the best for the nation. There never can be a high state of general cultivation without it. Agriculture wants the labour of the farmer and the money of the capitalist,—both must go hand in hand. When it is left to the farmer alone, it must dwindle for want of means—and the country must dwindle too. A nation, even if it is as big as our great one, if it has no general system of landlord and tenant adopted in it, must run out. We are undergoin' that process now. I'm most plaguy afeerd we shall run out; that's a fact. A country is but a large estate at best;—and if it is badly tilled and hard cropped, it must, in the eend, present the melancholy spectacle of a great exhausted farm. That's *quite encouragin'* now, as Nick Bradshaw says,—ain't it?

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

Did you ever drink any Thames water, squire? said the Clockmaker; because it is one of the greatest nateral curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland, in the hair spekelation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the warld—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too; it farments, works off the scum, clarifies itself, and beats all natur';—and yet look at all them are sewers, and drains, and dye stuffs, and factory-wash, and onmentionables that are poured into it;—it beats the bugs, don't it? Well squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outpourin's of the world,—homocides and regicides,—jail-birds and galley-birds,—poor-house chaps and workhouse chaps,—rebels, infidels, and forgers,—rogues of all sorts, sizes, and degrees,—but it farments, you see, and works clear; and what a'most a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make,—don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor limey enough to fur up the bylers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin,—but gist the thing; that's a fact. I wish to gracious you'd come and see for yourself. I'd go with you and cost you nothin'. I'd take a prospectus of a new work and get subscribers; take a pattern book of the Lowell factories for orders; and spekilate a little by the way, so as to clear my shot wherever we went.

You must see for yourself,—you can't larn nothin' from books. I have read all the travels in America, and there ain't one that's worth a cent. They don't understand us. They remind me of a lawyer examinin' of a witness; he don't want either the truth, the whole truth, or nothin' but the truth, but he wants to pick out of him gist so much as will prove his case, d'ye see, and would like him to keep dark about the rest; puts artful questions to him on purpose to get an answer to suit him; stops him when he talks too fast, leads him when

he goes too slow, praises his own witnesses sky high, and abuses the other side for lyin', equivocatin', parjured villains. That's gist the case with English travellers; instead of lookin' all round and seein' into things first, and then comin' to an opinion, they make up their minds afore they come, and then look for facts to support their views. First comes a great high tory, and a republic smells so bad in his nostrils, he's got his nose curl'd up like a pug-nose dog all thro' his journey. He sees no established church, and he swears there's no religion; and he sees no livery helps, and he says it's all vulgar; and if he sees a citizen spit, he jumps a one side as scared as if it wor a rifle agoin' off. Then comes a radical, (and them English radicals are cantankerous-lookin' critters —that's a fact,—as sour as vinegar, and lookin' as cross and as hungry as a bear gist starved out in the spring,) and *they* say we have the slavery of opinion here; that our preachers want moral courage, and that our great cities are cursed with the aristocracy of wealth. There is no pleasin' either on 'em. Then come what minister used to call the Optimists, a set of folks, who talk you deef about the perfectibility of human natur'; that men, like caterpillars, will all turn into beautiful critters with wings like butterflies,—a sort of grub angels;—that our great nation is a paradise, and our folks agettin' out o' the chrysolis state into somethin' divine.

I seldom or never talk to none o' them, unless it be to bam 'em. They think they know every thing, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chisel, back to New York and up Killock, and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin'—gougin',—lynchin',—burnin' alive,—steam-boats blowed up,—snags,—slavery,—stealin'—Texas,—state prisons,—men talk slow,—women talk loud,—both walk fast,—chat in steam-boats and stage-coaches,—anecdotes, and so on. Then out comes a book. If its a tory writes it, then the tory papers say it's the best pictur' they have seen;—lively, interestin', intelligent. If a radical, then radical papers say it is a very philosophical work, (whenever a feller gets over his head in it, and cruel unintelligible, he's deep in philosophy, that chap,) statesman-like view, able work, throws great light on the politics of the day. I wouldn't give a chaw of tobackey for the books of all of 'em tied up and put into a meal-bag together.

Our folks sarve 'em as the Indgians used to sarve the gulls

down to Squantum in old pilgrim times. The cunnin' critters used to make a sort o' fish flakes, and catch herrin' and tom cods, and such sort o' fish, and put 'em on the flakes, and then crawl onder themselves, and as soon as the gulls lighted to eat the fish, catch hold o' their legs and pull 'em thro'. Arter, that, whenever a feller was made a fool on and took in, they used to say he was gulled. Well, if our folks don't gull them British travellers, it's a pity. They do make proper fools on 'em; that's a fact.

Year afore last, I met an English gall a travellin' in a steam-boat; she had a French name that I can't recollect, tho' I got it on the tip o' my tongue too: you know who I mean—she wrote books on economy,—not domestic economy, as galls ought, but on political economy, as galls oughtent, for they don't know nothin' about it. She had a trumpet in her hand,—thinks I, who on airth is she agoin to hail, or is she agoin' to try echoes on the river? I watched her for some time, and I found it was an ear trumpet.

Well, well, says I, that's onlike most English travellers any way, for in a giniral way they wear magnifying glasses, and do enlarge things so, a body don't know 'em ag'in when he sees 'em. Now, this gall won't hear one half that's said, and will get that half wrong, and so it turned out. Says she to me, Beautiful country this Mr. Slick; says she, I'm transported. Transported, said I, why, what onder the sun did you do to home to get transported?—but she larfed right out like any thing; delighted, I mean, said she, it's so beautiful. It is splendid, said I, no doubt; there ain't the beat of it to be found any where. Oh! said she, what views, what scenery, what woods, what a river! how I should like to soar away up with that are eagle into the blue sky, and see all its beauties spread out afore me like a map! How grand—every thing is on a grand scale! Have you seen the Kentuckians? said I. Not yet, said she. Stop then, said I, till you see *them*. They *are* on a scale that will please you, I guess; whopping big fellows them, I tell you; half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the airthquake. I wasn't a talking of the men, said she, 'tis the beauties of natur' I was admiring. Well, said I, once on a time I used to admire the beauties of natur' too, but I got cured of that. Sit down on this bench, said she, and tell me how it was;—these kind o' anecdotes serve to illustrate the "moral of feelin'." Thinks I, this is philosophy now, "moral of feelin'!" Well if the musquitoes don't illustrate your

moral of feeling for you, some of these nights, I'm mistaken. Very immoral fellows, those 'skeeters.

Well, said I, my first tower in the Clock-trade was up Canada way, and I was the first ever went up Huron with clocks. When I reached our fort, at Gratiot, who did I find there as commander of the party, but the son of an old American hero, a sargent at Bunker's Hill. Well, bein' the son of an old veteran hero myself, it made quite a fellowship atween us, like. He bought a clock o' me, and invited me to stay with him till a vessel arrived for Michigan. Well, in the arternoon, we went for to take tea with a gentleman that had settled near the fort, and things were sot out in an arbour, surrounded with honeysuckle, and Isabella grape, and what not; there was a view of the fort from it, and that elegant lake and endless forest; it was lovely—that's a fact; and the birds flocked round the place, lighted on it, and sung so sweet, —I thought it was the most romantic thing I ever seed since I was a created sinner. So said I to his wife, (a German lady from one of the emigrant ships,) I prefer, said I, your band of birds to the Bowery band of New York, by a long chalk; it's natur's music, it's most delightful, it's splendid! Furder off, said she, I like 'em more better hash nearer; for the nasty, dirty tivils they tirt in the tay and de shuker; look there, she said, that's de tird cup now spilte. Lord, it made me sick! I never had any romance in me arter that.

Here the English gall turned round and looked at me for a space quite hard. Said she, you are a humorous people, Mr. Slick; you resemble the Irish very much,—you remind me greatly of that lively, light-hearted, agreeable people. Thank you, said I, marm, for that compliment; we are ginerally thought to resemble each other very much, both in looks and dress; there's often great mistakes made when they first land from the likeness.

Arter a considerable of a pause, she said, This must be a religious country, said she, ain't it? for religion is the "highest fact in man's right, and the root of all democracy." If religion is the root of democracy, said I, it bears some strange fruit sometimes, as the man said of the pine-tree the five gamblers were Lynched up to Vixburg. I'm glad to see, said she, you have no establishment—it's an incubus—a dead weight—a nightmare. I ain't able, said I; I can't afford it no how; and besides, said I, I can't get no one to have me. Them that I would have won't have me, and them that would

have me, the devil wouldn't have, so I don't see as I'm like to be troubled with a nightmare for one while. I don't mean that, said she, laughin'; I mean an Established Church. Oh! an Established Church, said I; now I understand; but when I hear ladies talk of establishments, I always think they have matrimony in their heads. The truth is, squire, I don't like to hear English people come out here, and abuse their church; they've got a church and throve under it, and a national character under it, for honour and upright dealin', such as no other people in Europe have: indeed, I could tell you of some folks who have to call their goods English to get them off in a foreign land at all. *The name sells 'em.* You may boast of this tree or that tree, and call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, *but give me the tree that bears the best fruit, I say.*

A church must be paid, and the mode don't much signify; at any rate, it ain't for them to abuse it, tho' other folks may choose to copy it, or let it alone, as it convenes them. Your people, said she, are in advance of the clergy; your ministers are half men, half women, with a touch of the noodle. You'd be better without 'em; their parochial visits do more harm than good. In that last remark, said I, I concur; for if there's a gall in their vicinity, with a good fortin', they'll snap her up at once; a feller has no chance with 'em. One on 'em did brother Eldad out of one hundred thousand dollars that way. I don't speak of that, said she, rather short like; but they haven't moral courage. They are not bold shepherds, but timid sheep; they don't preach abolition, they don't meddle with public rights. As to that, said I, they don't think it right to hasten on the crisis, to preach up a servile war, to encourage the blacks to cut their masters' throats; they think it a dangerous subject any way; and besides, said I, they have scruples o' conscience if they ought to stir in it at all. These matters are state rights, or state wrongs, if you please, and our Northern States have no more right to interfere in 'em than they have to interfere in the affairs of any other independent sovereign state in Europe. So I don't blame ministers much for that, arter all,—so come now. In England, says I, you maintain that they ought not to meddle with public rights, and call 'em political priests, and all that sort o' thing, and here you abuse 'em for not meddlin' with 'em; call 'em cowards, dumb dogs, slaves to public opinion, and what not. There's no pleasin' some folks.

As to religion, says I, bein' the "root of democracy," it's the root of monarchy too, and all governments, or ought to be; and there ain't that wide difference arter all atween the two countries some folks think on. Government here, both in theory and practice, resides with the people; and religion is under the care of the raal government. With you, government is in the executive, and religion is in the hands of the government there. Church and state are to a sartain extent connected therefore in both. The difference with us is, we don't prefer one and establish it, and don't render its support compulsory. Better, perhaps, if we did, for it burns pretty near out sometimes here, and has to be brought to by revivals and camp-meetins', and all sorts of excitements; and when it does come to, it don't give a steady clear light for some time, but spits and sputters and cracks like a candle that's got a drop o' water on the wick. It don't seem kinder rational, neither, that screamin' and screechin', and hoopin' and hollerin', like possest, and tumblin' into faintin's, and fits, and swoons, and what not.

I don't like preachin' to the narves instead of the judgment.—I recollect a lady once, tho', convarted by preachin' to her narves, that was an altered woman all the rest o' her days. How was that? said she; these stories illustrate the "science of religion." I like to hear *them*. There was a lady, said I, (and I thought I'd give her a story for her book,) that tried to rule her husband a little tighter than was agreeable,—meddlin' with things she didn't onderstand, and dictatin' in matters of politics and religion, and every thing a'most. So one day her husband had got up considerable airly in the mornin', and went out and got a tailor, and brought him into his wife's bed-room afore she was out o' bed:—"Measure that woman," said he, "for a pair of breeches; she's determined to wear 'em, and I'm resolved folks shall know it," and he shook the cowskin over the tailor's head to show him he intended to be obeyed. It cured her,—she begged, and prayed, and cried, and promised obedience to her husband. He spared her, but it effectuated a cure. Now that's what I call *preachin' to the narves:* Lord, how she would have kicked and squeeled if the tailor had a——. A very good story, said she, abowin' and amovin' a little, so as not to hear about the measurin',—a very good story indeed.

If you was to revarse that maxim o' yourn, said I, and say democracy is too often found at the root of religion, you'd be

nearer the mark, I reckon. I knew a case once exactly in point. Do tell it to me, said she; it will illustrate "the spirit of religion." Yes, said I, and illustrate your book too, if you are a writin' one, as most English travellers do. Our congregation, said I, at Slickville, contained most of the wealthy and respectable folk there, and a most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an elder, and a body of the upper-crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience; found out all at once they had been adrift afore all their lives, and join'd another church as different from our'n in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to show their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these folks gine him; and to show his zeal for them the next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he, my brether'n, said he, I beg you won't spit down any more on the aisle seats, for there be gentlemen there now. Gist turn your heads, my sable friends, and let go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backey. Well, the niggers seceded; they said, it was an infringement on their rights, on their privilege of spittin', as freemen, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body. "Democracy," said they, "is the root of religion."

Is that a fact? said she. No mistake, said I; I seed it myself; I know 'em all. Well, it's a curious fact, said she, and very illustrative. It illustrates the universality of spittin', and the universality of democracy. It's characteristic. I have no fear of a people where the right of spittin' is held sacred from the interminable assaults of priestcraft. She laid down her trumpet, and took out her pocket-book and began to write it down. She swallar'd it all. I have seen her book since, it's gist what I expected from her. The chapter on religion strikes at the root of all religion; and the effects of such doctrines are exhibited in the gross slander she has written ag'in her own sex in the States, from whom she received nothin' but kindness and hospitality. I don't call that pretty at all; it's enough to drive hospitality out of the land.

I know what you allude to, said I, and fully concur with you in opinion, that it is a gross abominable slander, adopted on insufficient authority, and the more abominable from coming from a woman. Our church may be aristocratic; but if

it is, it teaches good manners, and a regard for the decencies of life. Had she listened more to the regular clergy, and less to the modern illuminati, she might have learned a little of that charity which induces us to think well of others, and to speak ill of none. It certainly was a great outrage, and I am sorry that outrage was perpetrated by an Englishwoman. I am proper glad you agree with me, squire, said he; but come and see for yourself, and I will explain matters to you; for without some one to let you into things you won't understand us. I'll take great pleasure in bein' your guide, for I must say I like your conversation.—How singular this is! to the natural reserve of my country, I *add* an uncommon taciturnity; but this peculiar adaptation to listening has every where established for me that rare, but most desirable reputation, of being a good companion. It is evident, therefore, that listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly. Indeed, without them, what would become of the talkers?

Yes, I like your conversation, said the clockmaker (who the reader must have observed has had all the talk to himself). We are like the Chinese; they have two languages, the written language and the spoken language. Strangers only get as far as the spoken one; but all secret affairs of religion and government are sealed up in the written one; they can't make nothin' of it. That's gist the case with us; we have two languages, one for strangers, and one for ourselves. A stranger must know this, or he's all adrift. We've got our own difficulties, our own doubts, our own troubles, as well as other folks,—it would be strange if we hadn't; but we don't choose to blart 'em all out to the world.

Look at our President's Message last year; he said, we was the most prosperous nation on the face of the airth, peace and plenty spreadin' over the land, and more wealth than we know'd how to spend. At that very time we was on the point of national bankruptcy. He said, the great fire at New York did'nt cause one failure; good reason why, the goods were all owned at London and Lyons, and the failures took place there, and not here. Our President said on that occasion, our maxim is, "do no wrong, and suffer no insult." Well, at that very time our gineral was marchin' into the Mexican territory, and our people off South, boarded Texas and took it,—and our folks down North-east were ready to do the same neighbourly act to Canada, only waitin' for Papeneau to say, "All ready."

He boasted we had no national debt, but a large surplus revenue in the public chist, and yet, add up the public debt of each separate state, and see what a whappin' large one that makes. We don't intertain strangers, as the English do, with the troubles of our household and the bother our servants give us; we think it ain't hospitable, nor polished, nor even good manners; we keep that for the written language among ourselves. If you don't believe my word, go and ask the Britisher that was at Mr. Madison's court when the last war broke out—he was the only man to Washington that know'd nothing about it—he didn't understand the language. I guess you may go and pack up your duds and go home, said Mr. Madison to him one day, when he called there to the levee. Go gome! said he, and he wrinkled up his forehead, and drew up his eyelids, as much as to say, I estimate you are mad, ain't you? Go home! said he. What for? Why, said he, I reckon we are at war. At war! said the Englishman; why, you don't say so? there can't be a word of truth in the report: my dispatches say nothin' of it. Perhaps not, said the President, quite cool, (only a slight twitch of his mouth showed how he would like to haw, haw, right out, only it warn't decent,) perhaps not, but I presume I declared war yesterday, when you was engaged a playin' of a game at chess with Mrs. Madison. Folks say they raelly pitied him, he looked so taken aback, so streaked, so completely dumbfounded. No, when I say you can't make *us* out, you always laugh; but it's true you can't without an interpreter. ***We speak the English language and the American language; you must larn the American language, if you want to understand the American people.***

CHAPTER VI.

ELECTIVE COUNCILS.

WHAT would be the effect, Mr. Slick, said I, of elective councils in this country, if government would consent to make the experiment? Why, that's a thing, said he, you can't do in your form o' government, tryin' an experiment, tho' we can; you can't give the word of command, if it turns out a lunglin' piece of business, that they use in militia trainin',—"as you were." It's different with us—we can,—our govern-

ment is a democracy,—all power is in the people at large; we can go on and change from one thing to another, and try any experiment we choose, as often as we like, *for all changes have the like result, of leavin' the power in the same place and the same hands.* But you must know beforehand how it will work in your mixed government, and shouldn't make no change you ain't sure about. What good would an elective council be? It is thought it would give the upper branches, said I, more community of feeling, more sympathy, and more weight with the country at large; that being selected by the people, the people would have more confidence in them, and that more efficient and more suitable men would be chosen by the freeholders than by the crown. You would gist get the identical same sort o' critters, said he, in the eend, as the members of Assembly, if they were elected, and no better; they would be selected by the same judges of horse-flesh as t'other, and chose out o' the same flock. It would be the same breed o' cattle at last. But, said I, you forget that it is proposed to raise the qualification of the voters from forty shillings to forty pounds per year; whereby you would have a better class of electors, and insure a better selection. Gist you try it, said he, and there would be an eend to the popular motions in the House of Assembly to extend the suffrages—for every *thing that gives power to numbers, will carry numbers,* and be popular, and every feller who lived on excitement, would be for everlastin'ly a agitatin' of it, Candidate, Slangwhanger, and Member. You'd have no peace, you'd be for ever on the move as our citizens are to New York, and they move into a new house every first o' May-day. If there be any good in that are Council at all, it is in their bein' placed above popular excitement, and subject to no influence but that of reason, and the fitness of things: chaps that have a considerable stake in the country, and don't buy their seats by pledges and promises, pledges that half the time ruin the country if they are kept, and always ruin the man that breaks 'em. It's better as it is in the hands of the government. It's a safety-valve now, to let off the fume, and steam, and vapour, generated by the heat of the lower House. If you make that branch elective you put the government right into the gap, and all difference of opinion, instead of bein' between the two branches as it is now, (that is, in fact, between the people themselves,) would then occur in all cases between the people and the governor. Afore long that would either seal up the

voice of the executive, so that they darn't call their souls their own, or make 'em onpopular, and whenever the executive once fairly gets into that are pickle, there's an end of the colony, and a declaration of independence would soon foller. Papinor knows that, and that's the reason he's so hot for it,—he knows what it would lead to in the eend. That critter may want ginger, for ought I know; but he don't want for gumption you may depend. *Elective councils are inconsistent with colonial dependence.* It's takin' away the crane that holds up the pot from the fire, to keep it from boilin' over, and clappin' it right on the hot coals: what a gallopin' boil it would soon come into, wouldn't it? In all mixed governments, like your'n, the true rule is never to interfere with pop'lar rights established. Amend what is wrong, concede what is right, and do what is just always; but *preserve the balance of the constitution* for your life. One pound weight only taken off the executive, and put on t'other eend, is like a shift of the weight on a well balanced plank till it won't play true no more, but keeps a slidin' and a slidin' down by leetle and leetle to the heaviest eend, till it all stays down to one side, and won't work no longer. It's a system of checks now, but when all the checks run together, and make only one weight, they'll do as our senate did once (for that ain't no check no more)—it actilly passed that cussed embargo law of Jefferson's that ruined our trade, rotted our shippin', and bankrupted the whole nation, arter it come up from the House of Representatives through all its three readin's in four hours; I hope I may be skinned if it didn't. It did, I snore. That's the beauty of havin' two bodies to look at things thro' only one spyglass, and blow bubbles thro' one pipe. There's no appeal, no redress, in that case, and what's more, when one party gives riders to both horses, they ride over you like wink, and tread you right under foot, as arbitrary as the old Scratch himself. There's *no tyranny on airth equal to the tyranny of a majority;* you can't form no notion of it unless you seed it. Just see how they sarved them chaps to Baltimore last war, General Lingan and thirty other fellers that had the impudence to say they didn't approve of the doin's of the administration; they gist lynched 'em and stoned 'em to death like dogs.

We find among us *the greatest democrats are the greatest tyrants.* No, squire; repair, amend, enlarge, ventilate, modernize a little too, if you like, your structure; put new roof, new porch, winders and doors, fresh paint and shingle it, make

it more attractive and pleasanter to inhabit, and of course it will be more valuable;—but do you leave the foundation alone —don't you meddle with the frame, the braces, and girts for your life, or it will spread, bulge out, leak like the devil, and come to pieces some o' these stormy nights about your ears as sure as you are born. ***Make no organic changes.*** There are quacks in politics, squire, as well as in med'cine,—critters who have unevarsal pills to cure all sorts o' diseases; and many's the constitution, human and politic, they've fixt atween them. There's no knowin' the gripes and pains and colics they've caused; and the worst of it is, the poor devils that get in their hands, when they are on the broad of their backs can't help themselves, but turn up the whites of their eyes, and say, Oh dear! I'm very bad: how will it go? Go, says they; why, like a house afire,—full split,—goin' on grandly, —couldn't do no better,—gist what was expected. ***You'll have a new constitution,*** strong as a lion: oh! goin' on grandly. Well, I dont know, says the misfortunate critter; but I feels a plaguy'sight more like goin' *off* than goin' *on*, I tell *you*. Then comes apickin o' the bed-clothes, a clammy sweat, cold feet, the hiccup, rattles, and death. Sarve him right, says quack; the cussed fool has had doctors too long about him in former days, and they sapped his constitution, and fixt his flint for him: why did'nt he call me in sooner? The consaited ass thought he knowed every thing, and didn't foller out all *my* prescriptions; one comfort, though—his estate shall pay for it, I vow. Yes, squire, and that is the pity, win or lose, live or die, the estate does pay for it—that's a fact; and what's worser, too, many on 'em care more about dividin' the spoil than effectin' the cure, by a long chalk.

There's always some jugglery or quackery agoin' on every where a'most. It puts me in mind of the Wilmot springs.—One of the greatest flams I ever heerd tell of in this province, was brought out hereabouts in Wilmot, and succeeded for a space beyond all calculation. Our sea sarpant was no touch to it,—and that was a grand steamboat speckilation too, for a nation sight of folks went from Boston down to Providence and back ag'in, on purpose to see the sarpant in the boat that first spoke it out to sea. But then they were all pleasurin' parties, young folks takin' a trip by water, instead of a quiltin' frolic to shore. It gave the galls somethin' to talk about and to do, to strain their little eyes through the captain's great big spy-glass, to see their nateral enemy, the sarpant; and you

may depend they had all the curiosity of old Marm Eve too. It was all young hearts and young eyes, and pretty ones they were, I tell *you*. But this here Wilmot wonder was sort of a funeral affair, an old and ugly assortment, a kind of Irish wake, part dead and part alive, where one half groaned with sorrow and pain, and t'other half groaned to keep 'em company,—a raal, right down genu*ine* hysteric frolic, near about as much cryin' as laughin',—it beat all natur'. I believe they actilly did good in sartain cases, in proper doses with proper diet; and in some future day, in more knowin' hands they will come into vogue ag'in, and make a good speckilation; but I have always obsarved when an article is once run down, and folks find out that it has got more puffin' than it desarves, they don't give it no credit at all, and it is a long time afore it comes round agin. The Wilmot springs are situated on the right there, away up, onder that mountain a-head on us. They sartainly did make a wonderful great noise three years ago. If the pool of Saloom had been there, it couldn't ahad a greater crowd o' clowns about it. The lame and maimed, the consumptive and dropsical, the cancerous and leprous, the old drunkard and the young rake, the barren wife and sick maid, the larfin' catholic and sour sectary, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, fools of all ages, sizes, and degrees, were assembled there adrinkin', bathin', and awashin' in the waters, and carryin' off the mud for poultices and plaisters. It killed some, and cured some, and fool'd a nation sight of folks. Down at the mouth of the spring, where it discharges into a stream, there is a soft bottom, and there you'd see a feller standing with one leg stuck in the mud; another lying on a plank, with an arm shoved into the ooze up to the shoulder; a third asittin' down, with a mask o' mould like a gypsum cast on his head; others with naked feet spotted all over with the clay, to cure corns; and these grouped ag'in *here* with an unfortunate feller with a stiff arm, who could only thrust in his elbow; and *there* with another sittin' on a chair adanglin' his feet in the mire to cure the rheumatis; while a third, sunk up to his ribs, had a man apourin' water on his head for an eruption, as a gard'ner waters a transplanted cabbage-plant, all declarin' they felt better, and wonderin' it had'nt been found out afore. It was horrid, I tell you, to see folks makin' such fools of themselves.

If that are spring had belonged to an American citizen, that had made such an everlastin' touss about it, folks would have

said they calkelated it was a Yankee trick; as it was, they set each other on, and every critter that came home from it sent half a dozen neighbours off,—so none on 'em could larf at each other. The road was actilly covered with people. I saw one old goney, seventy years of age, stuck in a gig atween two matresses, like a carcase of mutton atween two bales of wool in a countryman's cart. The old fool was agoin' to be made young, and to be married when he returned to home. Folks believed every thing they heerd of it. They actilly swallered a story that a British officer that had a cork leg bathed there, and the flesh growed on it, so that no soul could tell the difference atween it and the nateral one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a feller took a dead pig and throw'd it in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog. That joke fixt the Wilmot springs: it turned the larf against 'em; and it was lucky it did, for they were findin' springs gist like 'em every where. Every pool the pigs had ryled was tasted, and if it was too bad for the stomach, it was pronounced medicinal. The nearest doctor wrote an account of it for the newspapers, and said it had sulphur saltpetre in it, and that the mud when dried would make good powder, quite good enough to blow gypsum and shoot us Yankees. At last they exploded spontaneous, the sulphur, saltpetre, and burnt brans went off themselves, and nothin' has ever been since heerd of the Wilmot springs.

It's pretty much the case in politics; folks have always some bubble or another,—some elective council,—private ballot,—short parliaments,—or some pill or another to cure all political evils in natur'; with quacks enough to cry 'em up, and interested quacks also, who make their ned out of 'em, afore people get tired of them and their pills too. There was a time when there was too many public officers in your council here, but they've died off, or moved off, and too many of 'em lived to Halifax, and too few of 'em in the country, and folks thought a new deal would give 'em more fair play. Well, they've got a new deal now, and new cards. So far so good. A change of men is no great matter—natur' is a changin' of 'em all the time if government don't. But the constitution is another thing. You can't take out the vitals and put in new ones, as you can in a watch-case, with any great chance of success, as ever I heerd tell of. I've seen some most beautiful operations performed, too, by brother

Eldad, where the patients lived thro' 'em,—and he got a plaguy sight of credit for 'em,—but they all died a few days arterwards. Why, 'Dad, says I, what in natur' is the good o' them are operations, and puttin' the poor critters to all that pain and misery, and their estate to so much expense, if it don't do 'em no good?—for it seems to me that they all *do* go for it; that's sartain.

Well, it was a dreadful pretty operation tho', Sam, warn't it? he'd say; but the critter was desperate sick and peeowerfully weak; I raely was e'en a'most afeer'd I shouldn't carry him thro' it. But what's the use on it at last, when it kills 'em? said I; for you see they do slip thro' your fingers in the eend. A feller, says he, Sam, that's considerable slippery all his life, may be a little slippery towards the eend on't, and there's no help for it, as I see;—but Sam, said he, with a jupe o' the head, and a wink quite knowin', you ain't up to snuff yet, I see. It don't kill 'em if they don't die under the knife; if you can carry 'em thro' the operation, and they die next day, they always die of sun'thin' else, and the doctor is a made man for ever and a day arterwards, too. Do you apprehend now, my boy? Yes, says I, I apprehend there are tricks in other trades, as well as the clock trade; only some on 'em ain't quite so innocent, and there's some I wouldn't like to play I know. No, said he, I suppose not; and then haw-hawin' right out—how soft we are, Sam, ain't we? said he.

Yes, presarve the principle of the mechanism of your constitution, for it ain't a bad one, and presarve the balances, and the rest you can improve on without endangerin' the whole engin'. One thing too is sartain,—*a power imprudently given to the executive, or to the people, is seldom or never got back.* I ain't been to England since your Reform Bill passed, but some folks do say it works complete, that it goes as easy as a loaded wagon down hill, full chisel. Now suppose that bill was found to be alterin' of the balances, so that the constitution couldn't work many years longer, without acomin' to a dead stand, could you repeal it? and say "as you were?" Let a bird out o' your hand and try to catch it ag'in, will you? No, squire, said the Clockmaker, you have laws a regilatin' of quack doctors, but none a regilatin' of quack politicians: now a quack doctor is bad enough, and dangerous enough, gracious knows, but a quack politician is a devil outlawed,—that's a fact.

CHAPTER VII.

SLAVERY.

The road from Kentville to Wilmot passes over an extensive and dreary sand plain, equally fatiguing to man and horse, and after three hours' hard dragging on this heavy road, we looked out anxiously for an inn to rest and refresh our gallant "Clay."

There it is, said Mr. Slick; you'll know it by that high post, on which they have jibitted one of their governors ahorseback as a sign. The first night I stopt there, I vow I couldn't sleep a wink for the creakin' of it, as it swung backwards and forwards in the wind. It sounded so nateral like, that I couldn't help thinkin' it was a raal man hung in chains there. It put me in mind of the slave to Charleston, that was strung up for pysonin' his master and mistress. When we drove up to the door, a black man came out of the stable, and took the horse by the head in a listless and reluctant manner, but his attention was shortly awakened by the animal, whom he soon began to examine attentively. Him don't look like blue nose, said blacky,—sartin him stranger. Fine critter, dat, by gosh, no mistake.

From the horse his eye wandered to us; when, slowly quitting his hold of the bridle, and stretching out his head, and stepping anxiously and cautiously round to where the Clockmaker was standing, he suddenly pulled off his hat, and throwing it up in the air, uttered one of the most piercing yells I think I ever heard, and throwing himself upon the ground, seized Mr. Slick round the legs with his arms. Oh, Massa Sammy! Massa Sammy! Oh, my Gor!—only tink old Scippy see you once more! How you do, Massa Sammy? Gor Ormighty bless you! How you do? Why, who on airth are *you?* said the Clockmaker; what onder the sun do you mean by actin' so like a ravin' distracted fool? Get up this minnit, and let me see who you be, or I'll give you a sockdologer in the ear with my foot, as sure as you are born. Who be *you*, you nigger you? Oh, Massa Sam, you no recollect Old Scip,—Massa 'Siah's nigger boy? How's Massa Sy, and Missey Sy, and all our children, and all our folks to

our house to home? De dear little lily, de sweet little booty, de little missy baby. Oh, how I do hub 'em all!

In this manner the creature ran on, incoherently asking questions, sobbing, and blaming himself for having left so good a master, and so comfortable a home. How is dat black villain, dat Cato? he continued;—Massa no hang him yet? He is sold, said Mr. Slick, and has gone to New Orleens, I guess. Oh, I grad, upon my soul, I wery grad; then he catch it, de dam black nigger—it sarve him right. I hope dey cowskin him well—I grad of dat,—oh Gor! dat is good. I tink I see him, de ugly brute. I hope they lay it into him well, dam *him!* I guess you'd better onharness Old Clay, and not leave him standin' all day in the sun, said Mr. Slick. O goody gracy, yes, said the overjoyed negro, dat I will, and rub him down too till him all dry as bone,—debil a wet hair left. Oh, only tink, Massa Sammy Slick,—Massa Sammy Slick,—Scip see you again!

The Clockmaker accompanied him to the stable, and there gratified the curiosity of that affectionate creature by answering all his inquiries after his master's family, and the state of the plantation and the slaves. It appears that he had been inveigled away by the mate of a Boston vessel that was loading at his master's estate; and, notwithstanding all the sweets attending a state of liberty, was unhappy under the influence of a cold climate, hard labour, and the absence of all that real sympathy, which, notwithstanding the rod of the master, exists nowhere but where there is a community of interests. He entreated Mr. Slick to take him into his employment, and vowed eternal fidelity to him and his family if he would receive him as a servant, and procure his manumission from his master.

This arrangement having been effected to the satisfaction of both parties, we proceeded on our journey, leaving the poor negro happy in the assurance that he would be sent to Slickville in the autumn. I feel provoked with that black rascal, said Mr. Slick, for bein' such a born fool as to run away from so good a master as Josiah, for he is as kind-hearted a critter as ever lived,—that's a fact,—and a plaguy easy man to his niggers. I used to tell him, I guessed he was the only slave on his plantation, for he had to see arter every thin'; he had a dreadful sight more to do than they had. It was all work and no play with *him*. You forget, said I, that his labour was voluntary, and for his own benefit, while that of the

negro is compulsory, and productive of no advantage to himself. What do you think of the abolition of slavery in the United States? said I: the interest of the subject appears to have increased very much of late. Well, I don't know, said he,—what is your opinion? I ask, I replied, for information. It's a considerable of a snarl, that question, said he; I don't know as I ever onravelled it altogether, and I ain't gist quite sartain I can—it's not so easy as it looks. I recollect the English gall I met atravellin' in the steamboat, axed me that same question. What do you think of slavery, said she, sir? Slavery, marm, said I, is only fit for *white lovers* (and I made the old lady a scrape of the leg),—only fit, said I, for *white* lovers and *black* niggers. What an idea, said she, for a free man in a land of freedom to utter! How that dreadful political evil demoralizes a people! how it deadens our feelin's, how it hardens the heart! Have you no pity for the *blacks?* said she; for you treat the subject with as much levity as if, to use one of the elegant and fashionable phrases of this country, you thought it all "*in my eye.*" No marm, said I, with a very grave face, I haven't no pity at all for 'em, not the least mite nor morsel in the world. How dreadful, said she, and she looked ready to expire with sentiment. No feelin' at all, said I, marm, for the *blacks*, but a great deal of feelin' for the *whites*, for instead of bein' all in *my eye*, it's all in *my nose*, to have them nasty, horrid, fragrant critters, agoin' thro' the house like scent-bottles with the stoppers out, aparfumin' of it up, like skunks—it's dreadful! Oh! said I, it's enough to kill the poor critters. Phew! it makes me sick, it does. No; I keeps my pity for the poor whites, for they have the worst of it by a long chalk.

The constant contemplation of this painful subject, said she, destroys the vision, and its deformities are divested of their horrors by their occurring so often as to become familiar. That, I said, Miss, is a just observation, and a profound and a cute one too—it is actilly founded in natur'. I know a case in point, I said. What is it? said she, for she seemed mighty fond of anecdotes (she wanted 'em for her book, I guess, for travels without anecdotes is like a puddin' without plums—all dough). Why, said I, marm, father had an English cow, a pet cow too, and a beautiful critter she was, a brindled shorthorn; he gave the matter of eighty dollars for her:—she was begot by——. Never mind her pedigree, said she. Well, says I, when the great eclipse was (you've heerd tell how it

frightens cattle, haven't you?) Brindle stared and stared at it so,—she lost her eye-sight, and she was as blind as a bat ever afterwards. I hope I may be shot if she warn't. Now, I guess, we that see more of slavery than you, are like Brindle; we have stared at it so long we can't see it as other folks do. You are a droll man, said she, very droll; but seriously, now, Mr. Slick, do you not think these unfortunate fellow-critters, our sable brothers, if emancipated, educated, and civilized, are capable of as much refinement and as high a degree of polish as the whites? Well, said I, joking apart, miss,—there's no doubt on it. I've been considerable down South atradin' among the whites,—and a kind-hearted, hospitable, liberal race o' men they be, as ever I was among—generous, frank, manly folks. Well, I seed a good deal of the niggers, too; it couldn't be otherwise. I must say your conclusion is a just one,—I could give you several instances; but there is one in pitickelar that settles the question; I seed it myself with my own eyes to Charleston, South Car. Now, said she, that's what I like to hear; give me facts, said she, for I am no visionary, Mr. Slick; I don't build up a theory, and then go alookin' for facts to support it; but gather facts candidly and impartially, and then coolly and logically draw the inferences. Now tell me this instance which you think conclusive, for nothin' interests us English so much as what don't consarn us; our West Indgy emancipation has worked so well, and improved our islands so much, we are enchanted with the very word emancipation; it has a charm for English ears, beyond any thing you can conceive.—*Them Islands will have spontaneous production afore long.* But the refinement and polish of these interestin' critters the blacks,—your story if you please, sir.

I have a younger brother, Miss, said I, that lives down to Charleston;—he's a lawyer by trade—Squire Josiah Slick; he is a considerable of a literary character. He's well known in the great world as the author of the Historical, Statistical, and Topographical account of Cuttyhunck, in five volumes; a work that has raised the reputation of American genius among foreign nations amazin', I assure you. He's quite a self-taught author too. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him. Me, said she, adrawin' up her neck like a swan. You needn't look so scared, said I, marm, for he is a married man, and has one white wife and four white children, fourteen black concu—— I wanted to hear, sir, said she, quite

snappishly, of the negroes, and not of your brother and his domestic arrangements Well, marm, said I; one day there was a dinner-party to Josiah's, and he made the same remark you did, and instanced the rich black marchant of Philadelphia, which position was contradicted by some other gentlemen there; so 'Siah offered to bet one thousand dollars he could produce ten black gentlemen, who should be allowed, by good judges, to be more polished than any like number of whites that could be selected in the town of Charleston. Well, the bet was taken, the money staked, and a note made of the tarms.

Next day at ten o'clock, the time fixed, Josiah had his ten niggers nicely dressed, paraded out in the streets a facin' of the sun, and brought his friends and the umpires to decide the bet. Well, when they got near 'em, they put their hands to their eyes and looked down to the ground, and the tears ran down their cheeks like any thing. Whose cheeks? said she; blacks or whites? this is very interestin'. Oh, the whites, to be sure, said I. Then, said she, I will record that mark of feelin' with great pleasure—I'll let the world know it. It does honour to their heads and hearts. But not to their eyes, tho', said I; they swore they couldn't see a bit. What the devil have you got there, Slick? says they; it has put our eyes out: damn them, how they shine! they look like black japanned tea-trays in the sun—it's blindin'—it's the devil, that's a fact. Are you satisfied? said 'Sy. Satisfied of what! says they; satisfied with bein' as blind as buzzards, eh? Satisfied of the high polish niggers are capable of, said Josiah: why shouldn't nigger hide, with lots of Day and Martin's blackin' on it, take as good a polish as cow hide, eh? Oh lord! if you'd aheerd what a roar of larfter there was, for all Charleston was there a'most; what a hurrain' and shoutin': it was grand fun. I went up and shook hands with Josiah, for I always liked a joke from a boy. Well done, 'Sy, says I; you've put the leake into 'em this hitch raet complete; its grand! But, says he, don't look so pleased, Sam; they are cussed vexed, and if we crow I'll have to fight every one on 'em, that's sartin, for they are plaguy touchy them Southerners; fight for nothin' a'most. But, Sam, said he, Connecticut ain't a bad school for a boy arter all, is it? I could tell you fifty such stories, Miss, says I. She drew up rather stately Thank you, sir, said she, that will do; I am not sure whether it is a joke of your brother's or a hoax of your'n, but whose ever it is, it has more practical wit than feelin' in it.

The truth is, said the Clockmaker, nothin' raises my dander more, than to hear English folks and our Eastern citizens atalkin' about this subject that they don't understand, and have nothin' to do with. If such critters will go down South a meddlin' with things that don't consarn 'em, they desarve what they catch. I don't mean to say I approve of lynchin', because that's horrid; but when a feller gets himself kicked, or his nose pulled, and larns how the cowskin feels, I don't pity him one morsel. Our folks won't bear tamperin' with, as you Colonists do; we won't stand no nonsense. The subject is gist a complete snarl; it's all tangled, and twisted, and knotted so, old Nick himself wouldn't onravel it. What with private rights, public rights, and State rights, feelin', expediency, and public safety, it's a considerable of a tough subject. The truth is, I ain't master of it myself. I'm no book man, I never was to college, and my time has been mostly spent in the clock trade and tooth business, and all I know is just a little I've picked up by the way. The tooth business, said I; what is that? do you mean to say you are a dentist? No, said he, laughing; the tooth business is pickin' up experience. Whenever a feller is considerable cute with us, we say he has cut his eye teeth, he's tolerable sharp; and the study of this I call the tooth business. Now I ain't able to lay it all down what I think as plain as brother Josiah can, but I have an idea there's a good deal in name, and that slavery is a word that frightens more than it hurts. It's some o' the branches or grafts of slavery that want cuttin' off. Take away corporal punishment from the masters and give it to the law, forbid separatin' families and the right to compel marriage and other connexions, and you leave slavery nothin' more than sarvitude in name, and somethin' quite as good in fact.

Every critter must work in this world, and a labourer is a slave; but the labourer only gets enough to live on from day to day, while the slave is tended in infancy, sickness, and old age, and has spare time enough given him to airn a good deal too. A married woman, if you come to that, is a slave, call her what you will, wife, woman, angel, termegant, or devil, she's a slave; and if she happens to get the upper hand, the husband is a slave, and if he don't lead a worse life than any black nigger, when he's under petticoat government, then my name is not Sam Slick. I'm no advocate of slavery, squire, nor are any of our folks; it's bad for the niggers, worse for

the masters, and a cuss to any country; but we have got it, and the question is, what are we to do with it? Let them answer that know,—I don't pretend to be able to.

The subject was a disagreeable one, but it was a striking peculiarity of the Clockmaker's, that he never dwelt long upon any thing that was not a subject of national boast; he therefore very dexterously shifted both the subject and the scene of it to England, so as to furnish him with a retort, of which he was at all times exceedingly fond. I have heerd tell, said he, that you British have 'mancipated your niggers. Yes, said I, thank God! slavery exists not in the British empire. Well, I take some credit to myself for that, said the Clockmaker; it was me that sot that agoin' any way. You! said I, with the most unfeigned astonishment;—*you!* how could *you*, by any possibility be instrumental in that great national act? Well, I'll tell you, said he, tho' it's a considerable of a long story too. When I returned from Poland, via London, in the flair speckelation of Jabish Green, I went down to Sheffield to execute a commission; I had to bribe some master workmen to go out to America, and if I didn't fix 'em it's a pity. The critters wouldn't go at no rate, without the most extravagant onreasonable wages, that no business could afford no how. Well, there was nothin' to be done but to agree to it; but things worked right in the long run: our folks soon larnt the business, and then they had to work for half nothin', or starve. It don't do to drive too hard a bargain always.

When I was down there a gentleman called on me one arternoon, one John Canter by name, and says he, Mr. Slick, I've called to see you to make some inquiries about America; me and my friends think of emigratin' there. Happy, says I, to give you any information in my power, sir, and a sociable dish o' chat is what I do like most amazin',—it's kind o' nateral to me talkin' is. So we sot down and chatted away about our great nation all the arternoon and evenin', and him and me got as thick as two thieves afore we parted.—If you will be to home to-morrow evenin', says he, I will call again, if you will give me leave. Sartin, says I, most happy.

Well, next evenin' he came ag'in; and in the course of talk, says he, I was born a quaker, Mr. Slick. Plenty of 'em with us, says I, and well to do in the world too,—considerable stiff folks in their way them quakers,—you can't no more move 'em than a church steeple. I like the quakers, too, says

I, for there are worse folks than them agoin' in the world by a long chalk. Well, lately I've dissented from 'em, says he.—Curious that too, says I. I was a thinkin' the beaver didn't shade the inner man quite as much as I have seed it: but, says I, I like dissent; it shows that a man has both a mind and a conscience too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't dissent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church always stands a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate creature that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that. A quaker is a very set man in his way; a dissenter therefore from a quaker must be what I call a considerable of a——obstinate man, says he, larfin'. No, says I, not gist exactly that, but he must carry a pretty tolerable stiff upper lip, tho'—that's a fact.

Well, says he, Mr. Slick, this country is an aristocratic country, a very aristocratic country indeed, and it taint easy for a man to push himself when he has no great friends or family interest; besides, if a man has some little talent—says he, (and he squeezed his chin between his fore-finger and thumb, as much as to say, tho' I say it that should'nt say it, I have a very tolerable share of it at any rate,) he has no opportunity of risin' by bringin' himself afore the public. Every avenue is filled. A man has no chance to come forward,—money won't do it, for that I have,—(talent won't do it, for the opportunity is wantin'. I believe I'll go to the States, where all men are equal, and one has neither the trouble of risin' nor the vexation of fallin'. Then you'd like to come forward in public life here, would you, said I, if you had a chance? I would, says he; that's the truth. Give me your hand then, says I, my friend, I've got an idea that will make your fortin. I'll put you in a track that will make a man of you first, and a nobleman afterwards, as sure as *thou* says *thee*. Walk into the niggers, says I, and they'll help you to walk into the whites, and they'll make you walk into parliament. Walk into the niggers! says he; and he sot and stared like a cat awatchin' of a mouse-hole;—walk into the niggers!—what's that? I don't onderstand you.—Take up 'mancipation, says I, and work it up till it works you up; call meetin's and make speeches to 'em;—get up sociclies and make reports to 'em;—get up petitions to parliament, and get signers to 'em. Enlist the women on your side, of all ages, sects, and denominations. Excite 'em first tho', for women

folks are poor tools till you get 'em up: but excite them, an' they'll go the whole figur,'—wake up the whole country. It's a grand subject for it,—broken hearted slaves killin' themselves in despair, or dyin' a lingerin' death,—task-master's whip acuttin' into their flesh,—burnin' suns,—days o' toil—nights o' grief—pestilential rice-grounds—chains—starvation—misery and death,—grand figur's them for or*atry*, and make splendid speeches, if well put together.

Says you, such is the spirit of British freedom, that the moment a slave touches our sea-girt shores, his spirit bursts its bonds; he stands 'mancipated, disenthralled, and liberated; his chains fall right off, and he walks in all the naked majesty of a great big black he nigger! It sounds Irish that, and Josiah used to say they come up to the Americans a'most in pure eloquence. It's grand, it's sublime that, you may depend. When you get 'em up to the right pitch, says you, we have no power in parliament; we must have abolition members. Certainly, says they, and who so fit as the good, the pious, the christian-like John Canter; up you are put then, and bundled free gratis, head over heels, into parliament. When you are in the House o' Commons, at it ag'in, blue-jacket, for life. Some good men, some weak men, and a most a plaguy sight of hypocritical men will join you. Cant carries sway always now. A large party in the House, and a wappin' large party out o' the house, must be kept quiet, conciliated, or whatever the right word is, and John Canter is made Lord Lavender.

I see, I see, said he; a glorious prospect of doin' good, of aidin' my fellow mortals, of bein' useful in my generation. I hope for a more imperishable reward than a coronet,—the approbation of my own conscience. Well, well, says I to myself, if you ain't the most impudent as well as pharisaical villain that ever went onhung, then I never seed a finished rascal,—that's all. He took my advice, and went right at it, tooth and nail; worked day and night, and made a'most a deuce of a stir. His name was in every paper;—a meetin' held here to-day,—that great and good man John Canter in the chair;—a meetin' held there to-morrow,—addressed most eloquently by that philanthropist, philosopher, and Christian, John Canter;—a society formed in one place, John Canter secretary;—a society formed in another place, John Canter president:—John Canter every where;—if you went to London, he handed you a subscription list,—if you went to Brigh-

ton, he met you with a petition,—if you went to Sheffield, he filled your pockets with tracts;—he was a complete jack-o'-lantern, here and there, and every where. The last I heerd tell of him was in parliament, and agoin' out governor-general of some of the colonies. I've seen a good many superfine saints in my time, squire, but this critter was the most upper-crust one I ever seed,—he did beat all.

Yes, the English desarve some credit no doubt; but when you substract electioneerin' party spirit, hippocracy, ambition, ministerial flourishes, and all the undertow causes that operated in this work, which at best was but clumsily contrived, and bunglin'ly executed, it don't leave so much to brag on arter all, does it now?

CHAPTER VIII.

TALKING LATIN.

Do you see them are country galls there, said Mr. Slick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nine's, a mincin' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were afear'd the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their face, like a printed cotton blind? Well, that's gist the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty, the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't; they live too extravagant, and dress too extravagant, and won't do what's the only thing that will supply this extravagance: that is, be industrious. Gist go into one of the meetin' houses, back here in the woods, where there ought to be nothin' but homespun cloth, and home-made stuffs and bonnets, and see the leghorns and pelmettors, and silks and shalleys, morenos, gauzes, and blonds, assembled there, enough to buy the best farm in the settlement. There's somethin' not altogether gist right in this; and the worst of these habits is, they ruinate the young folks, and they grow up as big goneys as the old ones, and eend in the same way, by bein' half-starved at last; there's a false pride, false feelin', and false edication here. I mind once, I was

down this way to Canaan, a vendin' o' my clocks, and who should I overtake but Nabal Green, apokin' along in his wagon, half-loaded with notions from the retail shops, at the cross roads. Why, Nabal, said I, are you agoin' to set up for a merchant, for I see you've got a considerable of an assortment of goods there? you've got enough o' them to make a pedlar's fortin a'most. Who's dead, and what's to pay now?

Why, friend Slick, said he, how do you do? who'd a thought o' seein you here? You see my old lady, said he, is agoin' for to give our Arabella, that's gist returned from bordin' school to Halifax, a let off to night. Most all the bettermost folks in these parts are axed, and the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister is invited; it's no skim-milk story, I do assure you, but upper crust, real jam. Ruth intends to do the thing handsome. She says she don't do it often, but when she does, she likes to go the whole figur', and do it genteel. If she hasn't a show of dough-nuts and prasarves, and apple sarse and punkin pies and sarsages, it's a pity; it's taken all hands of us, the old lady and her galls too, besides the helps, the best part of a week past preparin'. I say nothin', but it's most turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or toatin' 'em out of that into t'other, and all in such a confilustrigation, that I'm glad when they send me of an arrand to be out of the way. It's lucky them harrycanes don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy-turvey like,—that's sartin. Won't you call in and see us to night, Mr. Slick? folks will be amazin' glad to see you, and I'll show you some as pritty lookin' galls to my mind, in our settlement here, as you'll see in Connecticut, I know. Well, says I, I don't care if I do; there's nothin' I like more nor a frolic, and the dear little critters I do like to be among 'em too,—that's sartin.

In the evenin' I drives over to Nabal's, and arter puttin' up my beast, Old Clay, I goes into the house, and sure enough, there they was as big as life. The young ladies asittin' on one side, and the men a standin' up by the door, and chatterin' away in great good humour. There was a young chap a holdin' forth to the men about politics; he was a young trader, set up by some merchant in Halifax, to ruinate the settlement with good-for-nothin' trumpery they hadn't no occasion for,—chock full of conceit and affectation, and beginnin' to feel his way with the yard-stick to assembly already.

Great dandy was Mr. Bobbin; he looked gist as if he had

came out of the tailor's hands, spic and span; put out his lips and drew down his brow, as if he had a trick o' thinkin sometimes—nodded his head and winked, as if he knew more than he'd like to tell—talked of talent quite glib, but disdainful, as if he would'nt touch some folks with a pair of tongs; a great scholar too was Mr. Bobbin, always spoke dictionary, and used heavy artillery words. I don't entertain no manner of doubt if government would take him at his own valuation, he'd be found to be a man o' great worth. I never liked the critter, and always gave him a poke when I got a chance. He was a town meetin' orator; grand school that to larn public speakin', squire; a nice muddy pool for young ducks to larn to swim in. He was a grand hand to read lectures, in blacksmiths' shops, at vandues, and the like, and talked politics over his counter at a great size. He looked big and talked big, and altogether was a considerable big man in his own conceit. He dealt in reform. He had ballot tape, suffrage ribbon, radical lace, no tithe hats, and beautiful pipes with a democrat's head on 'em, and the maxim, "No sinecure," under it. Every thing had its motto. No, sir, said he, to some one he was a talkin' to as I came in, this country is attenuated to pulverization by its aristocracy—a proud haughty aristocracy; a corrupt, a lignious, and a lapidinous aristocracy; put them into a parcel, envelope 'em with a panoply of paper, tie them up and put them into the scales, and they will be found wantin'. There is not a pound of honesty among 'em, nay not an ounce, nay not a penny weight. The article is wanting—it is not in their catalogue. The word never occurs either in their order, or in their invoice. They wont bear the inspection,—they are not marchantable,—nothin' but refuse.

If there is no honesty in the market, says I, why don't you import some, and retail it out? you might make some considerable profit on it, and do good to the country too; it would be quite patriotic that. I'm glad to see, says I, one honest man talkin' politics any how, for there's one thing I've obsarved in the course of my experience, whenever a man suspects all the world that's above him, of roguery, he must be a pretty considerable superfine darned—(rogue himself, whispered some critter standin' by, loud enough for all on 'em to hear, and to set the whole party achokin' with larfter)—judge of the article himself, says I. Now, says I, if you do import it, gist let us know how you sell it,—by the yard, the quart, or the pound, will you? for it ain't set down in any tradin' tables

I've seen, whether it is for long measure, dry measure, or weight.

Well, says he, atryin' to larf, as if he didn't take the hint, I'll let you know, for it might be some use to you perhaps, in the clock trade. May be, you'll be a customer, as well as the aristocrats. But how is clocks now? said he, and he gave his neighbour a nudge with his elbow, as much as to say, I guess it's my turn now,—how do clocks go? Like some young country traders I've seen in my time, says I; don't go long afore they are run down, and have to be wound up again. They are considerable better too, like them, for bein' kept in their own place, and plaguy apt to go wrong when moved out of it. Thinks I to myself, take your change out o' that, young man, will you? for I'd heerd tell the goney had said they had cheats enough in Nova Scotia, without havin' Yankee clockmakers to put new wrinkles on their horns. Why, you are quite witty this evenin', said he; you've been masticatin' mustard, I apprehend; I was always fond of it from a boy, said I, and it's a pity the blue noses didn't chew a little more of it, I tell you; it would help 'em, p'raps, to disgest their jokes better, I estimate. Why, I didn't mean no offence, said he, I do assure you. Nor I neither, said I; I hope you didn't take it any way parsonal.

Says I, friend Bobbin, you have talked a considerable hard o' me afore now, and made out the Yankees, most as big rogues as your great men be; but I never thought any thing hard of it: I only said, says I, he puts me in mind of Mrs. Squire Ichabod Birch. What's that? says the folks. Why, says I, Marm Birch was acomin' down stairs one mornin' airly, and what should she see but the stable-help akissin' of the cook in the corner of the entry, and she afendin' off like a brave one. You good-for-nothin' hussy, said Marm Birch, get out of my house this minit: I won't have no such ondecent carryin's on here, on no account. You horrid critter, get out o' my sight; and as for you, said she to the Irishman, don't you never dare to show your ugly face here agin. I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves,—both on you begone; away with you, bag and baggage!

Hullo! says the squire, as he follerd down in his dressin' gownd and slippers; hullo! says he, what's all this touss about? Nothin', says Pat, ascratchin' of his head, nothin', your honour,—only the mistress says she'll have no kissin' in the house, but what she does herself. The cook had my jack-

knife in her pocket, your honour, and wouldn't give it to me, but sot off and ran here with it, and I arter her, and caught her. I gist put my hand in her pocket promisc'ously to sarch for it,—and when I found it I was tryin' to kiss her by way of forfeit like, and that's the long and short o' the matter. The mistress says she'll let no one but herself in the house do that same. Tut,—tut,—tut! says the squire, and larfed right out; both on you go and attend to your work then, and let's hear no more about it. Now, you are like Marm Birch, friend Bobbin, says I—you think nobody has a right to be honest but yourself; but there is more o' that arter all agoin' in the world, than you have any notion of, I tell you.

Feelin' a hand on my arm, I turns round, and who should I see but Marm Green. Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick? I've been looking' all about for you for ever so long. How do you do?—I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, marm, says I, tho' not quite as strong, and a great deal heartier for a seein' of you. How be you? Reasonable well, and stirrin', says she: I try to keep amovin'; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella: have you seen her yet? No, says I, I havn't had the pleasure since her return: but I hear folks say she is a'most splendid fine gall. Well, come, then, said she, atakin' o' my arm, let me introduce you to her. She *is* a fine gall, Mr. Slick, that's a fact; and tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gall too. There is no touch to her in these parts: minister's daughter that was all one winter to St. John can't hold a candle to her. Can't she, tho'? said I. No, said she, that she can't, the consaited minx, tho' she does carry her head so high. One of the gentlemen that played at the show of the wild beasts said to me, says he, I'll tell you what it is, Marm Green, said he, your daughter has a beautiful touch—that's a fact; most galls can play a little, but yours does the thing complete. And so she ought, says she, takin' her five quarters into view. Five quarters! said I; well, if that don't beat all! well, I never heerd tell of a gall havin' five quarters afore since I was raised! The skin, said I, I must say, is a most beautiful one; but as for the tallow, who ever heard of a gall's tallow?

The fifth quarter!—Oh Lord! said I, marm, you'll kill me,—and I haw hawed right out. Why, Mr. Slick, says she, ain't you ashamed? do, for gracious sake, behave yourself; I meant five quarters' schoolin': what a droll man you be.

Oh! five quarters' schoolin'! says I; now I understand. And, said she, if she don't paint it's a pity? Paint! said I; why, you don't say so! I thought that are beautiful colour was all nateral. Well, I never could kiss a gall that painted. Mother used to say it was sailin' under false colours—I 'most wonder you could allow her to paint, for I'm sure there ain't the least morsel of occasion for it in the world: you may say *that*—it *is* a pity! Get out, said she, you imperance; you know'd better nor that; I meant her pictures. Oh! her pictures, said I; now I see;—does she, tho'? Well, that *is* an accomplishment you don't often see, I tell you.—Let her alone for that, said her mother. Here, Arabella, dear, said she, come here dear, and bring Mr. Slick your pictur' of the river that's got the two vessels in it,—Captain Noah Oak's sloop, and Peter Zinck's schooner. Why, my sakes, mamma, said Miss Arabella, with a toss of her pretty little saucy mug, do you expect me to show that to Mr. Slick? why, he'll only larf at it,—he larfs at every thing that ain't Yankee. Larf, said I, now do tell: I guess I'd be very sorry to do such an ongenteel thing, to any one,—much less, Miss, to a young lady like you. No indeed, not I. Yes, said her mother; do, Bella, dear; Mr. Slick will excuse any little defects, I'm sure; she's had only five quarters you know, and you'll make allowances, won't you, Mr. Slick? I dare say, I said, they don't stand in need of no allowances at all, so don't be so backward, my dear After a good deal of mock modesty, out skips Miss Arabella, and returns with a great large water colour drawin' as big as a winder-shutter, and carried it up afore her face as a hookin' cow does a board over her eyes to keep her from makin' right at you. Now, said her mother, lookin' as pleased as a peacock when it's in full fig with its head and tail up, now, says she, Mr. Slick, you are a considerable judge of paintin'—seein' that you do bronzin' and gildin' so beautiful—now don't you call that splendid? Splendid! says I; I guess there ain't the beat of it to be found in this country, any how; I never seed any thing like it: you couldn't ditto it in the province I know. I guess not, said her mother, nor in the next province neither. It sartainly beats all, said I. And so it did, Squire; you'd adied if you'd aseed it, for larfin. There was two vessels one right above t'other, a great big black cloud on the top, and a church-steeple standin' under the bottom of the schooner. Well, says I, that *is* beautiful—that's a fact; but the water, said I, miss; you havn't done

that yet; when you put that in, it will be complete. Not yet, said she; the greatest difficulty I have in paintin' is in makin' water. Have you tho'? said I; well that is a pity. Yes, said she, it's the hardest thing in natur'—I cant do it straight, nor make it look of the right colour; and Mr. Acre, our master, said you must always make water in straight lines in' painting, or it ain't natural and ain't pleasin': vessels too are considerable hard; if you make them straight up and down they look stiff and ongraceful like, and if you put them onder sail then you should know all about fixin' the sails the right way for the wind—if you don't, it's blundersome. I'm terribly troubled with the effect of wind. Oh! says I. Yes, I am, said she, and if I could only manage wind and water in paintin' landscapes, why it would be nothin'—I'd do 'em in a jiffey; but to produce the right effect these things take a great deal of practice. I thought I should have snorted right out to hear the little critter run on with such a regular bam. Oh dear! said I to myself, what pains some folks do take to make fools of their children: here's as nice a little heifer as ever was, alettin' of her clapper run away with her like an onruly horse; she don't know where it will take her to yet, no more than the man in the moon.

As she carried it out again, her mother said, Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that;—she is throwed away here; but I was determined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dalhousie and Sherbrooke: you have combined schools in the States, hav'n't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have, said I; boys and galls combined; I was to one on 'em, when I was considerable well grown up: Lord, what fun we had! It's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once,—Oh fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a siminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they larn Latin and English combined. Oh latten! said I; they larn latten there, do they? Well, come, there is some sense in that; I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten; father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin' tin over iron,—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has

been of great sarvice to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genuwine metals,—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you atalkin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I; I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heerd tell of any. What is it? Why, it's a——it's a——. Oh, you know well enough, said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it any thing in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton warp way? Your head, said she, considerable miffy, is always a runnin' on a factory. Latin is a ——. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin, says he,—why, Latin is——ahem, it's———what they teach at the Combined School. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is,—am-o, I love; am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is love and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion,—and I got up, and slipt my hand into hers—you hadn't no occasion to go to the Combined School to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a—— and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are asaying of? Talkin' Latin, says I,—awinkin' to Arabella;—ain't we, miss? Oh yes, said she,—returnin' the squeeze of my hand and larfin';—oh yes, mother, arter all he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the eend of the room, and left us a—*talking Latin.*

I hadn't been asittin' there long afore doctor Ivory Hovey came up, asmirkin', and asmilin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin' very witty; and I observed, the moment he came, Arabella took herself off. She said, she couldn't 'bide him at all. Well, Mr. Slick, said he, how are you? how do you do, upon an average, eh? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of fine bloomin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I *guess*—

(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks larf all round,)—said he, for you to speckilate for a wife, eh? Well, says I, there is a pretty show o' galls,—that's sartain,—but they wouldn't condescend to the like o' me. I was athinkin' there was some on 'em that would gist suit you to a T. *Me*, says he, adrawin' of himself up and looking big,—*me!* and he turned up his nose like a pointer dog when the birds flowed off. When *I* honour a lady with the offer of *my* hand, says he, it *will* be a *lady*. Well, thinks I, if you ain't a consaited critter it's a pity; most on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will gist pay you off in your own coin. Says I, you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicot's dog. What's that? says the folks acrowdin' round to hear it, for I seed plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morsel. Says I, he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him every where he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always abotherin' of the judges, agettin' between their legs, and they used to order him to be turned out every day, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Person said to the constable one day, in a voice of thunder, Turn out that dog! and the judge gave him a kick that sent him half-way across the room, yelpin' and howlin' like any thing. The lawyer was properly vexed at this; so says he to the dog, Pompey, says he, come here! and the dog came up to him. Didn't I always tell you, said he, to keep out o' bad company? Take that, said he, agivin' of him a'most an awful kick,—take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen; and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend. What do you mean by that are story, sir? said he, abristlin' up like a mastiff. Nothin', says I; only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's too good for him, by mistake; and, if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt to get bundled out faster than he came in; and I got up and walked away to the other side.

Folks gave him the nickname of Endicot's dog arter that, and I was glad on it; it sarved him right, the consaited ass. I heerd the critter amutterin' sun'thin' of the Clockmaker illustratin' his own case, but, as I didn't want to be parsonal, I made as if I didn't hear him. As I went over towards the side table, who should I see aleanin' up against it but Mr. Bobbin, pretty considerably well shaved, with a glass o' grog in his hand, alookin' as cross as you please, and so far gone, he was athinkin' aloud, and atalkin' to himself. There comes

"soft sawder," says he, and "human natur',"—ameanin' me,—a Yankee broom,—wooden nutmegs,—cussed sarcy,—great mind to kick him. Arabella's got her head turned,—consaited minx;—good exterior, but nothin' in her,—like Slick's clocks, all gilded and varnished outside, and soft wood within. Gist do for Ivory Hovey,—same breed,—big head,—long ears,—a pair of donkeys! Shy old cock, that deacon,—joins Temperance Societies to get popular,—slips the gin in, pretends it's water;—I see him. But here goes, I believe I'll slip off. Thinks I, it's gettin' on for mornin'; I'll slip off too; so out I goes and harnesses up Old Clay, and drives home.

Gist as I came from the barn and got opposite to the house, I heerd some one acrackin' of his whip, and abawlin' out at a great size, and I looked up, and who should I see but Bobbin in his wagon ag'in the pole fence. Comin' in the air had made him blind drunk. He was alickin' away at the top pole of the fence, and afancying his horse was there, and wouldn't go.—Who comes there? said he. Clockmaker, said I. Gist take my horse by the head,—that's a good feller,—will you? said he, and lead him out as far as the road. Cuss him, he won't stir. Spiles a good horse to lead him, says I; he always looks for it again. Gist you lay it on to him well,—his hams ain't made o' hickory like mine. Cut away at him; he'll go by and by;—and I drove away and left him acuttin' and aslashin' at the fence for dear life. Thinks I, you are not the first ass that has been brought *to a poll*, any how.

Next day, I met Nabal. Well, said he, Mr. Slick, you hit your young trader rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you, tho', for the critter is so full of consait, it will do him good. He wants to pull every one down to his own level, as he can't rise to theirs, and is for everlastin'ly spoutin' about House of Assembly business, officials, aristocrats, and such stuff; he'd be a plaguy sight better, in my mind, attendin' to his own business, instead of talkin' of other folks'; and usin' his yardstick more, and his tongue less. And between you and me, Mr. Slick, said he,—tho' I hope you won't let on to any one that I said any thing to you about it—but atween ourselves, as we are alone here, I am athinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Latin, is very well, I consait, for them who have time for it, and nothin' better to do to home. It's better p'r'aps to be adoin' of that than adoin' of nothin'; but

for the like o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were a little out of place. Be candid now, said he, for I should like to hear what your rael genuwine opinion is touchin' this matter, seein' that you know a good deal of the world.

Why, friend Nabal, says I, as you've asked my advice, I'll give it to you; tho' any thin' partainin' to the apron-string is what I don't call myself a judge of, and feel delicate of meddlin' with. Woman is woman, says I; that's a fact; and a feller that will go for to provoke hornets, is plaguy apt to get himself stung, and I don't know as it does not sarve him right too; but this I must say, friend, that you're just about half right,—that's a fact. The proper music for a farmer's house is the spinnin'-wheel—the true paintin' the dye stuffs,—and the tambourin' the loom. Teach Arabella to be useful and not showy, prudent and not extravagant. She is gist about as nice a gall as you'll see in a day's ride; now don't spoil her, and let her get her head turned, for it would be a rael right down pity. One thing you may depend on for sartain, as a maxim in the farmin' line,—*a good darter and a good housekeeper, is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE SNOW WREATH.

WHOEVER has read Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia (which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cuttyhunk, in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen,) will recollect that this good city of Annapolis is the most ancient one in North America; but there is one fact omitted by that author, which I trust he will not think an intrusion upon his province, if I take the liberty of recording, and that is, that in addition to its being the most ancient—it is also the most loyal city of this Western Hemisphere. This character it has always sustained, and "royal," as a mark of peculiar favor, has ever been added to its cognomen by every government that has had dominion over it.

Under the French, with whom it was a great favorite, it

was called Port Royal; and the good Queen Anne, who condescended to adopt it, permitted it to be called Annapolis Royal. A book issuing from Nova Scotia is, as Blackwood very justly observes, in his never-to-be-forgotten, nor ever-to-be-sufficiently-admired review of the first series of this work, one of those unexpected events that from their great improbability, appear almost incredible. Entertaining no doubt, therefore, that every member of the cabinet will read this *lusus naturæ*, I take this opportunity of informing them that our most gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, has not in all her wide-spread dominions more devoted or loyal subjects than the good people of Annapolis Royal.

Here it was, said I, Mr. Slick, that the egg was laid of that American bird, whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent. Well, it is a most beautiful bird too, ain't it? said he; what a plumage it has! what a size it is! It is a whopper—that's sartain; it has the courage and the soarin' of the eagle, and the colour of the peacock, and his majestic step and keen eye; the world never seed the beat of it; that's a fact. How streaked the English must feel when they think they once had it in the cage and could'nt keep it there; it is a pity they are so invyous tho', I declare. Not at all, I assure you, I replied; there's not a man among them who is not ready to admit all you have advanced in favour of your national emblem; the fantastic strut of the peacock, the melodious and attic tones, the gaudy apparel, the fondness for display which is perpetually exhibiting to the world the extended tail with painted stars, the amiable disposition of the bird towards the younger and feebler offspring of others, the unwieldy——— I thought so, said he; I had'nt ought to have spoke of it afore you, for it does seem to ryle you; that's sartain; and I don't know as it was gist altogether right to allude to a thin' that is so humblin' to your national pride. But, squire, ain't this been a hot day? I think it would pass muster among the hot ones of the West Indgies a'most. I do wish I could gist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't seed such thawy weather this many a year, I know. I calculate I will brew a little lemonade, for Marm Bailey ginerally keeps the materials for that Temperance Society drink.

This climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very

near freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter eend of February, as far as my memory sarves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

Says Marm Bailey to me, Mr. Slick, says she, I don't know what onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax here, and a batch of moose-hunting officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chuck full, I declare. Well, says I, I'm no ways partikilar—I can put up with most anything. I'll gist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come, says I, first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now-a days. Yes, I'll gist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm birth it is too. Well, says she, I can't think o' that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.

So arter supper, old Johnny Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was somethin' or another about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely-looking critter, but her countenance was sad; she was tall and well-made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had was a little fever-like lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble-like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not, that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one morsel, but was full formed and well waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for somethin' or another had gone wrong,—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me, she looked so

streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry, and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll gist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute ears in Annapolis; there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heerd all over town in two two's and sometimes they think they heer 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a larf, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikiler; but still no smile; her face was cold and clear and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent too, you could see the veins in it. Arter awhile, the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it; but oh! my sakes, how cold! it was like goin' down into a well in summer—it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Your tumbler is out, squire; try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin' wood, (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate;) and then I undressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes around me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets,—and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then, you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one minit, and the snow crackin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartainty. If I go for to drop off asleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like, out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in another,—then I doubled up all on a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend;—at last I began to nod

had melted and trickled down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes, and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad it was all a dream, you may depend—but amazin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks with the 'cute rheumatis,—that's a fact.

But your pale young friend, said I; did you ever see her again? pray, what became of her? Would you believe it? said he; the next mornin', when I came down, there sot Katey by the fire, lookin' as bloomin' as a rose, and as chipper as a canary bird;—the fact is, I was so uncommon cold, and so sleepy too, the night afore, that I thought every body and every thing looked cold and dismal too. Mornin', sir, said she, as I entered the keepin' room; mornin' to you, Mr. Slick; how did you sleep last night? I'm most afeard you found that are room dreadful cold, for little Biney opened the window at the head of the bed to make the fire draw and start the smoke up, and forgot to shut it again, and I guess it was wide open all night;—I minded it arter I got to bed, and I thought I should ha' died a larfin'. Thank you, said I, for that; but you forget you come and shot it yourself. Me! said she; I never did no such a thing. Catch me indeed agoin into a gentleman's chamber; no, indeed, not for the world! If I wasn't cold, said I, it's a pity,—that's all; I was 'een a'most frozen as stiff as a poker, and near about frightened to death too, for I seed you or your ghost last night, as plain as I see you now; that's a fact. A ghost! said she; how you talk! do tell. Why, how was that? Well, I told her the whole story from beginning to eend. First she larfed ready to split at my account of the cold room, and my bein' afeard to go to sleep; but then she stopt pretty short, I guess, and blushed like anything, when I told her about her comin' into the chamber, and looked proper frightened, not knowin' what was to come next; but when she heerd of her turnin' first into an icecicle, and then into a snow-drift, she haw-hawed right out. I thought she actilly would have gone into hysterics. You might have frozen, said she, in rael right down earnest, afore I'd agone into your chamber at that time o'night to see arter you, or your fire either, said she, you may depend: I can't think what on airth could have put that are crotchet into your head. Nor I neither, said I; and besides, said I, aketchin' hold of her hand, and drawin' her close to me,—and besides, says I,—I shouldn't have felt so awful cold neither, if you ——. Hold your tongue, said she, you goney you, this min-

nit; I won't hear another word about it, and go right off and get your breakfast, for you was sent for half an hour ago. Arter bein' mocked all night, says I, by them are icy lips of your ghost. Now I see them are pretty little sarcy ones of your'n, I think I must, and I'll be darned if I won't have a ——. Well, I estimate you won't, then, said she, you impedence,—and she did fend off like a brave one—that's a fact; she made frill, shirt collar, and dickey, fly like snow; she was as smart as a fox trap, and as wicked as a meat axe;—there was no gettin' near her no how. At last, says she, if there ain't mother acomin', I do declare, and my hair is all spifflicated, too, like a mop,—and my dress all rumfoozled, like any thing,—do, for gracious sake, set things to right a little, afore mother comes in, and then cut and run: my heart is in my mouth, I declare. Then she sot down in a chair, and put both hands behind her head a puttin' in her combs. Oh dear, said she, pretendin' to try to get away; is that what you call puttin' things to rights? Don't squeeze so hard; you'll choke me, I vow. It tante me that's achokin' of you, says I, it's the heart that's in your mouth. Oh, if it had only been them lips instead of the ghost! Quick, says she, aopenin' of the door,—I hear mother on the steps;—quick, be off; but mind you don't tell any one that ghost story; people might think there was more in it than met the ear. Well, well, said I to myself, for a pale face, sad, melancholy lookin' gall, if you hav'n't turned out as rosy a rompin', larkin', light-hearted a heifer as ever I seed afore, it's a pity.—There's another lemon left, squire, s'pose we mix a little more sourin' afore we turn in, and take another glass "to the widder's darter."

CHAPTER X.

THE TALISMAN.

It was our intention to have left Annapolis this morning after breakfast, and proceeded to Digby, a small but beautiful village, situated at the entrance of that magnificent sheet of water, once known as Port Royal Bason, but lately by the more euphonious appellation of the "Gut." But Mr. Slick was missing, nor could any trace of him be found; I therefore ordered the horse again to the stable, and awaited his

return with all due patience. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before he made his appearance. Sorry to keep you awaitin', said he, but I got completely let in for it this mornin'; I put my foot in it, you may depend. I've got a grand story to tell you, and one that will make you larf too, I know. Where do you think I've been of all places onder the sun? Why, I've been to court; that's a fact. I seed a great crowd of folks about the door, and thinks I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? I think I'll just step in for a minit and see.

What's on the carpet to-day? says I to a blue nose; what's goin' on here? Why, said he, they are agoin' for to try a Yankee. What for? said I. Steelin', says he. A Yankee, says I to myself; well, that's strange too; that beats me anyhow; I never heerd tell of a Yankee bein' such a born fool as to steal. If the feller has been such a ravin' destracted goney, I hope they will hang him, the varmint; that's a fact. It's mostly them thick-skulled, wrong-headed, cussed stupid fools the British that do that are; they ain't brought up well, and hav'n't got no edication; but our folks know better; they've been better larned than to do the like o' that—they can get most any thing they want by gettin' hold on the right eend in a bargain; they do manage beautiful in a trade, a slight o' hand, a loan, a failin', a speckelation, swamp, thimble-rig, or some how or another in the regular way within the law; but as for steelin'—never—I don't believe he's a Yankee. No, thinks I, he can't be American, bred and born, for we are too enlighened for that, by a long chalk. We have a great respect for the laws, squire; we've been bred to that, and always uphold the dignity of the law. I recollect once that some of our young citizens away above Montgomery got into a flareup with a party of boatmen that lives on the Mississippi; a desperate row it was, too, and three of the Kentuckians were killed as dead as herrins'. Well, they were had up for it afore Judge Cotton. He was one of our revolutionary heroes, a starn, hard-featured old man, quite a Cato—and he did curry 'em down with a heavy hand, you may depend;—he had no marcy on 'em. There he sot with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, lookin' as sour as an onripe lemon. Bring up them culprits, said he, and when they were brought up he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignoran foreigners that sit on the outer porch of darkness, and no high-minded intelligent Americans. You are a disgrace, sai

he, to our great nation, and I hope I shall never hear the like of it ag'in. If I do, I'll put you on trial as sure as you are born, I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats, if I don't. Well, they didn't like this kind o' talk at all, so that night away they goes to the judge's house to teach him a thing or two, with a cowskin, and kicked up a deuce of a row; and what do you think the neighbours *did*? Why, they gist walked in, seized the ringleaders and lynched them in less than ten minits, on one of the linden trees afore the judge's door.

They said *the law must be vindicated*—and that courts must be upheld by all quiet, orderly people, for a terror to evil-doers. The law must take its course. No, thinks I, he can't be a Yankee;—if he was, and had awanted the article, he would ha' done him out of it, p'r'aps in a trade, bein' too experienced a man of business for him; but steal it, never, never—I don't believe it, I vow. Well, I walked into the court-house, and there was a great crowd of folks there, a jabberin' and a talkin' away like any thing (for blue nose needn't turn his back on any one for talkin'—the critter is all tongue, like an old horse)—presently in come one or two young lawyers, in a dreadful hurry, with great piles of books under their arms with white leather covers, and great bundles of papers tied with red tape, and put 'em down on the table afore 'em, lookin' very big with the quantity of larnin' they carried; thinks I, young shavers, if you had more of that in your heads, and less under your arms, you would have the use of your hands to play with your thumbs, when you had nothin' to do. Then came in one or two old lawyers, and sot down and nodded here and there, to some o' the upper-crust folks o' the county, and then shook hands amazin' hearty with the young lawyers, and the young lawyers larfed, and the old ones larfed, and they all nodded their heads together like a flock of geese agoin' thro' a gate.

Presently the sheriff calls out at the tip end of his voice, "Clear the way for the judge;"—and the judge walks up to the bench, lookin' down to his feet to see he didn't tread on other folks' toes, and put his arm behind his back, and twirls the tail of his gown over it so, that other folks mightn't tread on his'n. Well, when he gets to the bench, he stands up as straight as a liberty pole, and the lawyers all stand up straight too, and clap their eyes on his till he winks, and then both on 'em slowly bend their bodies forward till they nearly touch

the tables with their noses, and then they sot down, and the judge took a look all round, as if he saw every thing in general and nothin' in partikilar—I never seed anything so queer afore, I vow. It puts me in mind o' the Chinese, but they bob their foreheads clean away down to the very floor.

Well, then, said the crier, "Oh yes! Oh yes! His Majesty's (I mean her Majesty's) court is now opened. God save the King (I mean the Queen.)" Oh! if folks didn't larf it's a pity—for I've often obsarved it takes but a very small joke to make a crowd larf. They'll larf at nothin' amost. Silence, said the sheriff, and all was as still as moonlight. It looked strange to me, you may depend, for the lawyers looked like so many ministers all dressed in black gowns and white bands on, only they acted more like players than preachers, a plaguy sight. But, said I, is not this the case in your country; is there not some sort of professional garb worn by the bar of the United States, and do not the barristers and the court exchange those salutations which the common courtesies of life not only sanction but imperatively require as essential to the preservation of mutual respect and general good breeding? What on airth, said the Clockmaker, can a black gound have to do with intelligence? Them sort of liveries may do in Europe, but they don't convene to our free and enlightened citizens. It's too foreign for us, too unphilosophical, too feudal, and a remnant o' the dark ages. No sir; our lawyers do as they like. Some on 'em dress in black, and some in white; some carry walking-sticks, and some umbrallas, some whittle sticks with pen-knives, and some shave the table, and some put their legs under the desks, and some put 'em a top of them, just as it suits them. They sit as they please, dress as they please, and talk as they please; we are a free people. I guess if a judge in our country was to order the lawyers to appear all dressed in black, they'd soon ax him who elected him director-general of fashions, and where he found such arbitrary power in the constitution, as that, committed to any man.

But I was agoin' to tell you 'bout the trial.—Presently one o' the old lawyers got up, and said he, My lord, said he, I *move*, your lordship, that the prisoner may be brought up. And if it warn't a *move* it was a pity. The lawyer *moved* the judge, and the judge *moved* the sheriff, and the sheriff *moved* the crowd, for they all *moved* out together, leavin' hardly any one on them, but the judge and the lawyers; and in a few minits they all *moved* back ag'in with a prisoner.

They seemed as if they had never seen a prisoner before. When they came to call the jury they did'nt all answer; so says the sheriff to me, walk in the box—you sir, with the blue coat. Do you indicate me, sir? said I. Yes, says he, I do; walk in the box. I give you thanks, sir, says I, but I'd rather stand where I be; I've no occasion to sit; and besides, I guess, I must be a movin.' Walk in the box, sir, said he, and he roared like thunder. And, says the judge, a lookin' up, and smilin' and speakin' as soft as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, you *must* walk in the box, sir. Well, says I, to oblige you, says I, my lord, I will; but there don't seem much room in it *to* walk, I vow. You are called upon, sir, says the judge, as a talisman; take your seat in the box, and be silent. If I must, says I, I do suppose I must; but I don't like the office, and I don't believe I've got a marker about me; but if you've are a piece of chalk about you, or could give me or lend me an old pencil, I'll try to cipher it as well as I can, and do my possibles to give you satisfaction, my lord. What are you atalkin' about, sir? said he—what do you mean by such nonsense? Why, says I, my lord, I've been told that in this country, and indeed I know it is the *practice* almost all over ourn for the jury to *chalk*, that is, every man chalks down on the wall his vote; one man ten pounds, one twenty, another thirty, and another five pounds, and so; and then they add them all up, and divide by twelve, and that makes the vardict. Now if I'm to be *talysman* says I, and keep *count*, I'll chalk it as straight as a boot-jack. The judge throwed himself back in his chair, and turning to the sheriff, says he, is it possible, Mr. Sheriff, that such an abominable practice as this exists in this country? or that people, under the solemn obligation of an oath, can conduct themselves with so much levity as to make their verdict depend upon chance, and not upon reason? If I was to know an instance of the kind, said he,—and he looked battle, murder, and sudden death—I'd both fine and imprison the jury—I would, by —— (and he gave the corner of his mouth a twist just in time to keep in an oath that was on the tip of his tongue,) and he hesitated a little to think how to get out of the scrape—at least I consaited so—by and with the full consent of my brethren on the bench.

I have my suspicions, said the Clockmaker, that the judge had heerd tell of that pra*ctice* afore, and was only waitin' for a complaint to take notice of it regilar-like, for them old judges are as cunnin' as foxes; and if he had, I must say he did do

the surprise very well, for he looked all struck up of a heap, like a vessel taken aback with a squall, agoin' down starn foremost.

Who is that man? said he. I am a clockmaker, sir, said I. I didn't ask you what you were, sir, says he, acolorin' up; I asked you who you were. I'm Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, sir, says I, a clockmaker from Onion County, State of Connecticut, in the United States of America. You are exempt, said he—you may walk *out of the box*. Thinks I to myself, old chap, next time you want a talisman take one of your own folks, will you? Well, when I looked up to the prisoner, sure enough I seed he was one of our citizens, one "Expected Thorne," of our town, an endless villain, that had been two or three times in the State's prison. The case was a very plain one. Captain Billy Slocum produced a watch, which he said was his'n; he said he went our arter dinner, leavin' his watch ahangin' up over the mantle piece, and when he returned to tea it was gone, and that it was found in Expected Thorne's possession. Long before the evidence was gone through, I seed he was guilty, the villain. There is a sort of freemasonry in hippocrasy, squire, you may depend. It has its signs and looks by which the brotherhood know each other; and as charity hopeth all things, and forgiveth all things, these appeals of the elect of each other from the lowest depths of woe, whether conveyed by the eye, the garb, or the tongue, are seldom made in vain.

Expected had seed too much of the world, I estimate, not to know that. If he hadn't his go-to-meetin' dress and looks on this day to do the jury, it's a pity. He had his hair combed down as straight as a horse's mane; a little thin white cravat, nicely plaited and tied plain, garnished his neck, as a white towel does a dish of calves' head—a standin' up collar to his coat gave it the true cut, and the gilt buttons covered with cloth eschewed the gaudy ornaments of sinful, carnal man. He looked as demure as a harlot at a christenin'—drew down the corners of his mouth, so as to contract the trumpet of his nose, and give the right base twang to the voice, and turned up the whites of his eyes, as if he had been in the habit of lookin' in upon the inner man for self-examination and reproach. Oh, he looked like a martyr; gist like a man who would suffer death for conscience sake, and forgive his enemies with his dyin' breath.

Gentlemen of the jury, says Expected, I am a stranger and

a sojourner in this land, but I have many friends and receive much kindness, thanks be to divine Providence for all his goodness to me a sinner; and I don't make no doubt that tho' I be a stranger, his lordship's honor will, under Providence, see justice done to me. The last time I was to Captain Billy's house I seed his watch, and that it was out of order, and I offered to clean it and repair it for him for nothin', free gratis, *that I can't prove.* But I'll tell you what *I can prove*, and it's a privilege for which I desire to render thanks; that when that gentleman, the constable, came to me, and said he came about the watch, I said to him, right out at once, "She's cleaned, says I, but wants regulatin'; if Captain Billy is in a hurry for her he can have her, but he had better leave her two or three days to get the right beat." And never did I deny havin' it as a guilty man would have done. And, my lord, said he, and gentlemen of the jury (and he turned up his ugly cantin' mug full round to the box)—I trust I know too well the awful account I must one day give of the deeds done in the flesh to peril my immortal soul for vain, idle, sinful toys; and he held up his hands together, and looked upwards till his eyes turned in like them are ones in a marble statue, and his lips kept amovin' some time as if he was lost in inward prayer.

Well, the constable proved it word for word, and the judge said it *did* appear that there was some mistake; at all events, it *did not* appear there was evidence of a felonious takin', and he was acquitted. As soon as it was over, Expected comes to me in the corner, and, says he, quite bold like, Mornin', Slick, how do you do? And then whisperin' in my ear, says he, Didn't I do 'em pretty? cuss 'em—that's all. Let old Connecticut alone yet—she's too much for any on 'em, I know. The truth is, the moment I seed that cussed critter, that constable acomin', I seed his arrand with half an eye, and had that are story ready-tongued and grooved for him, as quick as wink. Says I, I wish they had ahanged you, with all my heart; it's such critters as you that lower the national character of our free and enlightened citizens, and degrade it in the eyes of foreigners. The eyes of foreigners be d——d! said he. Who cares what they think?—and as for these blue noses, they ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with,—the stupid, punkin-headed, concaited blockheads!—cuss me if they have. Well, says I, they ain't such an enlightened people as we are, that's sartain, but that

don't justify you a bit; you hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong indeed. You might have traded with him, and got it for half nothin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' marchants sew up the soft-horned British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and give your note, and cut stick afore the note came due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally, without resortin', as foreigners do, to stealin'. We are a moral people,—a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any, and all the nations of the univarsal world, out of any thing, in the hundred of millions of clever shifts there are in trade; but as for stealin', I despise it; it's a low, blackguard, dirty, mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. *An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!*

CHAPTER XI.

ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

The next morning we resumed our journey, and travelling through the township of Clements, and crossing Moose and Bear rivers, reached Digby early in the afternoon. It was a most delightful drive. When we left Annapolis, the fog was slowly rising from the low grounds and resting on the hills, to gather itself up for a flight into upper air, disclosing, as it departed, ridge after ridge of the Granville Mountain, which lay concealed in its folds, and gradually revealing the broad and beautiful basin that extends from the town to Digby.

I am too old now for romance, and, what is worse, I am corpulent. I find, as I grow stout, I grow less imaginative. One cannot serve two masters. I longed to climb the mountain-peak, to stand where Champlain stood, and imagine the scene as it then was, when his prophetic eye caught revelations of the future; to visit the holy well where the rite of baptism was first performed in these provinces; to trace the first encampments,—the ruins of the rude fortifications,—the first battle-ground. But, alas! the day is gone. I must leave the field to more youthful competitors. I can gratify my eye as I drive along the road, but I must not venture into the forest. The natural ice-house,—the cascade,—the mountain

lake,—the beaver's dam,—the General's bridge,—the apocryphal Rosignol,—the iron-mines,—and last, not least, the Indian antiquities,—in short, each and all of the lions of this interesting place, that require bodily exertion to be seen,—I leave to succeeding travellers. I visit men, and not places. Alas! has it come to this at *last*,—to gout and port wine? Be it so:—I will assume the privilege of old age, and talk.

At a short distance from the town of Annapolis, we passed the Court House, the scene of Mr. Slick's adventures the preceding day, and found a crowd of country people about the door. More than a hundred horses were tied to the fences on either side of the road, and groups of idlers were seen scattered about on the lawn, either discussing the last verdict, or anticipating the jury in the next.

I think, said Mr. Slick, we have a right to boast of the justiciary of our two great nations; for yourn is a great nation, —that *is* a fact; and if all your colonies were joined together, and added on to Old England, she would be most as great a nation as ourn. You have good reason to be proud of your judiciary, said I; if profound learning, exalted talent, and inflexible integrity can make an establishment respectable, the Supreme Court of the United States is pre-eminently so; and I have heard, from those who have the honour of their acquaintance, that the judges are no less distinguished for their private worth than their public virtues. I rejoice that it is so, for I consider the justiciary of America as its sheet-anchor. Amidst the incessant change of men and institutions so conspicuous there, this forms a solitary exception. To the permanency and extensive power of this court you are indebted for the only check you possess, either to popular tumult or arbitrary power, affording, as it does, the only effectual means of controlling the conflicts of the local and general governments, and rendering their movements regular and harmonious.

It is so, said he; but your courts and ourn are both tarred with the same stick,—*they move too slow*. I recollect, once I was in Old Kentuck, and a judge was sentencin' a man to death for murder: says he, "Sooner or later, punishment is sure to overtake the guilty man. The law moves slow, but it is sure and sartain. Justice has been represented with a heel of lead, from its slow and measured pace; but its hand is a hand of iron, and its blow is death." Folks said it was a beautiful idea that, and every chap that you met said, Ain't

that splendid?—did ever old Mansfield or Ellen Borough come up to that?

Well, says I, they might come up to that, and not go very far neither. A funny sort o' figure of justice that; when it's so plaguy heavy-heeled, most any one can outrun it; and when its great iron fist strikes so uncommon slow, a chap that's any way spry is e'en a'most sure to give it the dodge. No; they ought to clap on more steam. The French courts are the courts for me. I had a case once in Marsailles, and if the judge didn't turn it out of hand ready hooped and headed in less than no time, it's a pity. But I believe I must first tell you how I came for to go there.

In the latter eend of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory sarves me, I was in my little back studio to Slickville, with off coat, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, abronzin' and gildin' of a clock case, when old Snow, the nigger-help, popped in his head in a most a terrible of a conflustrigation, and says he, master, says he, if there ain't Massa Governor and the Gineral at the door, as I'm alive! what on airth shall I say? Well, says I, they have caught me at a nonplush, that's sartain; but there's no help for it as I see,—shew 'em in. Mornin', says I, gentlemen, how do you do? I am sorry, says I, I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is,—I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is all covered with isle, and t'other with copper bronze. Don't mention it, Mr. Slick, said his excellency, I beg of you;—the fine arts do sometimes require detergants, and there is no help for it. But that's a most a beautiful thing, said he, you are adoin' of; may I presume to chatichise what it is? Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two-story house in it, havin' a washin' tub of apple sarce on one side, and a cart chockfull of punkin pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialise it Airthly Paradise. Well, says he, who is that *he* one on the left?—I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate he at all, said I, tho' I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long Bowie knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles,

are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H and E means heavinly emigrants.

Its alle—*go*—ry.—And a beautiful alle—*go*—ry it is, said he, and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our young growin' and great Republic. It is a fine conception that. It is worthy of West. How true to life—how much it conveys—how many chords it strikes. It addresses the heart—it's splendid.

Hallo! says I to myself, what's all this? It made me look up at him. Thinks I to myself, you laid that soft sawder on pretty thick anyhow. I wonder whether you are in rael right down airnest, or whether you are only arter a vote. Says he, Mr. Slick, it was on the subject of pictur's, we called. It's a thing I'm enthusiastic upon myself; but my official duties leave me no time to fraternise with the brush. I've been actilly six weeks adoin' of a bunch of grapes on a chair, and it's not yet done. The department of paintin' in our Atheneum,—in this risin' and flourishin' town of Slickville—is placed under the direction of the general and myself, and we propose detailing you to Italy to purchase some originals for our gallery, seein' that you are a *native* artist yourself, and have more practical experience than most of our citizens. There is a great aspiration among our free and enlightened youth for perfection, whether in the arts or sciences. Your expenses will be paid, and eight dollars a day while absent on this diplomacy. One thing, however, do pray remember,—dont bring any pictur's that will evoke a blush on female cheeks, or cause vartue to stand afore 'em with averted eyes or indignant looks. The statues imported last year we had to clothe, both male and female, from head to foot, for they actilly came stark naked, and were right down ondecent. One of my factory ladies went into fits on seein' 'em, that lasted her a good hour; she took Jupiter for a rael human, and said she thought she had got into a bathin' room among the men by mistake. Her narves received a heavy shock, poor critter; she said she never would forget what she seed there the longest day she lived. So none o' your Potiphar's wives, or Susannahs, or sleepin' Venuses; such pictur's are repugnant to the high tone o' moral feelin' in this country.

Oh Lord! I thought I should have split; I darsn't look up, for fear I should abust out a larfin' in his face, to hear him talk so spooney about that are factory gall. Thinks I to myself, how delicate she is, ain't she! If a common marble

statue threw her into fits, what would ———. And here he laughed so immoderately it was some time before he resumed intelligibly his story.

Well, says he at last, if there is one thing I hate more nor another it is that cussed mock modesty some galls have, pretendin' they don't know nothin'. It always shows they know too much. Now, says his excellency, a pictur', Mr. Slick, may exhibit great skill and great beauty, and yet display very little flesh beyond the face and the hands. You apprehend me, don't you? A nod's as good as a wink, says I, to a blind horse; if I can't see thro' a ladder, I reckon I'm not fit for that mission; and, says I, though I say it myself, that shouldn't say it, I must say, I do account myself a considerable of a judge of these matters,—I won't turn my back on any one in my line in the Union. I think so, said he, the alle—*go*—ry you jist show'd me displays taste, tact, and a consummate knowledge of the art. Without genius there can be no invention,—no plot without skill, and no character without the power of discrimination. I should like to associate with you Ebenezer Peck, the Slickville Poet, in this diplomatic mission, if our funds authorized the exercise of this constitutional power of the executive committee, for the fine arts are closely allied, Mr. Slick. Poetry is the music of words, music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colours; —what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimate, and fraternate them among us. Conceivin' an elective governor of a free and enlightened people to rank before an hereditary prince, I have given you letters of introduction to the *Eye*talian princes and the Pope, and have offered to reciprocate their attention should they visit Slickville. Farewell, my friend, farewell, and fail not to sustain the dignity of this great and enlightened nation abroad—farewell!

A very good man, the governor, and a genu*wine* patriot too, said Mr. Slick. He knowed a good deal about paintin', for he was a sign painter by trade; but he often used to wade out too deep, and got over his head now and then afore he knowed it. He warn't the best o' swimmers neither, and sometimes I used to be scared to death for fear he'd go for it afore he'd touch bottom ag'in. Well, off I sot in a vessel to Leghorn, and I laid out there three thousand dollars in pictur's. Rum-lookin' old cocks them saints, some on 'em too, with their long beards, bald heads, and hard featur's, bean't they? but I got

a lot of 'em of all sizes. I bought two madonnas I think they call them—beautiful little pictur's they were too,—but the child's legs were so naked and ondecent, that to please the governor and his factory galls, I had an artist to paint trousers, and a pair of lace boots on him, and they look quite genteel now. It improved 'em amazin'ly; but the best o' the joke was those Macaroni rascals, seein' me a stranger, thought to do me nicely (most infarnal cheats them dealers too,—walk right into you afore you know where you be.) The older a pictur' was and the more it was blacked, so you couldn't see the figur's, the more they axed for it; and they'd talk and jabber away about their Tittyan tints and Guido airs by the hour. How soft are we, ain't we? said I. Catch a weasel asleep, will you? Second-hand farniture don't suit our market. We want pictur's, and not things that look a plaguy sight more like the shutters of an old smokehouse than paintin's, and I hope I may be shot if I didn't get bran new ones for half the price they asked for them rusty old veterans. Our folks were well pleased with the shipment, and I ought to be too, for I made a trifle in the discount of fifteen per cent. for comin' down handsom' with the cash on the spot. Our Atheneum is worth seein' I tell you; you wont ditto it easy, I know; it's actilly a sight to behold.

But I was agoin' to tell you about the French court. Arter I closed the consarn about the pictur's, and shipped 'em off in a Cape Codder that was there, I fell in with some of our folks on their way to London, where I had to go to afore I returned home; so, says I, s'pose we hire a vessel in Co. and go by water to Marsailles; we'll get on faster and considerable cheaper too, I calculate, than agoin' by land. Well, we hired an *Eye*talian to take us, and he was to find us in bed, board, and liquor, and we paid him one-third in advance, to enable him to do it genteel; but the everlastin' villain, as soon as he got us out to sea, gave us no bed-clothes and nothin' to eat, and we almost perished with hunger and damp, so when we got to Marsailles, Meo friendo, says I, for I had picked up a little *Eye*talian, meo friendo, cumma longo alla courto, will you? and I took him by the scruff of the neck and toated him into court. Where is de pappia? says a little skip-jack of a French judge, that was chock full of grins and grimaces like a monkey arter a pinch of snuff,—where is de pappia? So I handed him up the pappia signed by the master, and then proved how he cheated us. No sooner said than done, Mount

Shear Bull-frog, gave the case in our favour in two-twoes, said *Eye*taliano had got too much already, cut him off the other two-thirds, and made him pay all costs. If he didn't look bumsquabbled it's a pity. It took the rust off of him pretty slick, you may depend.

Begar, he says to the skipper, you keep de bargain next time; you von very grand damne rogue, and he shook his head and grinned like a crocodile, from ear to ear, all mouth and teeth. You may depend, I warn't long in Marsailles arter that. I cut stick and off, hot foot for the channel, without stopping to water the horses or liquor the drivers, for fear *Eye*taliano would walk into my ribs with his stiletto, for he was as savage as a white bear afore breakfast. Yes, our courts move too slow. It was that ruinated Expected Thorne. The first time he was taken up and sent to jail, he was as innocent as a child, but they kept him there so long afore his trial, it broke his spirits, and broke his pride,—and he came out as wicked as a devil. *The great secret is speedy justice.* We have too much machinery in our courts, and I don't see but what we prize juries beyond their real valy. One half the time with us they don't onderstand a thing, and the other half they are prejudiced. True, said I, but they are a great safeguard to liberty, and indeed the only one in all cases between the government and the people. The executive can never tyrannize where they cannot convict, and juries never lend themselves to oppression. Tho' a corrupt minister may appoint corrupt judges, he can never corrupt a whole people. Well, said he, far be it from me to say they are no use, because I know and feel that they are in sartain cases most invaluable, but I mean to say that they are only a drag on business, and an expensive one too, one half the time. I want no better tribunal to try me or my cases than our supreme judges to Washington, and all I would ax is a reserved right to have a jury when I call for one. That right I never would yield, but that is all I would ax. You can see how the lawyers valy each by the way they talk to 'em. To the court they are as cool cucumbers,—dry argument, sound reasonin', an application to judgment. To the jury, all fire and tow and declamations,—all to the passions, prejudices, an' feelin's. The one they try to convince, they try to *do* the other. I never heerd tell of judges chalkin'. I know brother Josiah the lawyer thinks so too. Says he to

me, once, Sam, says he, they ain't suited to the times now in all cases, and are only needed occasionally. *When juries first come into vogue* there were no judges, but the devil of it is when public opinion runs all one way, in this country, you might just as well try to swim up Niagara as to go for to stem it,—it will roll you over and over, and squash you to death at last. You may *say* what you like here, Sam, but other folks may *do* what they like here too. Many a man has had a goose's jacket lined with tar here, that he never bought at the tailor's, and a tight fit it is too, considerin' its made without measurin'. So as I'm for Congress some day or another, why, I gist fall to and flatter the people by chimin' in with them. I get up on a stump, or the top of a whiskey barrel, and talk as big as any on 'em about that birth-right—that sheet anchor, that mainstay, that blessed shield, that glorious institution—the rich man's terror, the poor man's hope, the people's pride, the nation's glory—*Trial by Jury.*

CHAPTER XII.

SHAMPOOING THE ENGLISH.

Bigby is a charming little town. It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valetudinarians of New Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John. About as pretty a location this for business, said the Clockmaker, as I know on in this country. Bigby is the only safe harbour from Blowmedown to Briar Island. Then there is that everlastin' long river runnin' away up from the wharves here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dikes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best herrin' fishery in America, but it wants one thing to make it go ahead. And pray what is that? said I, for it appears to me to have every natural advantage that can be desired. It wants to be made a free port, said he. They ought to send a delegate to England about it; but the fact is, they don't onderstand diplomacy here, nor the English either. They hav'n't got no talents that way.

I guess we may stump the univarse in that line. Our statesmen, I consait, *do* onderstand it. They go about so beautifully, tack so well, sail so close by the wind, make so little lee-way, shoot ahead so fast, draw so little water, keep the lead agoin' constant, and a bright look-out a-head always; it's very seldom you hear o' them runnin' aground, I tell *you*. Hardly any thing they take in hand they don't succeed in. How glib they are in the tongue too! how they *do* lay in the soft sawder? They *do* rub John Bull down so pretty, it does one good to see 'em: they pat him on the back, and stroke him on the cheek, and coax and wheedle and flatter, till they get him as good-natured as possible. Then they gist get what they like out of him; not a word of a threat to *him* tho', for they know it won't do. Hee'd as soon fight as eat his dinner, and sooner too, but they tickle him, as the boys at Cape Ann sarve the bladder fish. There's a fish comes ashore there at ebb tide, that the boys catch and tickle, and the more they tickle him the more he fills with wind. Well, he get's blowed up as full as he can hold, and then they just turn him up and give him a crack across the belly with a stick, and off he goes like a pop-gun, and then all the little critters run hoopin' and hollowin' like ravin' distracted mad—so pleased with foolin' the old fish.

There are no people in the univarsal world so eloquent as the Americans; they beat the ancients all hollor; and when our diplomatists go for to talk it into the British, they do it so pretty, it's a sight to behold. Descended, they say, from a common stock, havin' one common language, and *a community of interests*, they cannot but hope for justice from a power distinguished alike for its honour and its generosity. Indebted to them for the spirit of liberty they enjoy,—for their laws, literature, and religion,—they feel more like allies than aliens, and more like relatives than either. Though unfortunate occurrences may have drawn them asunder, with that frankness and generosity peculiar to a brave and generous people, both nations have now forgotten and forgiven the past, and it is the duty and interest of each to cultivate these amicable relations, now so happily existing, and to draw closer those bonds which unite two people essentially the same in habits and feelings. Though years have rolled by since they left the paternal roof, and the ocean divides them, yet they cannot but look back at the home beyond the waters with a grateful remembrance—with veneration and respect.

Now that's what I call dictionary, said the Clockmaker. It's splendid penmanship, ain't it? When John Adams was minister at the Court of St. Jimes's, how his weak eye would have sarved him autterin' off this galbanum, wouldn't it? He'd turn round to hide emotion, draw forth his handkerchief and wipe off a manly tear of genu*wine* feelin'. It is easy enough to stand a woman's tears, for they weep like children, everlastin' sun showers; they cry as bad as if they used a chesnut burr for an eyestone; but to see the tear drawn from the starn natur' of man, startin' at the biddin' of generous feelin', there's no standin' that. Oh dear! how John Bull swallers this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hands in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as cider sot out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sulky, and then one hauty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till all starnness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benevolent expression, like a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intelligent all the time as a skim-milk cheese. Arter his stare is gone, a kind o' look comes over his face as if he thought, Well, now, this d——d Yankey sees his error at last, and no mistake; that comes o' that good lickin' I give him last war: there's nothin' like fightin' things out. The critter seems humble enough now tho'; give me your fist, Jonathan, my boy, says he; don't look so cussed dismal: what is it?

Oh, nothin', says our diplomatist; a mere trifle, and he tries to look as onconcarned as possible all the time; nothin' but what your sense of justice, for which you are always distinguished, will grant; a little strip of land, half fog half bog, atween the State of Maine and New Brunswick; it's nothin' but wood, water, and snakes, and no bigger than Scotland. Take it, and say no more about it, says John; I hope it will be accepted as a proof of my regard. I don't think nothin' of half a colony. And then when our chap gets home to the President, doesn't he say, as Expected Thorne did of the Bluenose jury, "*Didn't I do him pretty? cuss him, that's all.*"

Then he takes Mount-Sheer on another tack. He desires to express the gratitude of a free and enlightened people to the French,—their first ally, their dearest friend,—for enablin' them under Providence, to lay the foundation-stone of their country. They never can forget how kindly, how *dis-*

interestedly, they stept in to aid their infant struggles,—to assist them to resist the unnatural tyranny of England, who, while affectin' to protect liberty abroad, was enslavin' her children to home. Nothin' but the purest feelin', unalloyed by any jealousy of England, dictated that step; it emanated from a virtuous indignation at seein' the strong oppress the weak,—from a love of constitutional freedom,—from pure philanthropy. How deeply is seated in American breasts a veneration of the French character! how they admire their sincerity; their good faith; their stability! Well may they be called the Grand Nation! Religious, not bigoted; brave, not rash; dignified, not volatile; great, yet not vain! Magnanimous in success,—cheerful and resolved under reverses, —they form the beau ideal to American youth, who are taught in their first lessons, to emulate, and imitate, and venerate the virtues of their character! Don't it run off the tongue like oil? Soft and slick, ain't it pretty talk?

Lord! how Mount-Sheer skips, and hops, and bows, and smirks, when he hears that are, don't he? How he claps his hand upon his heart, and makes faces like a monkey that's got a pain in his side from swallowin' a nut without crackin' it. With all other folks, but these great powers, it's a very different tune they sing. They make short metre with them little powers; they never take the trout' to talk much; they gist make their demands, and ax them for their answer, right off the reel. If they say, let us hear your reasons,—Oh, by all means, says our diplomatist, just come along with me; and he takes the minister under his arm, walks lock and lock with him down to the harbour, claps him aboard a barge, and rows him off to one of our little hundred-gun sloops of war. Pretty little sloop o' war, that of ourn, I reckon, ain't it? says he. Oh! very pretty, very pretty indeed, says foreigner; but if that be your *little* sloop, what must be your *great big* men o' war? That's just what I was agoin' for to say, says Jonathan,—a Leviathan, a Mammoth, blow all creation to atoms a'most, like a hurricane tipt with lightning, and then he looks up to the captain and nods. Says he, Captain, I guess you may run out your guns, and he runs them out as quick as wink. These are my reasons, says Jonathan, and pretty strong arguments, too, I guess; that's what I call showin' our teeth; and now you, mister, with a d——n hard name, your answer, if you please. You don't understand us, I see, for-

eigner; we got chaps in our country that can stand on one side of the Mississippi, and kill a racoon on t'other side with a sneeze,—rigular ring-tail roarers; don't provoke us; it wouldn't be over safe, I assure you. We can out talk thunder, outrun a flash of lightnin', and outreach all the world—we can whip our weight of wild-cats. The British can lick all the world, and we can lick the British. I believe, I believe, says he, and he claps his name to the treaty in no time. We made these second-class gentry shell out a considerable of cash, these few years past, on one excuse or another, and frightened some on them, as the naked statue did the factory gall, into fits a'most. But the English we have to soft sawder, for they've got little sloops o' war, too, as well as we have; and not only show their teeth, but bite like bull-dogs. We shampoo them,—you know what shampooing is, squire, don't you? It is an Eastern custom, I think, said I: I have heard of it, but I do not retain a very distinct recollection of the practice. Well, said the Clockmaker, I estimate I ought to know what it means any how; for I came plaguy nigh losin' my life by it once. When I was gist twenty years old, I took it into my head I'd like to go to sea,—so father got me a berth of supercargo of a whaler at New Bedford, and away we went arter sperm: an amazin' long voyage we had of it too—gone nearly three years. Well, we put into Sandwich Island for refreshments; and says the captain, 'Spose we go and call on the queen! So all us cabin party went and dressed ourselves up full fig, and were introduced in due form to the young queen. Well, she was a rael, right down, pretty lookin' heifer, and no mistake; well dressed and well demeaned, and a plaguy sight clearer skin'd than some white folks—for they bathe every day a'most. Where you'd see one piece of furniture better than her, you'll see fifty worser ones, I know.

What is your father, Mr. Shlick? says she. A prince, marm, said I. And his'n, ugly man's? says she pintin' to the captain. A prince too, said I, and all this party are princes; fathers all sovereigns to home—no bigger men than them, neither there nor any where else in the universal world. Then, said she, you all dine wid me to-day; me proud to have de prinches to my table.

If she didn't give us a rigular blow-out, it's a pity, and the whole on us wore more than half-seas over; for my part, the

hot mulled wine actilly made me feel like a prince, and what put me in tip-top spirits was the idee of the hoax I played off on her about our bein' princes; and then my rosy cheeks and youth pleased her fancy, so that she was oncommon civil to me—talked to no one else a'most. Well, when we rose from table, (for she stayed there till the wine made her eyes twinkle ag'in,) prince Shleek, said she, atakin' o' my hand, and puttin' her saucy little mug close up to me, (and she raelly did look pretty, all smiles and sweetness,) Prince Shleek, will you have one shampoo? said she. A shampoo? said I; to be sure I will, and thank you too; you are gist the gall I'd like to shampoo, and I clapt my arms round her neck, and gave her a buss that made all ring ag'in. What the devil are you at? said the captain, and he seized me round the waist and lugged me off. Do you want to lose your head, you fool, you? said he; you've carried this joke too far already, without this rompin'—go aboard. It was lucky for me she had a wee drop in her eye, herself—for arter the first scream, she lurfed ready to split: says she, No kissy, no kissy—shampoo is shampoo; but kissy is anoder ting. The noise brought the sarvants in, and says the queen, p'inting to me, "shampoo him"—and they up with me, and into another room, and before I could say Jack Robinson, off went my clothes, and I was gettin' shampoo'd in airnest. It is done by a gentle pressure, and rubbin' all over the body with the hand; it is delightful—that's a fact, and I was soon asleep.

I was pretty well corned that arternoon, but still I knew what I was about; and recollected when I awoke the whisper of the captain at partin'—"Mind your eye, Slick, if ever you want to see Cape Cod ag'in." So, airly next mornin', while it was quite moony yet, I went aboard, and the captain soon put to sea, but not before there came a boat-load of pigs and two bullocks off to "Prince Shleek." So our diplomatists shampoo the English, and put 'em to sleep. How beautiful they shampoo'd them in the fishery story! It was agreed we was to fish within three leagues of the coast; but then, says Jonathan, wood and water, you know, and shelter, when it blows like great guns, are rights of hospitality. You wouldn't refuse us a port in a storm, would you? so noble, so humane, so liberal, so confidin' as you be. Certainly not, says John Bull; it would be inhuman to refuse either shelter, wood, or water. Well then, if there was are a snug little cove not set-

tled, disarted like, would you have any objection to our dryin' our fish there?—they might spile, you know, so far from home—a little act of kindness like that would bind us to you for ever, and ever, and amen. Certainly, says John, it's very reasonable that—you are perfectly welcome—happy to oblige you. It was all we wanted an excuse for enterin', and now we are in and out when we please, and smuggle like all vengeance: got the whole trade and the whole fishery. It was splendidly done, warn't it?

Well, then, we did manage the boundary line capitally too. We know we hav'n't got no title to that land—*it wasn't given to us by the treaty*, and *it warn't in our possession when we declared independence or made peace*. But our maxim is, it is better to get things by treaty than by war; it is more Christian-like, and more intellectual. To gain that land, we asked the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the St. John, which we knew would never be granted; but then it gave us somethin' to concede on our part, and brag on as liberal, and it is natural and right for the English to concede on their side somethin' too—so they will concede the disputed territory.

Ah, squire, said he, your countrymen may have a good heart, and I believe they have; indeed, it would be strange if a full puss didn't make a full heart; but they have a most plaguy poor head, that's a fact. This was rather too bad. To be first imposed upon and then ridiculed, was paying rather too heavy a penalty for either negligence or ignorance. There was unhappily too much truth in the remark for me to join in the laugh. If your diplomatists, said I, have in one or two instances been successful by departing from the plain intelligible path, and resorting to flattery and cunning, (arts in which I regret to say diplomatists of all nations are but too apt to indulge,) it is a course which carries its own cure; and, by raising suspicion and distrust, will hereafter impose difficulties in their way even when their objects are legitimate and just. I should have thought that the lesson read on a celebrated occasion (which you doubtless remember) by Mr. Canning, would have dictated the necessity of caution for the future. Recollect that confidence once withdrawn is seldom restored again. You have, however, omitted to state your policy with Russia. Oh! said he, Old Nick in the North is sarved in the same way.

Excuse me, said I, (for I felt piqued,) but if you will per-

mit me I will suggest some observations to you relative to Russia that may not have occurred to you. Your diplomatists might address the Emperor thus: May it please your Majesty, there is an astonishing resemblance between our two countries; in fact there is little or no difference except in name,—the same cast of countenance, same family-likeness, same Tartar propensity to change abode. All extremes meet. You take off folk's heads without law, so do our mobs. You send fellows to Siberia, our mobs send them to the devil. No power on airth can restrain you, no power on airth can restrain our mobs. You make laws and break 'em as suits your convenience, so do our lynchers. You don't allow any one to sport opinions you don't hold, or you stifle them and their opinions too. It's just so with us; our folks forbid all talking about niggers; and if a man forgets himself, he is reminded of it by his head supporting his body instead of his heels. You have got a liquorish mouth for fartile lands beyond your borders, so have we; and yet both have got more land than tenants. You foment troubles among your neighbours, and then step in to keep the peace, and hold possession when you get there, so do we. You are a great slave holder, so are we. Folks accuse you of stealin' Poland, the same libellin' villains accuse us of stealin' Texas, and a desire to have Canada too; and yet the one is as much without foundation as the other. You plant colonies in Tartar lands, and then drive out the owners: we sarve the Indians the same way. You have extarminated some of your enemies, we've extarminated some of ourn. Some folks say your empire will split to pieces—it's too big; the identical same prophecy they make of us, and one is just as likely as the other. Every man in Russia must bow to the pictur' of his Emperor; every man must bow to the pictur' of our great nation, and swear through thick and thin he admires it more nor any thing on the face of the airth. Every man in Russia may say what he likes *if he dare*, so he may in the *U*-nited States. If foreign newspapers abusin' Polish matters get into the Russia mail, the mail is broken open and they are taken out: if abolition papers get into the Southern mail, our folks break open the bags and burn 'em, as they did at Charleston. The law institutes no inquiries in your dominions as to your acts of execution, spoliation, and exile; neither is there any inquest with us on similar acts of our mobs. There is no freedom of the press

with you, neither is there with us. If a paper offends you, you stop it: if it offends our sovereigns, they break the machinery, gut the house, and throw the types into the street; and if the printer escapes, he may thank God for giving him a good pair of legs. In short, they may say to him—it's generally allowed the freedom of one country is as like the despotism of the other as two peas—no soul could tell the difference; and therefore there ought to be an actual as there is a natural alliance between us. And then the cunnin' critters, if they catch him alone where they won't be overheard, they may soft sawder him, by tellin' him they never knew before the blessin' of havin' only one tyrant instead of a thousand, and that it is an amendment they intend to propose to the constitution when they return home, and hope they'll yet live to see it. From this specimen, you may easily perceive that it requires no great penetration or ability to deceive even an acute observer whenever recourse is had to imagination for the facts. How far this parallel holds good I leave you to judge; I desire to offer you no offence, but I wish you to understand that all the world are not in love with your republican institutions or your people, and that both are better understood than you seem to suppose. Well, well, says he, I did'nt mean to ryle you, I do assure you; but if you havn't made a good story out of a Southern mob or two, neither of which are half as bad as your Bristol riot or Irish frays, it's a pity. After all, said he, I don't know whether it wouldn't comport more with our dignity to go straight ahead. I believe it is in politics as in other matters, ***honesty is the best policy.***

CHAPTER XIII.

PUTTING A FOOT IN IT.

One amusing trait in the Clockmaker's character, was his love of contradiction. If you suggested any objection to the American government, he immediately put himself on the defensive; and if hard pressed, extricated himself by changing the topic. At the same time he would seldom allow me to pass a eulogy upon it without affecting to consider the praise as misapplied, and as another instance of "our not

understanding them." In the course of our conversation, I happened to observe that the American government was certainly a very cheap one; and that the economy practised in the expenditure of the public revenue, though in some instances carried so far as to border on meanness, was certainly a very just subject of national pride. Ah, said he, I always said, "you don't understand us." Now it happens that that is one of the few things, if you were only availed of it, that you could fault us in. It is about the most costly government in the world, considering our means. We are actilly eat up by it—it is a most plaguy sore, and has spread so like statice that it has got its root into the very core. Cheap government!—well, come that beats all!!

I should like to know, said I, how you can make that appear, for the salaries paid to your public officers are not only small, but absolutely mean; and, in my opinion, wholly inadequate to procure the services of the best and most efficient men. Well, said he, which costs most, to keep one good horse well, or half a dozen poor ones ill, or to keep ten raal complete good servants, or fifty lazy, idle, do-nothin' critters? because that's gist our case,—we have too many of 'em all together. We have twenty-four independent states, beside the general government; we have therefore twenty-five presidents, twenty-five secretaries of state, twenty-five treasurers, twenty-five senates, twenty-five houses of representatives, and fifty attorney generals, and all our legislators are paid, every soul of 'em; and so are our magistrates, for they all take fees and seek the office for pay, so that we have as many paid legislators as soldiers, and as many judges of all sorts and sizes as sailors in our navy. Put all these expenses together, of state government and general government, and see what an awful sum it comes to, and then tell me it's a cheap government. True, said I, but you have not that enormous item of expenditure known in England under the name of half pay. We have more officers of the navy on half pay than you have in your navy altogether. So much the better for you, says he, for ourn are all on full pay, and when they ain't employed, we set them down as absent on leave. Which costs the most do you suppose? That comes of not callin' things by their right names, you see. Our folks know this, but our popularity-seekin' patriots have all their own interest in multiplying these offices; yes, our folks have put

their foot in it, that's a fact. They cling to it as the baar did to Jack Fogler's mill-saw; and I guess it will sarve them the same way. Did I never tell you that are story? for I'm most afeard sometimes I've got father's fashion of tellin' my stories over twice. No, said I, it's new to me; I have never heard it. Well, says he, I will tell you how it was.

Jack Fogler lives to Nictau-road, and he keeps a saw-mill and tavern; he's a sneezer that feller; he's near hand to seven feet high, with shoulders as broad as a barn-door; he is a giant, that's a fact, and can twitch a mill-log as easy as a yoke of oxen can—nothin' never stops him. But that's not all, for I've seen a man as big as all out-doors afore him; but he has a foot that beats all—folks call him the man with the foot. The first time I seed him I could not keep my eyes off of it. I actilly could not think of any thing else. Well, says I, Jack, your foot is a whopper, that's a fact; I never sced the beat of it in all my born days,—it beats Gasper Zwicher's all holler, and his is so big, folks say he has to haul his trousers on over his head. Yes, says he, lawyer Yule says it passes *all understandin'*. Well, he has a darter most as big as he is, but for all that she is near about as pretty a gall as I ever laid eyes on, but she has her father's foot; and, poor thing, she can't bear to hear tell of it. I mind once when I came there, there was no one to home, and I had to see to old Clay myself; and arter I had done, I went in and sot down by the fire, and lighted a cigar. Arter a while, in come Lucy, lookin' pretty tired. Why, said I, Lucy, dear, where on airth have you been? you look pretty well beat out. Why, says she, the bears are plaguy thick this while past, and have killed some of our sheep, so I went to the woods to drive the flock home ag'in night-fall, and fogs! I lost my way. I've been gone ever so long, and I don't know as I'd ever afound my way out ag'in, if I hadn't a met Bill Zink alookin' up his sheep, and he showed me the way out.

Thinks I to myself, let the galls alone for an excuse; I see how the cat jumps. Well, says I, Lucy, you are about the luckiest gall I ever seed. Possible, says she;—how's that? Why, says I, many's the gall I've known that's lost her way with a sweetheart afore now, and got on the wrong track; but you're the first one ever I seed that got put on the right way by one, any how. Well, she larfed, and says she, you men always suspect evil; it shows how bad you must be your-

selves. Perhaps it may be so, says I, but mind your eye, and take care you *don't put your foot in it.* She looked at me the matter of a minnit or so without sayin' a word, and then burst out acryin'. She said, if she had such an awful big foot, it warn't her fault, and it was very onkind to larf at it to her face—that way. Well, I felt proper sorry too, you may depend, for I vow she was so oncommon handsom' I had never noticed that big foot of hern till then. I had hardly got her pacified when in come Jack, with two halves of a bear, and threw 'em down on the floor, and larfed ready to kill himself. I never seed the beat o' that, said he, since I was raised from a seedlin'. I never see a feller so taken in all *my* life—that's a fact. Why, says I, what is it? It was some time afore he could speak ag'in for larfin'—for Jack was considerable in the wind, pretty nearly half shaved. At last, says he, you know my failin', Mr. Slick; I like a drop of grog better than it likes me. Well, when the last rain came, and the brook was pretty considerable full, I kag'd for a month, (that is, said the Clockmaker, he had taken an oath to abstain from drawing liquor from the keg—they calls it kaggin',) and my kag was out to-day at twelve o'clock. Well, I had just got a log on the ways when the sun was on the twelve o'clock line, so I stops the mill and takes out my dinner, and sets it down on the log, and then runs up to the house to draw off a bottle of rum. When I returned, and was just about to enter the mill, what should I see but that are bear a sittin' on the pine stick in the mill actin' of my dinner, so I gist backs out, takes a good swig out of the bottle, and lays it down to run off home for the gun, when, says I to myself, says I, he'll make a plaguy sight shorter work of that are dinner than I would, and when he's done he'll not wait to wipe his mouth with the towel neither. May be he'll be gone afore I gets back, so I gist crawls under the mill—pokes up a stick through the j'ice and starts the plug, and sets the mill agoin'. Well the motion was so easy, and he was so busy, he never moves, and arter a little the saw just gives him a scratch on the back; well, he growls and shoves forward abit on his rump; presently it gives him another scratch, with that he wheels short round and lays right hold of it, and gives it a most devil of a hug with his paws, and afore he knowed what he was about it pinned him down and sawed him right in two, he squelin' and kickin' and singin' out like a good feller the whole blessed time. Thinks I, *he put his foot in it* that feller, any how.

Yes, our folks have put their foot in it; a cheap article ain't always the best; if you want a reel right down first chop, genuwine thing, you must pay for it. Talent and integrity ain't such common things any where, that they are to be had for half nothin'. A man that has them two things can go a-head any where, and if you want him to give up his own consarns to see arter those of the public, and don't give him the fair market price for 'em, he is plaguy apt to put his integrity in his pocket, and put his talents to usury. What he loses one way he makes up another: if he can't get it out of his pay, he takes it out of parquesits, jobs, patronage, or somethin' or another. Folks won't sarve the public for nothin' no more than they will each other free-gratis. An honest man won't take office, if it won't support him properly, but a dishonest one will, 'cause he won't stand about trifles, but goes the whole figur'—and where you have a good many critters, as public sarvants—why, a little slip of the pen or trip of the foot, ain't thought nothin' of, and the tone of public feelin' is lowered, till at last folks judge of a man's dishonesty by the 'cuteness of it. If the slight-o-hand ain't well done, they say, when he is detected, he is a fool—cuss him, it sarves him right; but if it is done so slick that you can hardly see it even when it's done afore your eyes, people say, a fine bold stroke that—splendid business talent, that man—considerable powers—a risin' character—eend by bein' a great man in the long run.

You recollect the story of the quaker and his insurance, don't you? He had a vessel to sea that he hadn't heerd of for a considerable time, and he was most plaguyly afeerd she had gone for it; so he sent an order to his broker to insure her. Well, next day he larnt for sartain that she was lost, so what does he do but writes to his broker as if he meant to save the premium by recallin' the order: If thee hast not insured, thee need'st not do it, esteemed friend, for I have heerd of the vessel. The broker, thinkin' it would be all clear gain, falls right into the trap; tells him his letter came too late, for he had effected the insurance half an hour afore it arrived. Verily, I am sorry for thee, friend, said the quaker, if that be the case, for a heavy loss will fall on thee; of a sartainty I have heerd of the vessel, but she is lost. Now that was what I call handsom'; it showed great talents that, and a knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder.

I thought, said I, that your annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and system of rotation of office, had a tendency to prevent corruption, by removing the means and the opportunity to any extent. Well, it would, perhaps, to a certain point, said the Clockmaker, if you knew where that point was, and could stop there; but wherever it is, I am afeerd we have passed it. Annual parliaments bring in so many raw hands every year, that they are gist like pawns in the game of chess, only fit for tools to move about and count while the game is played by the bigger ones. They get so puzzled—the critters, with the forms o' the house, that they put me in mind of a feller standin' up for the first time in a quadrille. One tells him to cross over here, and afore he gets there another calls him back ag'in; one pushes him to the right and another to the left; he runs ag'in every body, and every body runs ag'in him; he treads on the heels of the galls and takes their skin and their shoes off, and they tread on his toes, and return the compliment to his corns; he is no good in natur', except to bother folks and put them out. The old hands that have been there afore, and cut their eye-teeth, know how to bam these critters, and make 'em believe the moon is made of green cheese. That gives great power to the master movers, and they are enabled to spikelate handsum in land stock, bank stock, or any other corperate stock, for they can raise or depress the article gist as they please by legislative action.

There was a grand legislative speck made not long since, called the preemption speck[illegible]. A law was passed, that all who had settled on government lands without title, should have a right of preemption at a very reduced price, below common upset sum, if application was made on a particular day. The jobbers watched the law very sharp, and the *moment it passed, off they sot with their gangs of men* and a magistrate, camped out all night on the wild land, made the affidavits of settlement, and run on till they went over a'most —a deuce of a tract of country, that was all picked out afore-hand for them; then returned their affidavits to the office, got the land at preemption rate, and turned right round and sold it at market price—pocketed the difference—and netted a most handsum thing by the spec.

Them pet banks was another splendid affair; it deluged the land with corruption that,—it was too bad to think on. When

the government is in the many, as with us, and rotation of office is the order of the day, there is a natural tendency to multiply offices, so that every one can get his share of 'em, and it increases expenses, breeds office-seekers, and corrupts the whole mass. It is in politics as in farmin',—one large farm is worked at much less expense and much greater profit, and is better in many ways than half a dozen small ones; and the head farmer is a more 'sponsible man, and better to do in the world, and has more influence than the small fry. Things are better done too on *his* farm—the tools are better, the teams are better, and the crops are better: it's better altogether. Our first-rate men ain't in politics with us. It don't pay 'em, and they won't go thro' the mill for it. Our principle is to consider all public men rogues, and to watch 'em well that they keep straight. Well, I ain't gist altogether certified that this don't help to make 'em rogues; where *there is no confidence, there can be no honesty;* locks and keys are good things, but if you can't never trust a sarvant with a key, he don't think the better of his master for all his suspicions, and is plaguy apt to get a key of his own. Then they do get such a drill thro' the press, that no man who thinks any great shakes of himself can stand it. A feller must have a hide as thick as a bull's to bear all the lashing our public men get the whole blessed time, and if he can bear it without winkin', it's more perhaps than his family can. There's nothin' in office that's worth it. So our best men ain't in office—they can't submit to it.

I knew a judge of the state court of New York, a first chop man too, give it up, and take the office of clerk in the identical same court. He said he couldn't afford to be a judge; it was only them who couldn't make a livin' by their practice that it would suit. No, squire, it would be a long story to go through the whole thing; but we ain't the cheapest government in the world—that's a fact. When you come to visit us and go deep into the matter, and see gineral government and state government, and local taxes and gineral taxes, although the items are small, the sum total is a'most a swingin' large one, I tell you. You take a shop account and read it over. Well, the thing appears reasonable enough, and cheap enough; but if you have been arunnin' in and out pretty often, and goin' the whole figur', add it up to the bottom, and if it don't make you stare and look corner ways, it's a pity.

What made me first of all think o' these things, was seein' how they got on in the colonies; why, the critters don't pay no taxes at all a'most—they actilly don't desarve the name o' taxes. They don't know how well they're off, that's sartain. I mind when I used to be agrumblin' to home when I was a boy about knee-high to a goose or so, father used to say, Sam, if you want to know how to valy home, you should go abroad for a while among strangers. It ain't all gold that glitters, my boy. You'd soon find out what a nice home you've got; for mind what I tell you, home is home, however homely—that's a fact. These blue-noses ought to be gist sent away from home a little while; if they were, when they returned, I guess, they'd larn how to valy their location. It's a lawful colony this,—things do go on rig'lar,—a feller can rely on law here to defend his property, he needn't do as I seed a squatter to Ohio do once. I had stopt at his house one day to bait my horse; and in the course of conversation about matters and things in gineral, says I, What's your title? is it from government, or purchased from settlers?—I'll tell you, Mr. Slick, he says, what my title is,—and he went in and took his rifle down, and brought it to the door. Do you see that are hen, said he, with the top-knot on, afeedin' by the fence there? Yes, says I, I do.—Well, says he, see that; and he put a ball right through the head of it. *That*, said he, I reckon, is my title; and that's the way I'll sarve any tarnation scoundrel that goes for to meddle with it. Says I, if that's your title, depend on't you won't have many fellers troublin' you with claims. I rather guess not, said he, larfin'; and the lawyers won't be over forrard to buy such claims on spekilation,—and he wiped his rifle, reloaded her, and hung her up ag'in. There's nothin' of that kind here.

But as touchin' the matter o' cheap government, why it's as well as not for our folks to hold out that ourn is so; but the truth is, atween you and me, though I would'nt like you to let on to any one I said so, the truth is, somehow or other, *we've put our foot in it*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND YANKEE MOBOCRACY

When we have taken our tower, said the Clockmaker, I estimate I will return to the *U*-nited States for good and all. You had ought to visit our great nation, you may depend; it's the most splendid location atween the poles. History can't show nothin' like it; you might bile all creation down to an essence, and not get such a concrete as New England. It's a sight to behold twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens, and I guess we shall have all these provinces, and all South America. There is no eend to us; old Rome that folks make such a touss about, was nothin' to us—it warn't fit to hold a candle to our federal government,—that's a fact. I intend, said I, to do so before I go to Europe, and may perhaps avail myself of your kind offer to accompany me. Is an Englishman well received in your country now? Well, he is now, said Mr. Slick; the last war did that; we licked the British into a respect for us; and if it warn't that they are so plaguy jealous of our factories, and so invyous of our freedom, I guess we should be considerable sociable, but they can't stomach our glorious institutions no how. *They don't understand us.* Father and our Minister used to have great arguments about the British. Father hated them like pyson, as most of our revolutionary heroes did; but minister used to stand up for 'em considerable stiff.

I mind one evenin' arter hay harvest, father said to me, Sam, said he, 'spose we go down and see minister; I guess he's a little miffey with me, for I brought him up all standin' t'other night by sayin' the English were a damned overbearin' tyrannical race, and he hadn't another word to say. When you make use of such language as that are, Colonel Slick, said he, there's an eend of all conversation. I allow it is very disrespectful to swear afore a minister, and very onhandsum to do so at all, and I don't approbate suck talk at no rate. So we will drop the subject if you please. Well, I got pretty grumpy too, and we parted in a huff. I think myself, says father, it warn't pretty to swear afore him; for, Sam, if there

is a good man agoin' it is minister,—that's a fact. But, Sam, says he, we military men,—and he straightened himself up considerable stiff, and pulled up his collar, and looked as fierce as a lion,—we military men, says he, have a habit of rappin' out an oath now and then. Very few of our heroes didn't swear; I recollect that tarnation fire-eeter, Gineral Gates, when he was in our sarvice, ordered me once to attack a British outpost, and I didn't much more than half like it. Gineral, says I, there's a plaguy stone wall there, and the British have lined it, I guess; and I'm athinkin' it ain't altogether gist safe to go too near it. D—m—n,—Captain Slick, says he,—(I was gist made a captain then)—d—m—n, Captain Slick, says he, ain't there two sides to a stone wall? Don't let me hear the like ag'in from you, said he, Captain, or I hope I may be tetotally and effectually d—d if I don't break you—! I will, by gosh! He warn't a man to be trifled with, you may depend; so I drew up my company, and made at the wall double quick, expectin' every minit would be our last.

Gist as we got near the fence, I heerd a scrablin' and a scuddin' behind it, and I said, now, says I, for'ard my boys, for your lives! hot foot, and down onder the fence on your bellies! and then we shall be as safe as they be, and p'rhaps we can loophole 'em. Well, we gist hit it, and got there without a shot, and down on our faces as flat as flounders. Presently we heerd the British run for dear life, and take right back across the road, full split. Now, says I, my hearties, up and let drive at 'em, right over the wall! Well, we got on our knees, and cocked our guns, so as to have all ready, and then we jump'd up an eend; and seein' nothin' but a great cloud o' dust, we fired right into it, and down we heerd 'em tumble; and when the dust cleared off, we saw the matter of twenty white breeches turned up to us sprawlin' on the ground. Gist at that moment we heerd three cheers from the inemy at the fort, and a great shout of larfin' from our army too; they haw-hawed like thunder. Well, says I, as soon as I could see, if that don't bang the bush. I'll be darn'd if it ain't a flock of sheep belongin' to Elder Solomon Longstaff, arter all,—and if we ain't killed the matter of a score of 'em too, as dead as mutton; that's a fact. Well, we returned considerable down in the mouth, and says the gineral, captain, says he, I guess you made the enemy look pretty sheepish,

did'nt you? Well, if the officers didn't larf, it's a pity; and says a Varginy officer that was there, in a sort of half whisper, that wall was well lined, you may depend; sheep on one side and asses on the other! Says I, stranger you had better not say that are ag'in, or I'll —— Gintlemen, says the general, resarve your heat for the inemy; no quarrels among ourselves—and he rode off, havin' first whispered in my ear, Do you hear, captain, d—n you! there are two sides to a wall. Yes, says I, gineral, and two sides to a story too. And don't for gracious' sake, say any more about it. Yes, we military men all swear a few,—it's the practice of the camp, and seems kinder natural. But I'll go and make friends with minister.

Well, we walked down to Mr. Hopewell's, and we found him in a little summer house, all covered over with honeysuckle, as busy as you please with a book he was astudyin', and as soon as he seed us, he laid it down, and came out to meet us. Colonel Slick, says he, I owe you an apology, I believe; I consait I spoke too abrupt to you t'other evenin'. I ought to have made some allowance for the ardour of one of our military heroes. Well, it took father all aback that, for he know'd it was him that was to blame, and not minister, so he began to say that it was him that ought to ax pardon; but minister wouldn't hear a word,—(he was all humility was minister—he had no more pride than a babe,)—and says he, Come, colonel, walk in and sit down here, and we will see if we cannot muster a bottle of cider for you, for I take this visit very kind of you. Well, he brought out the cider, and we sot down quite sociable like. Now, says he, colonel, what news have you.

Well, says father, neighbour Dearbourn tells me that he heerd from excellent authority that he can't doubt, when he was to England, that King George the Third has been dead these two years; but his ministers darsen't let the people know it, for fear of a revolution; so they have given out that he took the loss of these States so much to heart, and fretted and carried on so about it, that he ain't able to do business no more, and that they are obliged to keep him included. They say the people want to have a government gist like ourn, but the lords and great folks won't let 'em,—and that if a poor man lays by a few dollars, the nobles send and take it right away, for fear they should buy powder and shot with it. It's

awful to think on, ain't it? I allow the British are about the most enslaved, oppressed, ignorant, and miserable folks on the face of creation.

You musn't believe all you hear, said minister; depend upon it, there ain't a word of truth in it. I have been a good deal in England, and I do assure you, they are as free as we be, and a most plaguy sight richer, stronger, and wiser. Their government convenes them better than ourn would, and I must say there be some things in it I like better than ourn too. Now, says he, colonel, I'll pint out to you where they have a'most an amazin' advantage over us here in America. First of all, there is the King on his throne, an hereditary King,—a born King,—the head of his people, and not the head of a party; not supported, right or wrong, by one side because they chose him,—nor hated and opposed, right or wrong, by t'other because they don't vote for him; but loved and supported by all because he *is* their King; and regarded by all with a feelin' we don't know nothin' of in our country, —a feelin' of loyalty. Yes, says father, and they don't care whether it's a man, woman, or child; the ignorant, benighted critters. They are considerable sure, says minister, he ain't a rogue, at any rate.

Well, the next link in the chain—— (Chains enough, poor wretches! says father; but it's good enough for 'em tho', I guess)—Well, the next link in the chain is the nobility, independent of the crown on one side, and the people on the other; a body distinguished for its wealth,—its larnin',—its munificence,—its high honour,—and all the great and good qualities that ennoble the human heart. Yes, says father, and yet they can sally out o' their castles, seize travellers, and rob 'em of all they have; hav'n't they got the whole country enslaved?—the debauched, profligate, *effeminate*, tyrannical gang as they be;—and see what mean offices they fill about the King's parson. They put me in mind of my son Eldad when he went to larn the doctors' trade,—they took him the first winter to the dissectin' room. So in the spring, says I, Eldad, says I, how do you get on? Why, says he, father, I've only had my first lesson yet. What is that? says I. Why, says he, when the doctors are dissectin' of a carcase of cold meat, (for that's the name a subject goes by,) I have to stand by 'em and keep my hands clean, to wipe their noses, give 'em snuff, and light cigars for 'em;—and the snuff sets 'em a

sneezin' so, I have to be a wipin' of their noses everlastin'ly. It's a dirty business, that's a fact;—but dissectin' is a dirty affair, I guess, altogether. Well, by all accounts the nobility fill offices as mean as the doctors' apprentices do the first winter.

I tell you, these are mere lies, says minister, got up here by a party to influence us ag'in the British. Well, well! said father, go on, and he threw one leg over the other, tilted back in his chair, folded his arms over his breast, and looked as determined as if he thought—now you may gist talk till you are hoarse, if you like, but you won't convince me, I can tell you. Then there is an Established Church, containin' a body o' men distinguished for their piety and larnin', uniform practice, Christian lives, and consistent conduct: gist a beach that keeps off the assaults of the waves o' infidelity and enthusiasm from the Christian harbour within—the great bulwark and breakwater that protects and shelters Protestantism in the world. Oh dear, oh dear! said father, and he looked over to me, quite streaked, as much as to say, Now, Sam, do only hear the nonsense that are old critter is atalkin' of: ain't it horrid? Then there is the gentry, and a fine, honourable, manly, hospitable, independent race they be; all on 'em suns in their little spheres, illuminatin', warmin', and cheerin' all within their reach. Old families, attached to all around them, and all attached to them, both them and the people recollectin' that there have been twenty generations of 'em kind landlords, good neighbours, liberal patrons, indulgent masters; or if any of 'em went abroad, heroes by field and by flood. Yes, says father, and they carried back somethin' to brag on from Bunker's Hill, I guess, didn't they? We spoilt the pretty faces of some of their landlords, that hitch, any how—ay, and their tenants too; hang me if we didn't. When I was at Bun——'

Then there is the professional men, rich marchants, and opulent factorists, all so many out-works to the king, and all to be beat down afore you can get at the throne. Well, all these blend and mix, and are entwined and interwoven together, and make that great, harmonious, beautiful, social and political machine, the British constitution. The children of nobles ain't nobles—(I guess not, says father—why should they be? ain't all men free and equal? read Jefferson's declara——)—but they have to mix with the commons, and be-

come commoners themselves, and part of the great general mass,—(and enough to pyson the whole mass too, said father, gist yeast enough to farment it, and spile the whole batch). Quite the revarse, says minister; to use a homely simile, it's like a piece of fat pork thrown into a boilin' kettle of maple syrup; it checks the bubblin' and makes the boilin' subside, and not run over. Well, you see, by the House o' Lords getting recruits from able commoners, and the commoners gettin' recruits from the young nobility, by intermarriage—and by the gradual branchin' off of the young people of both sexes, it becomes the *people's nobility*, and the *king's nobility*, sympathisin' with both, but independent of either. That's gist the difference 'atween them and foreigners on the Continent; that's the secret of their power, popularity and strength. The king leans on 'em, and the people leans on 'em—they are the key-stone of the arch. They don't stand alone, a high cold snowy peak, a' overlookin' of the world beneath, and athrowin' a dark deep shadow o'er the rich and fertile regions below it. They ain't like the cornish of a room, pretty to look at, but of no airthly use whatever; a thing you could pull away, and leave the room standin', gist as well without, but they are the pillars of the state—the flooted, and grooved, and carved, and ornamental, but solid pillars—you can't take away the pillars, or the state comes down—you can't cut out the flootin', or groovin', or carvin', for it's in so deep you'd have to cut the pillars away to nothin' a'most to get it out. Well, says father, arisin' of his voice till he screamed, have you nothin', sir, to praise to home, sir? I think you whitewashed that British sepulchre of rottenness and corruption, that House o' Lords, pretty well, and painted the harlot's eldest darter, till she looks as flarnty as the old one of Babylon herself; let's have a touch o' your brush to home now, will you? You don't onderstand me yet, Colonel Slick, said he; I want to show you somethin' in the workin' o' the machinery you ain't thought of, I know. Now, you see, colonel, all these parts I described are checks, we ain't got,—(and I trust in God we never shall, says father—we want no check—nothin' can never stop us, but the limits o' creation,) and we ain't provised any in their place, and I don't see what on airth we shall do for these drag-chains on popular opinion. There's nothin' here to make it of—nothin' in the natur' of things to substitute—nothin' invented, or capable of the wear-and-tear,

if invented, that will be the least morsel of use in the world. Explain what you mean, for gracious sake, says father, for I don't ondérstand one word of what you are asayin' of: who dares talk of chains to popular opinion of twelve million of free and enlightened citizens? Well, says minister, gist see here, colonel, instead of all these gradations and circles, and what not, they've got in England—each havin' its own principle of action, harmonizin' with one another, yet essentially independent—we got but one class, one mass, one people. Some natur' has made a little smarter than others, and some education has distinguished; some are a little richer, some a little poorer—but still we have nothin' but a mass, a populace, a people; all alike in great essentials, all havin' the same power, same rights, same privileges, and of course same feelin's:—*call it what you will, it's a populace*, in fact.

Our name is Legion, says father, ajumpin' up in a great rage. Yes, sir, legion is our name—we have twelve millions of freemen, ready to march to the utmost limits o' creation, and fight the devil himself if he was there, with all his hosts; and I'm the man to lead 'em, sir; I'm the boy that gist will do it. Rear rank, take open order, right shoulders for'ard—march! And the old man begun to step out as if he was aleadin' of 'em on their way ag'in old Nick—whistling Yankee-doodle all the time, and lookin' as fierce as if he could whip his weight in wild cats. Well, says minister, I guess you won't have to go quite so far to find the devils to fight with as the eend of creation neither; you'll find them nearer to home than your athinkin' on some o' these days, you may depend. But, colonel, our people present one smooth, unbroken surface—do you see?—of the same uniform materials, which is *acted on all over alike by one impulse*. It's like a lake. Well, one gust o' wind sweeps all over it, and puts all in agitation, and makes the waters look angry and dangerous —(and smaller waters makes the ugliest seas always.) Well, as soon as the squall is over, what a'most a beautiful pitchin' and heavin' there is for a while, and then down it all comes as calm and as stagnant and tiresome as you please. That's our case.

There is nothin' to check popular commotion here, nothing to influence it for good, but much to influence it for evil. There is one tone and one key here; strike the octaves where you like, and when you like, and they all accord.

The press can lash us up to a fury here in two twos any day, because a chord struck at Maine vibrates in Florida, and when once roused, and our dander fairly up, where are the bodies above all this commotion, that can soften, moderate, control, or even influence it? The law, we see, is too feeble; people disregard it; the clergy can't, for if they dare to disagree with their flocks, their flocks drive 'em out of the pastur' in little less than half no time; the legislature can't, for they are parts of the same turbid water themselves; the president can't, for he is nothin' but a heap of froth thrown up by conflictin' eddies at the central point, and floats with the stream that generated him. He has no motion of himself, no locomotive power. It ain't the drift-log that directs the river to the sea, but the river that carries the drift-log on its back. Now in England, a lyin', agitatin', wicked press, demagogues and political jugglers, and them sort o' cattle, finds a check in the Executive, the great, the larned, the virtuous, the prudent, and the well established nobility, church, and gentry. It can't deceive them, they are too well informed;—it can't agitate them, for they don't act from impulse, but from reason. It can't overturn 'em, for they are too strong. Nothin' can move so many different bodies but somethin' genuwine and good, somethin' that comes recommended by common sense for the public weal by its intrinsic excellence. Then the clergy bless it, the nobles sanction it, and the king executes it. It's a well-constructed piece o' machinery that, colonel, and I hope they won't go adabblin' too much with it;—*there's nothin like leavin' all's well alone.*

I'll suppose a case now:—If the French in Canada were to rebel—as they will, like that priest that walked on crutches till they elected him Pope, and when he got into the chair he up crutches and let 'em fly at the heads of the cardinals, and told 'em to clear out, or he'd kick 'em out—they'll rebel as soon as they can walk alone, for the British have made 'em a French colony instead of an English one, and then they'll throw away their crutches. If they do rebel, see if our people don't go to war, tho' the government is to peace. They'll do gist as they please, and nothin' can stop 'em. What do they care for a President's proclamation, or a marshal's advertisements? they'd lynch one, or tar and feather the other of those chaps as quick as wink, if they dared to stand in the way one minit. No; we want the influence of an indepen-

dent united clergy—of a gentry, of an upper class, of a permanent one too—of a somethin' or another, in short, we hav'n't got, and I fear never will get. What little check we had in Washington's time is now lost; our senate has degenerated into a mere second house of representatives; our legislators are nothin' but speakin' trumpets for the mobs outside to yell and howl thro'. The British Government is like its oak; it has its roots spread out far and wide, and is supported and nourished on all sides, besides its tap-roots that run right straight down into the ground—(for all hard-wood trees have tap-roots, you know.) Well, when a popular storm comes, it bends to the blast, do you see? till its fury is spent;—it gets a few leaves shook down, and perhaps a rotten branch or two twisted off; but when the storm is o'er there it is ag'in bolt upright—as straight and as stiff as a poker. But our government is like one of our forest trees—all top and no branches, or downward roots, but a long, slim stalk with a broom-head, fed by a few superficial fibres, the air and the rain; and when the popular gust comes it blows it right over—a great, onwieldy windfall, smashin' all afore it, and breakin' itself all up to pieces. It's too holler and knotty to saw or to split, or to rip, and too shaky to plane, or do anythin' with—all it's strength lies in growin' close alongside of others; but it grows too quick, and too thick to be strong. It *has no intrinsic strength*:—some folks to England ain't up to this themselves, and raely talk like fools. They talk as if they were in a republic instead of a limited monarchy. If ever they get upsot, mark my words, colonel, the squall won't come out of royalty, aristocracy, or prelacy, but out o' democracy—and a plaguy squally sea democracy is, I tell you; wind gets up in a minit; you can't show a rag of sail to it, and if you don't keep a bright look-out, and shorten sail in time, you're wrecked or swamped afore you know where you be. I'd rather live onder an absolute monarchy any day than in a democracy, for one tyrant is better nor a thousand; oppression is better nor anarchy, and hard law better nor no law at all. Minister, says father, (and he put his hand on his knees, and rose up slowly, till he stretched himself all out,) I have sot here and heerd more abuse of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens, from you this ev'nin', than I ever thought I could have taken from any livin' soul breathin'; it's more than I can cleverly swaller, or digest either, I tell *you*.

Now, sir, says he, and he brought his two heels close together, and taking hold of his coat tail with his left hand, brought his right hand slowly round to it, and then lifted it gradually up as if he was drawin' out a sword,—and now, sir, said he, makin' a lunge into the air with his arm,—now, sir, if your were not a clergyman, you should answer it to me with your life—you should, I snore. It's nothin' but your cloth protects you, and an old friendship that has subsisted atween us for many years. You revolutionary heroes, colonel, says minister, smilin', are covered with too much glory to require any aid from private quarrels: put up your sword, colonel, put it up, my good friend, and let us see how the cider is. I have talked so much, my mouth feels considerable rusty about the hinges, I vow. I guess we had, says father, quite mollified by that are little revolutionary hero,—and I will sheath it; and he went thro' the form of puttin' a sword into the scabbard, and fetched his two hands together with a click that sounded amazin'ly like the rael thing. Fill your glass, colonel, says minister, fill your glass, and I will give you a toast:—*May our government never degenerate into a mob, nor our mobs grow strong enough to become our government.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEPOSED MINISTER.

Since I parted with you, squire, at Windsor, last fall, I've been to home. There's been an awful smash among the banks in the States—they've been blowed over, and snapped off, and torn up by the roots like the pines to the southward in a tarnado:—awful work, you may depend. Everything prostrated as flat as if it had been chopped with an axe for the fire; it's the most dismal sight I ever beheld. Shortly after I left you I got a letter from Mr. Hopewell, a tellin' of me, there was a storm abrewin', and advisin' of me to come home as soon as possible, to see arter my stock in the Slickville bank, for they were carryin' too much sail, and he was e'en a'most certain it would capsize when the squall struck it. Well, I rode night and day; I nearly killed Old Clay and

myself too (I left the old horse to the St. John's;) but I got there in time, sold out my shares, and gist secured myself, when it failed tetotally,—it won't pay five cents to the dollar; a total wreck, stock and fluke. Poor old minister, he is nearly used up; he is small potatoes now, and few in a hill. It made me feel quite streaked to see him, for he is a rael good man, a genu*wine* primitive Christian, and one of the old school. Why, Sam, says he, how do you do, my boy? The sight of you is actilly good for sore eyes. Oh! I am glad to see you once more afore I go, it does me good—it happifies me, it does, I vow—for you always seem kind o'nateral to me. I didn't think I should ever take any interest in anything ag'in;—but I must have a talk with you—it will do me good—it revives me. And now, Sam, said he, open that are cupboard there, and take the big key off the nail on the right hand side—it's the key of the cellar; and go the north bin, and bring up a bottle of the old genu*wine* cider—it will refresh you arter your fatigue; and give me my pipe and tobacco, and we will have a talk as we used to do in old times.

Well, says I, when I returned and uncorked the bottle,—minister, says I, it's no use in a talkin',—and I took a heavy pull at the cider—it's no use a talkin', but there's nothing like that among the Blue-noses any how. I believe you might stump the univarse for cider—*that* caps all—it's super-excellent—that's a fact.

I shall stump out of the univarse soon, Sam, said he; I'm e'en a'most done; my body is worn out, and my spirits are none of the best now,—I'm a lone man. The old men are droppin' off fast into the grave, and the young men are troopin' off fast to the far West; and Slickville don't seem the place to me it used to do no more. I'm well stricken in years now; my life stretches over a considerable space of the colony time, and over all our republic: my race is run, my lamp is out, and I am ready to go. I often say, Lord, now lettest thou thy sarvant depart in peace. Next birth-day, if the Lord spares me to see it, I shall be ninety-five years old. Well, says I, minister, you've seen great changes in your time, that's sartain; haven't we grown cruel fast? There ain't such a nation as ourn p'rhaps atween the poles, gist at this present time. We are a'most through to the Pacific, and spreadin' all over this great Continent; and our flag floats over every part of the world. Our free and enlightened people do present a'most

a glorious spectacle—that's a fact. Well, he sot still and said nothin'; but takin' the pipe out of his mouth, he let go a great long puff of smoke, and then replaced his pipe ag'in, and arter a space, says he, Well, Sam, what of all that? Why, said I, minister, you remind me of Joab Hunter; he whipped every one that darst try him, both in Slickville and its vicinity; and then he sot down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeerd of him, and none on 'em would fight him.

It's a law of natur', Sam, said he, that things that grow too fast, and grow too big, go to decay soon. I am afeerd we shall be rotten afore we are ripe. Precosity ain't a good sign in any thing. A boy that outgrows his strength, is seldom healthy: an old head on young shoulders is plaguy apt to find afore long the shoulders too old and weak for the head. I am too aged a man to be led away by names—too old a bird to be caught by chaff. Tinsel and glitter don't deceive me into a belief that they are solid, genuine metals. Our eagle, that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird; and an aspirin' bird; but *he is a bird of prey, Sam,—too fond of blood,—too prone to pounce on the weak and unwary.* I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but them stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves risin' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is? Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are sartainly free. But is that freedom? Is it havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it in havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt.

Yes, we know what we are atalkin' about; we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is, p'rhaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and so glibly; but it may not be so free to all comers as our country is. But what is freedom? My little grandson, little Sammy, (I had him named arter you, Sam,) told me yesterday I was behind the enlightenment of the age; perhaps you, who are ahead of it, will answer me. What is freedom? A colt is free,—he is unrestrained,—he acknowledges no master,—no law, but the law of natur'. A man may get his brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that

of the wild horse or the wild ass? If not, what is it?—Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular spirits? Is it in the absence of all subordination, or the insufficiency of all legal or moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. *That is freedom.*

Why, minister, said I, what on airth ails you, to make you talk arter that fashion? If you had abin drinkin' any of that are old cider, I do think I should have believed it had got into your brain, for it's pretty considerable stiff that, and tarnation heady. How can you go for to say we have no government, no law, and no religion, when it's ginerally allowed we are the most free and enlightened people on the face of the airth? —I didn't say *that*, Sam; I was definin' freedom in its general acceptation. We have got a government somewhere, if folks could only find it. When they sarched for it at Texas, they said it was to Canady lines; and when they go to Canady lines to seek it, they say it is gone to the Seminole war; and when they get there, they'll tell 'em they've been lookin' for it; but it hasn't arrived yet, and they wish to gracious it would make haste and come, for if it wor there, three thousand Injians couldn't beat us three years runnin', and defy us yet. We've got law too; and when the judges go on the circuit, the mob holds its courts, and keeps the peace.—Whose commission does the mob hold?—The people's commission. And whose commission does the supreme judge hold?—The President's. Which is at the top of the pot then? Can the judges punish the mob?—No; but the mob can punish the judges. Which is the supreme court, then? No; we have law. Yes, said I, and the prophets too; for if you ain't a prophet of evil, it's a pity. I fairly felt ryled, for if there is any thing that raises my dander, and puts my Ebenezer up, it is to hear a man say any thing ag'in the glorious institutions of our great, splendid country.

There you go ag'in, said he; you don't know what you are atalkin' about; a prophet *used* to be a person who foretold future events to come. What they be now in Webster's new dictionary, I don't know; but I guess they now be those who foretell things arter they happen. I warn't aprophesyin'—I

was speakin' of things afore my eyes. Your ideas of prophets are about as clear as your ideas of freedom. Yes, we've got law, and written law too, as well as written constitutions—(for we despise that onwritten law, the common law of the ignorant British; we despise it as a relic of barbarism, of the age of darkness and fable,)—and as soon as our cases that are tried afore the mob courts are collected and reported by some of our eminent mob orators, these state trials will have great authority. They'll be quoted to England with great respect, I know; for they've got orators of the same breed there too,—the same gentle, mild, Christian-like philanthropists. Pity you hadn't sported that kind of doctrine, says I, minister, afore our glorious revolution. The British would have made a bishop of you, or a Canter Berry, or whatever they call their Protestant pope. Yes, you might have had the cannon law and the tythe law enforced with the baggonet law. Abusin' the British don't help us, Sam. I am not *their* advocate, but the advocate for law, just and equal law, impartially administered, voluntarily obeyed, and, when infringed, duly enforced. Yes, we have religion, too, from the strict good old platform, through every variety and shade of tinker, mormonite, and mountebank, down to the infidel,—men who preach peace and good will, but who fight and hate each other like the devil. Idolatry like ourn you won't find even among the heathen. We are image worshippers: we have two images. There's the golden image, which all men worship here, and the American image. The American image! said I; do tell: what on airth is that? I do believe in my heart, minister, that you have taken leave of your senses. What onder the sun is the American image? An image of perfection, Sam, said he; fine phrenological head—high forehead—noble countenance—intelligent face—limbs Herculean, but well proportioned—graceful attitude—a figure of great elegance and beauty,—the personification of every thing that is great and good,—*that* is the American image, —*that* we set up and admire, and every body thinks it is an image of himself. Oh! it is humiliatin', it is degradin'; but we are all brought up to this idolatry from our cradle: we are taught first to worship gold, and then to idolize ourselves.

Yes, we have a government, have a law, and have a religion,—and a precious government, law, and religion, it is. I

was once led to believe we had made a great discovery, and were tryin' a great experiment in the art of self-government, for the benefit of mankind, as well as ourselves. Oh, delusion of delusions!—It had been tried before and signally failed, and tried on our own ground too, and under our own eyes. We are copies and not originals—base imitators. When he got this far, I seed how it was—he was delirious, poor old gentleman; the sight of me was too much for him; his narves was excited, and he was aravin'; his face was flushed, his eye glared, and looked quite wild-like. It touched me to the heart, for I loved him like a father, and his intellects were of the first order afore old age, like a cloud, had overshadowed 'em. I thought I should have boohooed right out. So, instead of contradictin' him, I humoured him. Where was it tried, minister? said I; who had the honour afore us? for let us give the credit where it is due. The North American Indians, said he, had tried it afore in all its parts. They had no king, no nobles, no privileged class, no established religion. Their mobs made laws, Lynch law too, for they had burned people before the citizens at Mobile were ever born, or were even thought on, and invaded also other folks' territory by stealth, and then kept possession. They, too, elected their presidents and other officers, and did all and every thing we do. They, too, had their federal government of independent states, and their congress and solemn lookin' boastin' orators. They, too, had their long knives as well as Arkansas folks have, and were as fond of blood. And where are they now? Where is their great experiment?—their great spectacle of a people governin' themselves? Gone! where ourn will go; gone with the years that are fled, never to return! Oh, Sam, Sam! my heart is sick within me. Where now is our beautiful republic bequeathed to us by Washington, and the sages and heroes of the revolution? Overwhelmed and destroyed by the mighty waters of democracy. Nothin' is now left but a dreary waste of angry waters, moved and excited by every wind that blows, and agitated by every conflictin' current, onsafe to navigate, fearful even to look upon.

This is is too excitin' a subject, said I, minister, and admits of great deal bein' said on both sides. It ain't worth our while to get warm on it. As for an established church, said I, you know what an hubbub they made in England to get clear of that are. I don't think we need envy 'em, unless they'll

establish our platform. If they did *that*, said I, and I looked up and winked, I don't know as I wouldn't vote for it myself. Sam, said he, we are goin' to have an established church; it may be a very good church, and is a great deal better than many we have; but still it ain't the church of the Pilgrims. What church, said I, minister? Why, said he, the Catholic Church; before long it will be the established church of the United States. Poor old man, only think of his getting such a freak as that are in his head; it was melancholy to hear him talk such nonsense, warn't it? What makes you think so? said I. Why, said he, Sam, the majority here do everything. The majority voted at first against an establishment; a majority may at last vote for it; the voice of the majority is law. Now the Catholics are fast gainin' a numerical majority. Don't you believe census or other tables? I know it, and I could easily correct the errors of the census.

They gain constantly—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets—as soon as they have the majority this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes, and Persians, of Europe, the nolumus leges mutari people. What then will the natural order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this—I don't dread it; I hope, and trust, and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don't, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold, speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. *We shall be a Catholic country.*

Sam, my heart is broken!—my last tie is severed, and I am now descendin' to the grave full of years and full of sorrows! I have received my dismissal; my elders have

waited upon me with the appallin' information that they have given a call to a Unitarian, and have no further need of my services. My labours, Sam, were not worth having—that's a fact; I am now old, grey-headed, and infirm, and worn out in the service of my master. It was time for me to retire. Tempus abire tibi est. (I hope you hav'n't forgot what little Latin you had, Sam.) I don't blame 'em for *that*:—but a Unitarian in my pulpit! It has killed me—I *cannot* survive it; and he cried like a child. I looked on 'em, said he, as *my* children—I loved 'em as my own—taught 'em their infant prayers—I led 'em to the altar of the Lord, I fed 'em with the bread of life, encouraged 'em when they was right, reproved 'em when they was wrong, and watched over 'em always. Where now is my flock? and what account shall I give of the shepherd? Oh, Sam, willin'ly would I offer up my life for 'em as a sacrifice, but it may not be. My poor flock, my dear children, my lost sheep, that I should have lived to have seen this day!—and he hid his face in his hands, and moaned bitterly.

Poor old gentleman, it had been too much for him; it was evident that it had affected his head as well as his heart. And this I will say, that a better head and a better heart there ain't this day in the United States of America than minister Joshua Hopewell's of Slickville. I am glad to hear you speak so affectionately of him, said I. It shows there are good and warm hearts in Slickville besides his: but do you really think he was delirious? No doubt in the world on it, said he. If you had aseen him and heerd him, you would have felt that his troubles had swompified him. It was gone goose with him,—that's a fact. That he spoke under the influence of excited feelings, I replied, and with a heart filled with grief and indignation, there can be no doubt; but I see no evidence of delirium; on the contrary, his remarks strike me as most eloquent and original. They have made a great impression upon me, and I shall long remember the *confessions of a deposed minister*.

CHAPTER XVI.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

The next day we reached Clare, a township wholly settled by descendants of the Acadian French. The moment you pass the bridge at Scissiboo, you become sensible that you are in a foreign country. And here I must enter my protest against that American custom of changing the old and appropriate names of places, for the new and inappropriate ones of Europe. Scissiboo is the Indian name of this long and beautiful river, and signifies the great deep, and should have been retained, not merely because it was its proper name, but on account of its antiquity, its legends, and, above all, because the river had a name, which the minor streams of the province have not. A country, in my opinion is robbed of half of its charms when its streams, like those of Nova Scotia, have no other names than those of the proprietors of the lands through which they pass, and change them as often as the soil changes owners. Scissiboo sounded too savage and uncouch in the ears of the inhabitants, and they changed it to Weymouth, but they must excuse me for adopting the old reading.

I am no democrat; I like old names and the traditions belonging to them. I am no friend to novelties. There has been a re-action in Upper Canada. The movement party in that colony, with great form and ceremony, conferred the name of Little York upon the capital of the colony; but the Conservatives have adopted the ancient order of things, and with equal taste and good feeling have restored the name of Toronto. I hope to see the same restoration at Scissiboo, at Tatam-agouche, and other places where the spoiler has been.

There is something very interesting in these Acadians. They are the lineal descendants of those who made the first effective settlement in North America, in 1606, under De Monts, and have retained to this day the dress, customs, language, and religion of their ancestors. They are a peaceable, contented, and happy people; and have escaped the temptations of English agitators, French atheists, and domestic demagogues.

I have often been amazed, said the Clockmaker, when travelling among the Canadians, to see what curious critters they be. They leave the marketin' to the women, and their business to their notaries, the care of their souls to the priests, and of their bodies to their doctors, and resarve only frolickin', dancin', singin', fidlin', and gasconadin' to themselves. They are as merry as crickets, and as happy as the day is long. Don't care a straw how the world jogs, who's up or who's down, who reigns or who is deposed. Ask 'em who is King, and they believe Papinor is; who is Pope, and they believe their bishop is; who is the best off in the world, and they believe Mount-Sheer Chatterbox Habitan is. How is it then, said I, they are just on the eve of a rebellion? If they are so contented and happy as you represent them, what can induce them to involve the country in all the horrors of a civil war; and voluntarily incur all the penalties of treason, and the miseries of a revolution?

Because, said he, they are gist what I have described them to be—because they don't know nothin'. They are as weak as Taunton water, and all the world knows that that won't even run down hill. They won't do nothin' but gist as they are bid. Their notaries and doctors tell 'em,—them sacra diabola foutera English are agoin' by and by to ship 'em out of the country; and in the mean time rob 'em, plunder 'em, and tax 'em;—hang their priests, seize their galls, and play hell and Tommy with them, and all because they speak French. Hay beang, says Habitan, up and at them then, and let 'em have it! But how can we manage all them redcoats? Oh! says their leaders, old France will send a fleet and sodgers, and Yankies will send an army. Yankies very fond of us,—all larnin' French apurpose;—very fond of Catholics too, all thro' New England;—great friend of ourn,—hate English like the diable. Allong dong, then, they say; up and cut their throats! and when winter comes, burn 'em up, hang 'em up,—use 'em up! One grand French nation we shall have here then; all French, and no sacra English.

But do they really talk such nonsense to them as that, or are they such fools to believe it? Fact, I assure you; they are so ignorant they believe it all, and will believe anything they tell 'em. It is a comfortable ignorance they are in too, for they are actilly the happiest critters on the face of the airth,—but then it is a dangerous ignorance, for it is so easily

imposed upon. I had been always led to believe, I said, that it was a great constitutional question that was at stake,—the right to stop the supplies; and from hearing there were so many speculative and theoretical points of dispute between them and the English, as to the machinery of the local government, I thought they were at least an enlightened people, and one that, feeling they had rights, were determined to maintain those rights at all hazards. Oh, dear, said the Clockmaker, where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that? They don't know nothin' about the matter, nor don't want to. Even them that talk about those things in the Assembly, don't know much more; but they gist know enough to ax for what they know they can't get, then call it a grievance, and pick a quarrel about it. Why, they've got all they want, and more nor they could have under us, or any other power on the face of the airth than the English,—ay, more than they could have if they were on their own hook. They have their own laws,—and plaguy queer, old-fashioned laws they are too,—Old Scratch himself couldn't understand 'em; their parly voo language, religion, old customs and usages, and everything else, and no taxes at all.

If such is the case, what makes their leaders discontented? There must be something wrong somewhere, when there is so much disaffection. All that is the matter may be summed up in one word, said the Clockmaker, *French*,—devil anything else but that—*French*. You can't make an Englishman out of a Frenchman, any more than you can make a white man out of a nigger; if the skin ain't different, the tongue is. But, said I, though you cannot make the Ethiopian change his skin, you can make the Frenchman change his language. Ay, now you have it, I guess, said he; you've struck the right nail on the head this time. The reform they want in Canada is to give 'em English laws and English language. Make 'em use it in courts and public matters, and make an English and not a French colony of it; and you take the sting out o' the snake,—the critter becomes harmless. Them doctors pyson 'em. Them chaps go to France, get inoculated there with infidelity, treason, and republicanism, and come out and spread it over the country like small pox. They got a bad set o' doctors in a general way, I tell you, and when rebellion breaks out there, as you'll see it will to a sartainty by and by, you'll find them doctors leadin' them on everywhere,—the

very worst fellors among 'em,—boys of the glorious July days to Paris. Well, it is no use atalkin', squire, about it; it is a pity, too, to see the poor simple critters so imposed upon as they be, for they'll catch it, if they do rebel, to a sartainty. Gist as sure as Pappinor takes that step he is done for,—he's a refugee in six weeks in the States, with a price set on his head, for the critter won't fight. The English all say he wants the clear grit—ain't got the stuff—no ginger in him—it's all talk.

The last time I was to Montreal, I seed a good deal of the leaders of the French; they were very civil to me, and bought ever so many of my clocks,—they said they liked to trade with their American friends, it was proper to keep up a good feelin' among neighbours. There was one Doctor Jodrie there, a'most everlastin'ly at my heels aintroducin' of me to his countrymen, and recommendin' them to trade with me. Well, I went to his shop one night, and when he heerd my voice, he come out of a back room, and, said he, walk in here, Mount-Sheer Slick, I want you for one particular use; come along with me, my good fellor, there are some friends here takin' of a glass o' grog along with me, and a pipe;—won't you join us? Well, said I, I don't care if I do; I won't be starched. A pipe wouldn't be amiss gist now, says I, nor a glass of grog neither; so in I went; but my mind misgived me there was some mischief abrewin' in there, as I seed he bolted the door arter him, and so it turned out.

The room was full of chaps, all doctors, and notaries, and members of assembly, with little short pipes in their mouths, achattin' away like so many monkeys, and each man had his tumbler o' hot rum and water afore him on the table. Sons o' liberty, says he, here's a brother, Mount-Sheer Slick, a haul o' jaw clockmaker. Well, they all called out, Five Clock-maker! No, says I, not five clockmakers, but only one; and hardly trade enough for him neither, I guess. Well, they hawhawed like any thing, for they beat all natur' for larfin', them French. Five is same as hurrah, says he,—long life to you! Oh! says I, I onderstand now. No fear of that, any how, when I am in the hands of a doctor. Yankee hit him hard that time, be gar! said a little under-sized parchment-skinned lookin' lawyer. May be so, said the doctor; but a feller would stand as good a chance for his life in my hands, I guess, as he would in yourn, if he was to be defended in

court by you. The critters all yelled right out at this joke, and struck the table with their fists till the glasses all rang ag'in. Bon, bon, says they. Says the Doctor, Don't you understand French, Mr. Slick? No, says I, not one word; I wish to goodness I did though, for I find it very awkward sometimes stradin' without it. (I always said so when I was axed that are question, so as to hear what was agoin' on: it helped me in my business considerable. I could always tell whether they actilly wanted a clock or not, or whether they had the money to pay for it: they let out all their secrets.) Would you like to see a bull-bait? said he; we are goin' to bait a bull winter arter next,—grand fun, said he; we'll put fire to his tail,—stick squibs and matches into his hide,—make him kick, and roar, and toss, like the diable: then we'll put the dogs on, worry him so long as he can stand,—then, tam him, kill him, skin him, and throw his stinkin' carcass to the dogs and de crows. Yes, said the other fellors, kill him, damn him,—kill him! and they got up and waved their glasses over their heads;—death to the beast "*à la lanterne.*"

Says one of them in French to the doctor, Prenny garde,—are you sure, are you clear he is not English! Oh, sartain, said he in the same lingo; he is a Yankee clockmakin' cheatin' vagabond from Boston, or thereabouts; but we must court him,—we must be civil to them if we expect their aid. If we once get clear o' the English we will soon rid ourselves of them too. They are chips of the old block, them Yankees; a bad breed on both sides o' the water. Then turnin' to me, says he, I was just desirin' these gentlemen, Mr. Slick, to drink your health, and that of the United States. Thank you, says I, I believe our people and the French onderstand each other very well; a very *disinteristed* friendship on both sides. Oh, sartain, says he, aputtin' of his hand on his heart, and lookin' spooney. One sentiment, one grand sympathy of feelin', one real amitty yea. Your health, sir, said he; and they all stood up ag'in and made a deuce of a roar over it. Five Americanes!

I hope you have good dogs, said I, for your bull-bait? Oh, true breed and no mistake, said he. It takes a considerable of a stiff dog, says I, and one of the real grit, to face a bull. Them fellors, when they get their danders up, are plaguy onsafe critters; they'll toss and gore the common kind like nothin',—make all fly ag'in: it ain't over-safe to come too

near 'em when they are once fairly raised. If there is anythin' in natur' I'm afeerd on, it's a bull when he is ryled. Oh yes, said he, we got the dogs, plenty of 'em too,—genuine breed from old France, kept pure ever since it came here, except a slight touch of the fox and the wolf; the one makes 'em run faster, and t'other bite sharper. It's a grand breed. Thinks I to myself, I onderstand you, my hearties. I see your drift; go the whole figur', and do the thing genteel. Try your hand at it, will you? and if John Bull don't send you aflyin' into the air sky-high, in liftle less than half no time, it's a pity. A pretty set o' yelpin' curs you be to face such a critter as he is, ain't you? Why, the very moment he begins to paw and to roar, you'll run sneakin' off with your tails atween your legs, a yelpin' and a squeelin' as if Old Nick himself was arter you.

Great man, your Washington, says the doctor. Very, says I; no greater ever lived—p'r'aps the world never seed his ditto. And Papinonis a great man, too, said he. Very, said I, especially in the talking line—he'd beat Washington at that game, I guess, by a long chalk. I hope, says he, some day or another, Mr. Slick, and not far off neither, we shall be a free and independent people, like you. We shall be the France of America afore long—the grand nation—the great empire. It's our distiny—everything foretells it—I can see it as plain as can be. Thinks I to myself, this is a good time to broach our interest; and if there is to be a break-up here, to put in a spoke in the wheel for our folks—a stitch in time saves nine. So, says I, you needn't flatter yourselves, doctor; you can't be a distinct nation; it ain't possible, in the natur' o' things. You may jine us, if you like, and there would be some sense in that move—that's a fact; but you never can stand alone here—no more than a lame man can without crutches, or a child of six days old. No, not if all the colonies were to unite, you couldn't do it. Why, says I, gist see here, doctor; you couldn't show your noses on the fishin' ground for one minit—you can hardly do it now, even tho' the British have you under their wing. Our folks would drive you off the banks, seize your fish, tear your nets, and lick you like a sack—and then go home and swear you attacked them first, and our government would seize the fisheries as an indemnification. How could you support an army and a navy, and a diplomacy, and make fortifications. Why you

couldn't build and support one frigate, nor maintain one regiment, nor garrison Quebec itself, let alone the out-posts. Our folks would navigate the St. Lawrence in spite of your teeth, and the St. John River too, and how could you help yourselves? They'd smuggle you out of your eye-teeth, and swear you never had any. Our fur traders would attack your fur traders, and drive 'em all in. Our people would enter here, and settle—then kick up a row, call for American volunteers, declare themselves independent, and ask admission into the Union; and afore you know'd where you were, you'd find yourselves one of our states. Gist look at what is goin' on to Texas, and what has gone on to Florida, and then see what will go on here. We shall own clean away up to the North and South Pole, afore we're done.

Says the doctor, in French, to the other chaps, that would be worse than bein' a colony to the English. Them Yankee villains would break up our laws, language, and customs; that cat wouldn't jump at all, would it? *Jamais, Jamais!* says the company. We must have aid from old France; we must be the grand nation, and the great empire, ourselves—and he stop't, went to the door, unbolted it, looked round the shop, and then turned the bolt ag'in. Would your folks, says he, help us, if we was to revolt, Mr. Slick. Certainly, said I; they'd help you all they could, and not go to war with the British. They'd leave all the armories on the line unguarded, so you could run over and pretend to rob 'em, and leave all the cannon in the forts without any body to see arter them, so you might have them if you wanted them. Lots o' chaps would volunteer in your ranks, and our citizens would subscribe handsum'. They'd set up a claim pretty fierce, at the same time, about the New Brunswick boundary line, so as to make a devarsion in your favour in that quarter. We can't go to war gist now; it would ruin us, stock and fluke. We should lose our trade and shippin', and our niggers and Indgians are ugly customers, and would take a whole army to watch them in case of a war. We'd do all we could to help you as a *people*, but not as a *government*. We'd furnish you with arms, ammunition, provisions, money, and volunteers. We'd let you into our country, but not the British. We'd help you to *arrange* your plans and to *derange* them. But we'd have to respect our treaties, for we are a high-minded, right-minded, sound-minded, and religious people. We scru-

pulously fulfil our engagements. What we undertake we perform—ther's no mistake in us—you always know where to find us. We are under great obligations to the British—they saved us from the expense and miseries of a war with France—they have built us up with their capital and their credit, and are our best customers. We could not, consistently with our treaties or our conscience, send an army or a navy to help you; but we will hire you or lend you our steam-boats, and other craft; send you men to make an army, and the stuff to feed, clothe, arm, and pay them. In short, the nations of the airth will look on with admiration at the justice and integrity of our doings. We shall respect the treaty with the British on one side, and prove ourselves a kind, a liberal, and most obliging neighbour to you on the other. Government will issue proclamations against interference. The press of the country will encourage it. The nation will be neutral, but every soul in it will aid you. Yes, we are as straight as a shingle in our dealings, and do things above board handsum'. We do love a fair deal above all things—that's a fact. *Bon, bon!* says they, *Les aristocrats à la lanterne*—and they broke out a singin', *à la lanterne.*

It was now twelve o'clock at night when we quit, and gist as we got into the street, I heerd the word Doric, Doric,—and says I, what on airth is that? what sort o' critter is a Doric? A Doric is a loyalist, says they,—a diable bull,—*sacra futre*—kill him,—and they arter him, full split like the wind, caught him, knocked him down, and most finished him—they e'en a'most beat him to a jelly, and left him for dead. That's the way, says they, we'll sarve every Englishman in Canada—extarminate 'em, damn 'em. Time for me to be off, says I, a'most, I'm a thinkin'; it's considerable well on towards mornin'. Good night, Mount Sheer. *Bon swore! Bon swore!* says they, singin'—

"Oh! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrats, à 'a lanterne."

And the last I heerd of them, at the end of the street, was an everlastin' almighty shout, Five Papinor—five Papinor!

Yes, I pity them poor Canadians, said the Clockmaker. They are a loyal, contented, happy people, if them sarpents of doctors and lawyers would leave 'em alone, and let 'em be, and not pyson their minds with all sorts of lies and locrums

about their government. They will *spunk 'em to rebellion* at last, and when it does come to the scratch they will desart 'em as sure as eggs is eggs, and leave 'em to be shot down by the sodgers; they ain't able of themselves to do nothin', them Canadians; they ain't got the means, nor the energy, nor the knowledge for it; they ain't like the descendants of the Pilgrims'—that's a *fact*. The *worst* of it is, too, the *punishment* won't fall on the right heads neither, for them critters will cut and run to a sartainty;—I know it, I'm e'en a'most sure of it,—if they'd ahad the true blue in 'em, they wouldn't have half murdered and maimed that poor defenceless Doric, as they did. None but cowards do 'em are things;—a brave man *fights*,—a *coward sticks* a bowie knife into *your ribs*; but p'rhaps it will all turn out for the best in the eend, said he; for if there is a blow up, Papinor will off to the States full chisel with the other leaders,—the first shot, and them that they catch and hang can never show their *faces in* Canada ag'in. It will clear the country of them, as they clear a house of *rats*,—*frighten* 'em out of their seven senses by *firin'* off a gun.

A thunderstorm, 'squire, said the Clockmaker, most always cools the air, clears the sky, lays the dust, and makes all look about right ag'in.

Every thing will depend on how the English work it arterwards; if they blunder ag'in, they'll never be able to set it to rights. What course ought they to adopt? said I, for the subject is one in which I feel great interest. I'll tell you, said he. First, they should ——, and he suddenly checked himself, as if doubtful of the propriety of answering the question; —and then smiling, as if he had discovered a mode of escaping the difficulty, he continued—They should make you plinipo, and appoint me your secretary.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING.

Wherever natur does least, man does most, said the Clockmaker. Gist see the difference atween these folks here to Liverpool and them up the bay of Fundy. There natur' has given them the finest country in the world,—she has taken away all the soil from this place, and chucked it out there, and left nothin' but rocks and stones here. There they gist vegetate, and here they go-ahead like anything. I was credibly informed, when Liverpool was first settled, folks had to carry little light ladders on their shoulders to climb over the rocks, and now they've got better streets, better houses, better gardens, and a better town than any of the baymen. They carry on a considerable of a fishery here, and do a great stroke in the timber-business.

I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a frolic him and me had with a tide-waiter. Ichabod had a large store o' goods, and I was in there one evenin' adrinkin' tea along with him, and we got atalkin' about smugglin'. Says he, Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they *do* smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable of a sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' freights of money from the West Indgies, warn't employed more a protectin' of our fisheries and our trade. Why don't you smuggle then too, says I, and meet 'em in their own way? —tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize *them*;—free trade and sailors' rights is our maxim. Why, says he, I ain't gist altogether certified that it's right; it goes agin' my conscience to do the like o' that are, and I must say I like a fair deal. In a gineral way a'most I've observed what's got over the devil's back is commonly lost under his belly. It don't seem to wear well. Well, that's onconvenient, too, to be so thin skinned, said I; for conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the soul of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without any thing

over it. Now, says I, I will put you on a track that will sarve you without bringin' corns on your conscience either. Do you gist pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer, and full out as profitable as the rael thing, and besides there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait that. Now always onload your vessels at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place atween two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the axles so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and oneasy. Says you, (when a chap says, I guess you were up late last night,) ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimpin' eyes about now, a body has to be cautious if he don't want to get into the centre of a hobble. If I'm up late I guess it's nobody's business but my own I'm about any how; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you seed or heerd.

Well, when a feller axes arter a thing, do you gist stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, enquirin' like with a dubersum' look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then gist wink, put your finger on your nose, and say mum is the word. Take a candle and light it, and say, foller me now, and take him into the cellar. Now, says you, friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to any one about this place;—people will never think o' suspectin' me if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things, says you, that will please you, I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article, says you, atakin' up one that cost three pounds, I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds, and that one as cheap as six pounds, on one condition,—but mind you, it's on them terms only,—and that is that you don't tell any one, not even your wife, where you got it; but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man. The critter will fall right into the trap, and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his wife, and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear; it will run right thro', and she'll go a braggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole country in the same way, as a secret, of the cheap things Ichabod Gates has. Well, the excise folks

will soon hear o' this, and come and sarch your house from top to bottom, and the sarch will make your fortin', for, as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style.

Well, well, said Ichabod, if you Yankees don't beat all natur'. I don't believe in my soul there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would athought o' such a scheme as that, but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it parallels pretty close with the truth: I'll try it. Try it, says I, to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night, and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar,—put some in the garret and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell to-morrow, and all the time I'm to Liverpool I'll keep arunnin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll gist come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back ag'in as if I didn't want folks to see me, and sometimes I'll make as if I was agoin' out, and if I see any one acomin', I'll spring back and hide behind the door; it will set the whole town on the look-out,—and they'll say it's me that's asmugglin' either on my own hook or yourn. In three days he had a great run o' custom, particularly arter night-fall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bammed by that hoax.

On the fifth day the tide-waiter came. Mr. Slick, says he, I've got information th——— Glad to hear it, says I; an officer without information would be a poor tool—that's a fact. Well, it brought him up all standin'. Says he, do you know who you are atalkin' to? Yes, says I, guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information; and that bein' the case, I'll be so bold as to ax you one question,—have you any thing to say to me? for I'm in a considerable of a hurry. Yes, said he, I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house. Well, then, says I, you can say what many galls can't boast on at any rate. What's that? says he. Why, says I, that you are *miss*-informed.

Mr. Gates, said he, give me a candle, I must go to the cellar. Sartainly, sir, said Ichabod, you may sarch where you please: I've never smuggled yet, and I am not agoin' now to commence at my time of life. As soon as he got the candle, and was agoin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod. Here, says I, Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time; and off we ran up stairs as fast as we could leg it, and locked the door; the sarcher heerin' that, up too and arter us hot

foot, and bust open the door. As soon as we heerd him adoin' of that, we out o' the other door and locked that also, and down the back stairs to where we started from. It was some time afore he broke in the second door, and then he follered us down, lookin' like a proper fool. I'll pay you up for this, said he to me. I hope so, said I, and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this, when folks can tare and race over a decent man's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it? Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to somethin', you may depend;—a joke is a joke, but thats no joke. Arter that he took his time, sarched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize; he was all cut up, and amazin' vexed, and put out. Says I, friend, if you want to catch a weasel you must catch him asleep; now if you want to catch me asmugglin', rise considerable airly in the mornin', will you? This story made Ichabod's fortin a'most: he had smuggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where onder the sun he hid 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up smugglin' on the whole shore. That story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

There's nothin' a'most, said the Clockmaker, I like so much as to see folks cheat themselves. I don't know as I ever cheated a man myself in my life: I like to do things above board handsum', and go strait ahead; but if a chap seems bent on cheatin' himself, I like to be neighbourly, and help him to do it. I mind once, when I was to the eastward of Halifax atradin', I bought a young horse to use while I gave Old Clay a run to grass. I do that most every fall, and it does the poor old critter a deal of good. He kinder seems to take a new lease every time, it sets him up so. Well, he was a most especial horse, but he had an infarnal temper, and it required all my knowledge of horse flesh to manage him. He'd kick, sulk, back, bite, refuse to draw, or run away, gist as he took the notion. I mastered him, but it was gist as much as a bargain too; and I don't believe, tho' I say it myself, there is any other gentleman in the province could have managed him but me. Well, there was a parson livin' down there that took a great fancy to that horse. Whenever he seed me adrivin' by he always stopt to look at his action and gait, and admired him amazin'ly. Thinks I to myself, that

man is inokilated—it 'll break out soon—he is detarmined to cheat himself, and if he is, there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. One day I was adrivin' out at a most a duce of a size, and he stopped me. Hallo! says he, Mr. Slick, where are you agoin' in such a desperate hurry? I want to speak a word to you. So I pulls up short. Mornin', says I, parson, how do you do to-day? That's a very clever horse of yourn, says he. Middlin', says I; he does my work, but he's nothin' to brag on; he ain't gist equal to Old Clay, and I doubt if there's are a blue-nose horse that is either. Fine action that horse, said he. Well, says I, people do say he has considerable fine action, but that's better for himself than me, for it makes him travel easier.

How many miles will he trot in the hour? said he. Well, says I, if he has a mind to and is well managed, he can do fifteen handsum'. Will you sell him? said he. Well, said I, parson, I would sell him, but not to you; the truth is, said I, smilin', I have a regard for ministers; the best friend I ever had was one, the reverend Joshua Hopewell, of Slickville, and I wouldn't sell a horse to one I didn't think would suit him. Oh! said he, the horse would suit me exactly; I like him amazin'ly: what's your price? Fifty pounds to any body else, said I, but fifty-five to you, parson, for I don't want you to have him at no price. If he didn't suit you, people would say I cheated you, and cheatin' a parson is, in my mind, pretty much of a piece with robbin' of a church. Folks would think considerable hard of me sellin' you a horse that warn't quite the thing, and I shouldn't blame them one morsel if they did. Why, what's the matter of him? said he. Well, says I, minister, says I, alarfin' right out, every thing is the matter of him. Oh! said he, that's all nonsense; I've seen the horse in your hands often, and desire no better. Well, says I, he will run away with you if he gets a chance, to a sartainty. I will drive him with a curb, said he. He will kick, says I. I'll put a back strap on him, said he. He will go backwards faster than forward, said I. I will give him the whip and teach him better, says he. Well, says I, larfin' like any thing, he wont go at all sometimes. I'll take my chance of that, said he; but you must take off that five pounds. Well, says I, parson, I don't want to sell you the horse—that's a fact; but if you must have him I suppose you must, and I will subtract the five pounds on one condition, and

that is, if you don't like the beast, you tell folks that you would have him, tho' I tried to set him out as bad as I could, and said every thing of him I could lay my tongue to. Well, says he, the horse is mine, and if he don't suit me, I acquit you of all blame.

Well, he took the horse, and cracked and boasted most prodigiously of him; he said he wouldn't like to take a hundred pounds for him; that he liked to buy a horse of a Yankee, for they were such capital judges of horse flesh they hardly ever a'most had a bad one, and that he knew he was agoin' to get a first chop one, the moment he found I didn't want to sell him, and that he never saw a man so loath to part with a beast. Oh dear! how I larfed in my sleeve when I heerd tell of the goney talkin' such nonsense: thinks I, he'll live to larn yet some things that ain't writ down in Latin afore he dies, or I'm mistakened—that's all. In the course of a few days the horse began to find he'd changed hands, and he thought he'd try what sort o' stuff his new master was made on; so he gist took the bit in his mouth one fine mornin' and ran off with him, and kicked his gig all to flinders, and nearly broke the parson's neck; and findin' that answer, he took to all his old tricks ag'in, and got worse than ever. He couldn't do nothin' with him,—even the helps were frightened out of their lives to go into the stable to him.

So he come to me one day lookin' quite streaked, and says he, Mr. Slick, that horse I bought of you is a perfect divil; I never saw such a critter in my life; I can neither ride him nor drive him. He gist does what he pleases with us, and we can't help ourselves no how. He actilly beats all the onruly animals I ever seed in my life. Well, says I, I told you so, minister—I didn't want to sell him to you at all; but you would have him. I know you did, said he; but you larfed so all the time I thought you was in jeest. I thought you didn't care to sell him, and gist said so to put me off, jokin' like: I had no idee you were in airnest: I wouldn't give ten pounds for him. Nor I neither, said I; I wouldn't take him as a gift, and be bound to keep him. How could you then, said he, have the conscience to ax me fifty pounds for him, and pocket it so coolly? To prevent you from buyin' him, parson, said I, that was my reason. I did all I could for you; I axed you five times as much as he was worth, and said all I could think on to run him down too; but *you took yourself in.*

There's two ways of tellin' a thing, said he, Mr. Slick,—in airnest and in jeest. You told it as if you were in jeest, and I took it so; you may call it what you like, but I call it a deception still. Parson, says I, how many ways you may have of tellin' a thing I don't know; but I have only one, and that's the true way: I told you the truth, but you didn't choose to believe it Now, says I, I feel kinder sorry for you too; but I'll tell you how to get out o' the scrape. I can't take him back, or folks would say it was me and not you that cheated yourself. Do you ship him. You can't sell him here without doin' the fair thing, as I did, tellin' all his faults; and if you do no soul would take him as a present, for people will believe you, tho' it seems they won't always believe a Clockmaker. Gist send him off to the West Indgies, and sell him at auction there for what he will fetch. He'll bring a good price, and if he gets into a rael right down genuine horseman's hands, there's no better horse. He said nothin', but shook his head, as if that cat wouldn't jump.

Now, says I, there's another bit of advice I'll give you free gratis for nothin',—*never buy a horse on the dealer's judgment, or he will cheat you if he can; never buy him on your own, or you will cheat yourself as sure as you are born.* In that case, said he, larfin', a man will be sure to be cheated either way: how is he to guard ag'in bein' taken in, then? Well, says I, he stands a fair chance any way of havin' the leake put into him—that's sartain, for next to woman kind there is nothin' so deceitful as horse-flesh that ever I seed yet. Both on 'em are apt to be spoiled in the breakin'; both on 'em puzzle the best judges sometimes to tell their age when well vamped up, and it takes some time afore you find out all their tricks. Pedigree must be attended to in both cases, particularly on the mother's side, and both require good trainin', a steady hand, and careful usage. Yes; both branches require great experience, and the most knowin' ones do get bit sometimes most beautifully. Well, says he, as touchin' horses, how is a man to avoid being deceived? Well, says I, I'll tell you—never buy a horse of a total stranger on no account,—never buy a horse of a gentleman, for—— Why, said he, he's the very man I should like to buy of, above all others. Well, then, says I, he's not the man for my money anyhow; you think you are safe with him, and don't inquire enough, and take too much for granted: you are apt to cheat yourself

in that case. Never buy a crack horse; he's done too much. Never buy a colt; he's done too little; you can't tell how he'll turn out. In short, says I, it's a considerable of a long story to go all through with it; it would take me less time to teach you how to make a clock, I calculate. If you buy from a man who ain't a dealer, he actilly don't know whether his horse is a good one or not; you must get advice from a friend who does know. If you buy from a dealer, he's too much for you or your friend either. If he has no honour, don't trade with him. If he has, put yourself wholly and entirely on it, and he'll not deceive you, there's no mistake—he'll do the thing genteel. If you'd a' axed me candidly now about that are horse, says I.—At that he looked up at me quite hard for a space, without sayin' a word, but pressed his lips together quite miffy like, as if he was a strivin' for to keep old Adam down, and turned short off and walked away. I felt kinder pity for him too; but if a man will cheat himself in spite of all you can do, why there is no help for it as I see, but to let him. Do you, squire?

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAKING OFF THE FACTORY LADIES.

THERE are few countries in the world, squire, said the Clockmaker, got such fine water powers as these provinces; but the folks don't make no use of 'em, tho' the materials for factories are spread about in abundance everywhere. Perhaps the whole world might be stumped to produce such a factory stand as Niagara Falls; what a nation sight of machinery that would carry, wouldn't it?—supply all Birmingham a'most.

The first time I returned from there, minister said, Sam, said he, have you seen the falls of Niagara? Yes, sir, said I, I guess I have. Well, said he, ain't it a'most a grand *sight* that? I guess it is a *scite*, says I, and it would be a grand spec to get up a joint stock company for factory purposes, for such another place for mills ain't to be found atween the poles. Oh dear! said I, only think of the cardin' mills, fullin' mills, cotton mills, grain mills, saw mills, plaster mills, and gracious knows what sort o' mills might be put up there, and never fail

for water; any fall you like, and any power you want, and yet them goneys the British let all run away to waste. It's a dreadful pity, ain't it? Oh Sam! said he,—and he jumped as if he was bit by a sarpent right up an eend,—now don't talk so profane, my sakes!—dont talk so sacrilegious. How that dreadful thirst o' gain has absorbed all other feelins' in our people, when such an idea could be entertained for a moment. It's a grand spectacle,—it's the voice of natur' in the wilderness, proclaimin' to the untutored tribes thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and tremblin', nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man, as to Moses of old, "Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." He who appeared in a flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introducin' the money-changers into the temple of the Lord. Talk not.—You needn't go, said I, minister, for to work yourself up that way ag'in me, I do assure you, for I didn't mean to say anything out o' the way at all, so come now. And now you do mention it, says I, it does seem kinder grand-like—that are great big lake does seem like an everlastin' large milk pan with a lip for pourin' at the falls, and when it does fall head over heels, all white froth and spray like Phœbe's syllabub, it does look grand, no doubt, and it's natural for a minister to think on it as you do; but still for all that, for them that ain't preachers, I defy most any man to see it without thinkin' of a cotton mill.

Well, well, said he, awavin' of his hand; say no more about it, and he walked into his study and shut to the door. He warn't like other men, minister. He was full of crotchets that way, and the sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky, or even a mere flower, would make him fly right off at the handle that way when you warn't a thinkin' on it at all; and yet for all that he was the most cheerful critter I ever seed, and nothin' a'most pleased him so much as to see young folks enjoyin' themselves as merry as crickets. He used to say that youth, innocence, and cheerfulness was what was meant by the three graces. It was a curious kink, too, he took about them falls,

...n't it? for, arter all, atween you and me, it's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff full split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way:—I never hear tell of 'em, don't think of that tantrum of him.

Our factories in New England are one of the best fruits of *the last war, squire, said he; they are actilly worth secin'.* I know I have reason to speak well of 'em any how, for it was them gave me my first start in life, and a pleasant start it was too, as well as a profitable one. I spent upwards of a year there among the gulls, atakin' of them off in the portrait *line, and in that time I cleared three hundred pounds of your* money good: it warn't so bad that, was it?

When I was down to Rhode Island larnin' bronzin', gildin', and sketchin' for the clock business, I worked at odd times for the Honourable Eli Wad, a foundationalist—a painting for *him.* A foundationalist, said I; what is that?—is it a religious sect? No, said he, it's a bottom maker. He only made bottoms, he didn't make arms and legs, and he sold these wooden bottoms to the chair-makers. He did 'em by a sarcular saw and a turnin' lathe, and he turned 'em off amazin' quick; he made a fortin' out of the invention, for he shipped 'em to every part of the Union. The select men objected to his sign of bottom maker; they said it didn't sound pretty, and he altered it to foundationalist. That was one cause the speck turned out so well, for every one that seed it a'most stopt to inquire what it meant, and it brought his patent into great vogue; many's the larf folks had over that sign, I tell you.

So, said he, when I had done, Slick, said he, you've a considerable of a knack with the brush, it would be a grand speck for you to go to Lowell and take off the factory ladies: you know what the women are,—most all on 'em will want to have their likeness taken. The whole art of portrait paintin', says he, as far as my observation goes, lies in a free sketch of the leadin' featur.' Give it good measure: do you take? No, says I, I don't onderstand one word of it. Well, says he, what I mean is this; see what the leadin' feature is, and exaggerate that, and you have a striking likeness. If the nose is large, gist make it a little more so; if there is a slight cast o' the eye, give it a squint; a strong line in the face, deepen it; a big mouth, enlarge it; a set smile, make it a smirk; a high cheek bone, square it out well. Reciprocate

this by paintin' the rest o' the face a little handsomer, and you have it complete: you'll never fail—there's no mistake. Dead colorin', with lots of varnish, will do for that market, and six dollars a piece for the pictur's is about the fair deal for the price. If you don't succeed, I will give you my head for a foot-ball. You'll hear 'em all say, Oh! that's her nose to a hair,—that's her eye exactly; you could tell that mouth anywhere, that smile you could swear to as far as you can see it,—it's a'most a beautiful likeness. She's taken off complete—it's as nateral as life. You could do one at a sittin', or six a week, as easy as kiss my hand, and I'm athinkin' you'd find it answer a good eend, and put you in funds for a start in the clock line.

But, Sam, says he, aputtin' of his hand on my shoulder, and lookin' me strong in the face, mind your eye, my boy; mind you don't get tangled in the deep sea grass, so you can't clear hand or foot. There are some plaguy pretty gals there, and some on 'em have saved a considerable round sum too; don't let 'em walk into you now afore you know where you be. Young gentlemen are scarce in New England, sweethearts ain't to be had for love nor money, and a good-lookin' fellow like you, with five hundred pair of pretty little good-natured longin' eyes on him, is in a fair way o' gettin' his flint fixed, I tell you. Marriage won't do for you, my hearty, till you've seed the world and made somethin' handsum'. To marry for money is mean, to marry without it is folly, and to marry both young and poor is downright madness; so hands off, says you; love to all, but none in partikilar. If you find yourself agettin' spooney, throw brush, pallet, and paint over the falls, and off full split; change of air and scene to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken airly in the disease, or it's no good. An ounce o' prevention is worth a pound o' cure. Recollect, too, when you are married, you are tied by the leg, Sam; like one of our sodger disarters, you have a chain adanglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the eend of it. It keeps you to one place most all the time for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothin' with it.

If you think you can trust yourself, go; if not, stay where you be. It's a grand school, tho', Sam; you'll know somethin' of human natur' when you leave Lowell, I estimate, for they'll larn you how to cut your eye-teeth them gals; you'll

see how wonderful the ways of woman-kind is, for they do beat all—that's sartain. Well, down I went to Lowell, and arter a day or two spent a visitin' the factories, and gettin' introduced to the ladies, I took a room and sot up my easel, and I had as much work as ever I could cleverly turn my hand to. Most every gall in the place had her likeness taken; some wanted 'em to send to home, some to give to a sweetheart to admire, and some to hang up to admire themselves. The best of the joke was, every gall had an excuse for bein' there. They all seemed as if they thought it warn't quite genteel, a little too much in the help style. One said she came for the benefit of the lectur's at the Lyceum, another to carry a little sister to dancin' school, and a third to assist the fund for foreign missions, and so on, but none on 'em to work. Some on 'em lived in large buildings belongin' to the factory, and others in little cottages—three or four in a house.

I recollect two or three days arter I arrived, I went to call on Miss Naylor, I knew down to Squantum, and she axed me to come and drink tea with her and the two ladies that lived with her. So in the evenin' I put on my bettermost clothes and went down to tea. This, says she, introducin' of me to the ladies, is Mr. Slick, a *native* artist of great promise, and one that is self-taught too, that is come to take us off; and this is Miss Jemima Potts of Milldam, in Umbagog; and this is Miss Binah Dooly, a lady from Indgian Scalp, Varmont. Your sarvant, ladies, says I; I hope I see you well. Beautiful factory this, it whips English all holler; our free and enlightened citizens have exhibited so much skill, and our intelligent and enterprisin' ladies, says I, (with a smile and a bow to each,) so much science and taste, that I reckon we might stump the universal world to ditto Lowell. It sartainly is one of the wonders of the world, says Miss Jemima Potts; it is astonishing how jealous the English are, it makes 'em so ryled they can't bear to praise it at all. There was one on 'em agoin' thro' the large cotton factory to-day with Judge Beler, and, says the Judge to him, now don't this astonish you? said he; don't it exceed any idea you could have formed of it? you must allow there is nothin' like it in Europe, and yet this is only in it's infancy—it's only gist begun. Come now, confess the fact, don't you feel that the sun of England is set for ever?—her glory departed to set up its standard in the new world? Speak candidly now, for I should like to hear what you think.

It certainly is a respectable effort for a young country with a thin population, said he, and a limited capital, and is creditable to the skill and enterprise of New England; but as for rivalry, it's wholly out of the question, and he looked as mad as if he could aswallered a wild-cat alive. Well, well, said the Judge, larfin', for he is a sweet-tempered, dear man, and the politest one too I ever knew, I don't altogether know as it is gist fair to ask you to admit a fact so humblin' to your national pride, and so mortifyin' to your feelins' as an Englishman; but I can easily conceive how thunderstruck you must have been on enterin' this town at its prodigious power, its great capacity, its wonderful promise. It's generally allowed to be the first thing of the kind in the world. But what are you alookin' at, Mr. Slick? said she; is there anything on my cheek? I was only athinkin', says I, how difficult it would be to paint such a'most a beautiful complexion, to infuse into it the softness and richness of natur's colorin'; I'm most afeerd it would be beyond my art—that's a fact.

Oh, you artists do flatter so, said she; tho' flattery is a part of your profession I do believe; but I'm e'en a'most sure there is somethin' or another on my face,—and she got up and looked into the glass to satisfy herself. It would a' done you good, squire, to see how it did satisfy her too. How many of the ladies have you taken off? said Miss Dooly. I have only painted three said I, yet; but I have thirty bespoke. How would you like to be painted, said I, miss? On a white horse, said she, accompanyin' of my father, the general, to the review. And you, said I, Miss Naylor? Astudyin' Judge Naylor, my uncle's specimens, said she, in the library. Says Miss Jemima, I should like to be taken off in my brother's barge. What is he? said I, for he would have to have his uniform on. He? said she;—why, he is a—and she looked away and coloured up like anything—he's an officer, sir, said she, in one of our national ships. Yes, miss, said I, I know that; but officers are dressed accordin' to their grade, you know, in our sarvice. We must give him the right dress. What is his grade? The other two ladies turned round and giggled, and miss Jemima hung down her head and looked foolish. Says Miss Naylor, why don't you tell him, dear? No, says she, I won't; do you tell him. No, indeed, said Miss Naylor; he is not my brother: you ought to know best what he is;—do you tell him yourself. Oh, you know very well, Mr. Slick.

said she, only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me and make me say it. I hope I may be shot if I do, says I, miss; I never heerd tell of him afore, and if he is an officer in our navy, there is one thing I can tell you, says I, you needn't be ashamed to call one of our naval heroes your brother, nor to tell his grade neither, for there ain't an office in the sarvice that ain't one of honour and glory. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British.

Well, says she, alookin' down and takin' up her handkerchief, and turnin' it eend for eend to read the marks in the corner of it, to see if it was hern or not,—if I must, then I suppose I must; he's a rooster swain then, but it's a shame to make me. A rooster swain! says I; well, I vow I never heerd that grade afore in all my born days; I hope I may die if I did. What sort of a swain is a rooster swain? How you do act, Mr. Slick, said she; ain't you ashamed of yourself? Do, for gracious sake, behave, and not carry on so like Old Scratch. You are goin' too far now; ain't he, Miss Naylor? Upon my word I don't know what you mean, said Miss Naylor, affectin' to look as innocent as a female fox; I'm not used to sea-tarms, and I don't onderstand it no more than he does; and Miss Dooly got up a book, and began to read and rock herself backward and forward in a chair, as regilar as a Mississippi sawyer, and as demure as you please. Well, thinks I, what onder the sun can she mean? for I can't make head or tail of it. A rooster swain!—a rooster swain! says I; do tell—— Well, says she, you make me feel quite spunky, and if you don't stop this minnit, I'll go right out of the room; it ain't fair to make game of me so, and I don't thank you for it one mite or morsel. Says I, miss, I beg your pardon; I'll take my davy I didn't mean no offence at all; but, upon my word and honour, I never heerd the word rooster swain afore, and I don't mean to larf at your brother or tease you neither. Well, says she, I suppose you never will ha' done, so turn away your face and I will tell you. And she got up and turned my head round with her hands to the wall, and the other too ladies started out, and said they'd go and see arter the tea.

Well, says I, are you ready now, miss? Yes, said she;—a rooster swain, if you must know, you wicked critter you, is a cockswain; a word you know'd well enough warn't fit for a lady to speak: so take that to remember it by,—and she

fetched me a deuce of a clip on the side of the face, and ran out of the room. Well, I swear I could hardly keep from larfin' right out, to find out arter all it was nothin' but a coxswain she made such a touss about; but I felt kinder sorry, too, to have bothered her so, for I recollect there was the same difficulty among our ladies last war about the name of the English officer that took Washington; they called him always the "British Admiral," and there warn't a lady in the Union would call him by name. I'm a great friend to decency,—a very great friend indeed, squire,—for decency is a manly vartue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine vartue; but as for squeamishness, rat me if it don't make me sick.

There was two little rooms behind the keepin' room; one was a pantry, and t'other a kitchen. It was into the fardest one the ladies went to get tea ready, and presently they brought in the things and sot them down on the table, and we all got sociable once more. Gist as we began conversation ag'in, Miss Jemima Potts said she must go and bring in the cream jug. Well, up I jumps, and follers her out, and says I, pray let me, miss, wait upon you; it ain't fair for the ladies to do this when the gentlemen are by,—is it? Why didn't you call on me? I overtook her gist at the kitchen door. But this door-way, said I, is so plaguy narrer,—ain't it? There's hardly room for two to pass without their lips atouchin', is there? Ain't you ashamed? said she; I believe you have broke my comb in two,—that's a fact;—but don't do that ag'in, said she, awhisperin',—that's a dear man; Miss Dooly will hear you, and tell every lady in the factory, for she's plaguy jealous;—so let me pass now. One more to make friends, said I, miss. Hush! said she,—there—let me go; and she put the jug in my hand, and then whipped up a plate herself, and back in the parlour in no time.

A curtain, says I, ladies, (as I sot down ag'in,) or a bookshelf, I could introduce into the pictur', but it would make it a work o' great time and expense, to do it the way you speak of; and besides, said I, who would look at the rest if the face was well done? for one thing, I will say, three prettier faces never *was* seen painted on canvass. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how you bam!—ain't you ashamed? Fact, says I, ladies, upon my honour:—a fact, and no mistake. If you would allow me, ladies, said I, to suggest, I think hair done up high, long tortoise-shell comb, with flowers on the top, would become

you, Miss Naylor, and set off your fine Grecian face grand. A fashionable mornin' cap, lined with pink, and trimmed with blue bows, would set off your portrait, Miss Dooly, and become your splendid Roman profile complete. And what for me? said Jemima. If I might be so bold, said I, I would advise leavin' out the comb in your case, miss, said I, as you are tall, and it might perhaps be in the way, and be broke in two, (and I pressed her foot onder the table with mine;) and I would throw the hair into long loose nateral curls, and let the neck and shoulders be considerable bare, to give room for a pearl necklace, or coral beads, or any little splendid ornament of that kind.—Miss Jemima looked quite delighted at this idea, and, jumpin' up, exclaimed, Dear me, said she, I forgot the sugar-tongs! I'll gist go and fetch 'em. Allow me, says I, miss, follerin' her; but ain't it funny, tho', says I, too, that we should gist get scroudged ag'in in this very identical little narrer door-way,—ain't it? How you act, said she; now this is too bad; that curl is all squashed, I declare; I won't come out ag'in to-night, I vow. Nor I neither then, said I larfin; let them that wants things go for 'em. Then you couldn't introduce the specimens, could you? said Miss Naylor. The judge, my uncle, has a beautiful collection.—When he was in business as a master-mason, he built the great independent Democratic Sovereignty Hall at Sam Patchville, (a noble buildin' that, Mr. Slick,—it's ginerally allowed to be the first piece of architecture in the world.) He always broke off a piece of every kind of stone used in the building, and it makes a'most a complete collection. If I could be taken off at a table astudyin' and asortin' 'em into primary formations, secondary formations, and trap, I should like it amazin'ly.

Well, says I, I'll do the best I can to please you, miss, for I never hear of secondary formations without pleasure,—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed arter man, and as for trap, says I, if they ain't up to that, it's a pity. Why, as I'm alive, said I, if that ain't the nine o'clock bell: well, how time has flowed, hasn't it? I suppose I must be amovin', as it is gettin' on considerable late, but I must say I've had a most delightful evenin' as ever I spent in my life. When a body, says I, finds himself in a circle of literary and scientific ladies, he takes no note of time, it passes so smooth and quick. Now, says I, ladies, excuse me for mentionin' a little bit of business, but it

is usual in my profession to be paid one-half in advance; but with the ladies I dispense with that rule, says I, on one condition,—I receive a kiss as airnest. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how can you? No kiss, no pictur', says I. Is that an invariable rule? says they. I never deviated from it in my life, said I, especially where the ladies are so beautiful as my kind friends here to-night are. Thank you, my sweet Miss Naylor, said I. Oh, did you ever—? said she. And you also, dear Miss Dooly. Oh, my sakes, said she, how ondecent! I wish I could take my pay altogether in that coin, said I. Well, you'll get no such airnest from me, I can tell you, said Miss Jemima, and off she sot and darted out o' the room like a kitten, and I arter her. Oh, that dear little narrer door-way seems made on purpose, said I, don't it? Well, I hope you are satisfied now, said she, you forward, impudent critter; you've taken away my breath a'most. Good night, ladies, said I. Good night, Mr. Slick, says they; don't forget to call and take us off to-morrow at intermission. And, says Miss Jemima, walkin' out as far as the gate with me, when not better engaged, we shall be happy to see you sociably to tea. Most happy, miss, said I; only I fear I shall call oftener than will be agreeable; but, dear me! says I, I've forgot somethin' I declare, and I turned right about. Perhaps you forgot it in the little narrer door-way, said she, alarfin' and asteppin' backwards, and holdin' up both hands to fend off. What is it? said she, and she looked up as saucy and as rompy as you please. Why, said I, that dreadful, horrid name you called your brother. What was it? for I've forgot it, I vow. Look about and find out, said she; it's what you ain't, and never was, and never will be, and that's a gentleman. You are a nasty, dirty, ondecent man,—that's flat, and if you don't like it you may lump it, so there now for you—good night. But stop—shake hands afore you go, said she; let's part friends, and she held out her hand. Gist as I was agoin' to take it, it slipt up like flash by my face, and tipt my hat off over my shoulder, and as I turned and stooped to pick it up, she up with her little foot and let me have it, and pitched me right over on my knees. It was done as quick as wink. Even and quit now, said she, as good friends as ever. Done, said I. But hush, said she; that critter has the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a lynx. What critter? said I. Why, that frightful, ugly varment witch, Binah Dooly, if she ain't acomin' out

here, as I'm a livin' sinner. Come again soon—that's a dear! —good night!—and she sailed back as demure as if nothin' had ahappened. Yes, squire, the Honourable Eli Wad, the foundationalist, was right when he said I'd see sunthin' of human natur' among the factory galls. The ways of woman kind are wonderful indeed. This was my first lesson, that *squeamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, that in manners, as in other things, extremes meet.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE road from Chester to Halifax is one of the worst in the province; and daylight failing us before we made half our journey, we were compelled to spend the night at a small unlicensed house, the occasional resort of fishermen and coasters. There was but one room in the shanty, besides the kitchen and bed-room; and that one, though perfectly clean, smelt intolerably of smoked salmon that garnished its rafters. A musket, a light fowling-piece, and a heavy American rifle, were slung on the beams that supported the floor of the garret; and snow-shoes, fishing-rods, and small dip-nets with long ash handles, were secured to the wall by iron hooks. Altogether it had a sporting appearance, that indicated the owner to be one of those amphibious animals to whom land or water is equally natural, and who prefer the pleasures of the chase and the fishery to the severer labour but more profitable employment of tilling the soil. A few fancy articles of costly materials and superior workmanship that ornamented the mantelpiece and open closet, (probably presents from the gentlemen of the garrison at Halifax,) showed that there were sometimes visiters of a different description from the ordinary customers. As the house was a solitary one, and situated at the head of a deep, well-sheltered inlet, it is probable that smuggling may have added to the profits, and diversified the pursuits of the owner. He did not, however, make his appearance. He had gone, his wife said, in his boat that afternoon to Margaret's bay, a distance of eight miles, to procure some salt to cure his fish, and would probably not return before the morning.

I've been here before, you see, squire, said Mr. Slick, pointing to a wooden clock in the corner of the room; folks that have nothin' to do like to see how the time goes,—and a man who takes a glass of grog at twelve o'clock is the most punctual feller in the world. The draft is always honoured when it falls due. But who have we here? As he said this, a man entered the room, carrying a small bundle in his hand, tied up in a dirty silk pocket-handkerchief. He was dressed in an old suit of rusty black, much the worse for wear. His face bore the marks of intemperance, and he appeared much fatigued with his journey, which he had performed alone and on foot. I hope I don't intrude, gentlemen, said he; but you see Dulhanty, poor fellow, has but one room, and poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows sometimes. Brandy, my little girl, and some cold water; take it out of the north side of the well, my dear,—and,—do you hear,—be quick, for I'm choked with the dust. Gentlemen, will you take some brandy and water? said he. Dulhanty always keeps some good brandy,—none o' your wretched Yankee peach brandy, that's enough to pyson a horse, but real Cogniak. Well, I don't care if I do, said Mr. Slick. Arter you, sir. By your leave, the water, sir. Gentlemen, all your healths, said the stranger. Good brandy that, sir; you had better take another glass before the water gets warm,—and he helped himself again most liberally. Then, taking a survey of the Clockmaker and myself, observed to Mr. Slick that he thought he had seen him before. Well, it's not onlikely;—where?

Ah, that's the question, sir; I cannot exactly say where.

Nor I neither.

Which way may you be travellin'? Down east I expect.

Which way are you from then? Some where down South.

The traveller again applied himself to brandy and water.

Ahem! then you are from Lunenburg.

Well, I won't say I warn't at Lunenburg.

Ahem! pretty place that Lunenburg; but they speak Dutch. D—n the Dutch; I hate Dutch: there's no language like English.

Then I suppose you are going to Halifax?

Well, I won't say I won't go to Halifax afore I return, neither.

A nice town that Halifax—good fish-market there; but hey are not like the English fish a'ter all. Halibut is a poor

substitute for the good old English turbot. Where did you say you were from, sir?

I don't gist altogether mind that I said I was from any place in partikiliar, but from down south last.

Ahem! your health, sir; perhaps you are like myself, sir, a stranger, and have no home; and, after all, there is no home like England. Pray what part of England are you from?

I estimate I'm not from England at all.

I'm sorry for you, then; but where the devil are you from?

In a general way folks say I'm from the States.

Knock them down then, d—n them. If any man was to insult me by calling me a Yankee, I'd kick him; but the Yankees have no seat of honour to kick. If I hadn't been thinkin' more of my brandy and water than your answers, I might have known you were a Yankee by your miserable evasions. They never give a straight answer—there's nothing straight about them, but their long backs,—and he was asleep in his chair, overcome by the united effects of the heat, the brandy, and fatigue.

That's one o' their schoolmasters, said Mr. Slick; and it's no wonder the Blue-noses are such 'cute chaps when they got such masters as that are to teach the young idea how to shoot. The critter has axed more questions in ten minutes than if he was a full-blooded Yankee, tho' he does hate them so *peeowerfully*. He's an Englishman, and, I guess, has seen better days; but he's ruinated by drink now. When he is about half shaved he is aneverlastin' quarrelsom' critter, and carries a most plaguy oncivil tongue in his head: that's the reason I didn't let on where I come from, for he hates us like pyson. But there ain't many such critters here; the English don't emigrate here much,—they go to Canada or the States: and it's strange, too, for, squire, this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it.

It will have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactur's, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The resources, naterul advantages, and political position of this place beat all. Take it altogether, I don't know gist such a country in the universal world a'most. What! Nova Scotia? said I; this poor little colony, this Ultima Thule of America,—what is ever to make it a place of any consequence? Everything, squire, said he, every-

thing that constitutes greatness. I wish we had it,—that's all; and we will have it too, some o' these days, if they don't look sharp. In the first place it has more nor twice as many great men-o'-war harbours in it, capable of holdin' the whole navy in it, stock, lock, and barrel, than we have from Maine to Mexico, besides innumerable small harbours, island lees, and other shelters, and it's gist all but an island itself; and most all the best o' their harbours don't freeze up at no time. It ai'nt shut up like Canada and our back country all winter, but you can in and out as you please; and its so intersected with rivers and lakes, most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water to the sea,—and then it is the nearest point of our continent to Europe. All that, said I, is very true; but good harbours, though necessary for trade, are not the only things requisite in commerce. But it's in the midst of the fisheries, squire,—all sorts of fisheries, too. River fisheries of shad, salmon, gasperaux, and herring—shore fishery of mackerel and cod—bank fishery and Labrador fishery. Oh dear! it beats all, and they don't do nothin' with 'em, but leave 'em to us. They don't seem to think 'em worth havin' or keepin', for government don't protect 'em. See what a school for seamen that is, to man the ships to fill the harbours.

Then look at the becowels of the airth; only think of the coal; and it's no use atalkin', that's the only coal to supply us that we can rely on. Why, there ain't nothing like it. It extends all the way from bay of Fundy right out to Pictou, thro' the province, and then under all the island of Cape Breton; and some o' them seams are the biggest, and thickest, and deepest ever yet discovered since the world began. Beautiful coal it is too. Then natur' has given 'em most grand abundant iron-ore, here and there and every where, and wood and coal to work it. Only think o' them two things in such abundance, and a country possessed of first chop-water powers everywhere, and then tell me Providence hasn't laid the foundation of a manufactorin' nation here. But that ain't all. Gist see the plaster of Paris, what almighty big heaps of it there is here. We use already more nor a hundred and fifty thousand tons of it a-year for manure, and we shall want ten times that quantity yet,—we can't do without it: it has done more for us than steam; it has made our barren lands fertile, and whole tracts habitable, that never would have been worth a cent an acre without it. It will go to South America

and the West Indgies yet—it is the magic wand—it's the philosopher's stone; I hope I may be shot if it ain't: it turns all it touches into gold. See what a sight of vessels it takes to carry a great bulky article like that—what a sight of men it employs, what a host of folks it feeds, what a batch of sailors it bakes, what hardy tars for the wooden walls of Old England. But Old England is as blind as a bat, and Blue-nose is a puppy only nine days old; he can't see yet. If the critter was well trained, had his ears cropped and tongue wormed, he might turn out a decent-lookin' whelp yet, for the old one is a good nurse and feeds well. Well, then, look at the lead, copper, slate, (and as for slate, they may stump Wales, I know, to produce the like,) granite, grindstone, freestone, lime, manganese, salt, sulphur. Why, they've got everything but enterprise, and that I do believe in my soul they expect to find a mine of, and dig up out of the ground as they do coal. But the soil, squire, where will you find the like o' that? A considerable part of it along the coast is poor, no doubt; but it's the fishin' side of the province, and therefore it's all right; but the bay side is a tearin', rippin' fine country. Them dyke mashes have raised hay and grain year arter year now for a whole centery without manure, and I guess will continue to do so from July to eternity. Then natur' has given them that sea-mud, salt sand, sea weed, and river sludge for dressin' their upland, so that it could be made to carry wheat till all's blue again.

If it possesses all these advantages you speak of, said I, it will doubtless be some day or another both a populous and rich country; but still it does not appear to me that it can be compared to the country of the Mississippi. Why, squire, said he, if you was once to New Orleens, I think you wouldn't say so. That is a great country, no doubt, too great to compare to a small province like this; great resources, great river, fertile land, great trade; but the climate is awful, and the emigrant people ain't much better than the climate. The folks at New Orleens put me in mind of children playing in a churchyard, jumpin' over the graves, hidin' behind the tombs, a larfin' at the emblems of mortality, and the queer old rhymes under 'em, all full of life, and glee, and fun above ground, while underneath it is a great charnel-house, full of winding sheets, skeletons, and generations of departed citizens. That are place is built in a bar in the harbor, made of snags,

drift-wood, and chokes, heaped up by the river, and then filled and covered with the sediment and alluvial of the rich bottoms above, brought down by the freshets. It's peopled in the same way. The eddies and tides of business of all that country centre there, and the froth and scum are washed up and settle at New Orleens. It's filled with all sorts of people, black, white, and Indgians, and their different shades, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch; English, Irish, and Scotch, and then people from every state in the Union. These last have all nicknames. There's the hoosiers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinoy, the pukes of Missuri, the buckeyes of Ohio, the red horses of Kentucky, the mudheads of Tennessee, the Wolverines of Michigan, the eels of New England, and the corn crackers of Virginia. All these, with many others, make up the population, which is mottled with black and all its shades; 'most all too is supplied by emigration. It is a great caravansary filled with strangers, dissolute enough to make your hair stand an eend, drinkin' all day, gamblin' all night, and fightin' all the time. Death pervades all natur' there; it breathes in the air, and it floats on the water, and rises in the vapours and exhalations, and rides on the whirlwind and tempest: it dwells on the drought, and also in the inundation. Above, below, within, around, everywhere is death; but who knows, or misses, or mourns the stranger? Dig a grave for him, and you plunge him into the water,—the worms eat the coffin, and the crocodiles have the body. We have mills to Rhode Island with sarcular saws, and apparatus for makin' packin' boxes. At one of these factories they used to make 'em in the shape of coffins, and then they sarved a double purpose; they carried out inions to New Orleens, and then carried out the dead to their graves.

That are city was made by the freshets. It's a chance if it ain't carried away by them. It may yet be its fate to be swept clean off by 'em to mingle once more with the stream that deposited it, and form new land further down the river. It may chance to be a spot to be pointed out from the steamboats as the place where a great city once stood, and a great battle was once fought, in which the genius and valour of the new world triumphed over the best troops and best ginerals of Europe. That place is jist like a hot-bed, and the folks like the plants in it. People do grow rich fast; but they look kinder spindlin' and weak, and they are e'en a'most choked

with weeds and toad-stools, that grow every bit and grain as fast, — and twice as natural. The Blue-noses don't know how to valy this location, squire,—that's a fact, for its a'most a grand one.

What's a grand *location*? said the school-master, waking up. Nova Scotia, said Mr. Slick. I was just atellin' of the squire, it's a grand location. D—n the location, said he; I hate the word; it ain't English; there are no words like the English words.—Here, my little girl, more brandy, my dear, and some fresh water; *mind it's fresh,—take it out of the bottom of the well—do* you hear?—the coldest spot in the well; and be quick, for I'm burnt up with the heat to-day. Who's for a pull of grog? suppose we have a pull, gentlemen—a good pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, eh! Here's to you, gentlemen!—ah, *that's good! you are sure of good brandy here.* I say, Mister Location, won't you moisten the clay, eh?—come, my honest fellow! I'll take another glass with you to our better acquaintance:—you won't, eh? well, then, I'll supply your deficiency myself; here's luck! Where did you say you were from, sir? I don't mind *that I indicated where I was from gist in petikilar.* No, you didn't; but *I twig you now, my boy,* Sam Slick, the Clockmaker! And so you say this is a nice *location*, do you? Yes, it is a nice *location* indeed for a gentleman this,—a *location* for pride and poverty, for ignorance and assumption, for folly and vice. Curse the location! I say; *there's no location like old England. This is a poor man's country, sir*; but not a rich man's or a gentleman's. There's nothing this side of the water, sir, approaching to the class of gentry. They have neither the feelings, the sentiments, nor the breeding. They know nothing about it. What little they have *here, sir, are second hand airs copied from poor models that necessity forces out here. It is the farce of high life below stairs*, sir, played in a poor theatre to a provincial audience. Poor as I am, humble as I am, and degraded as I am,—for I am now all three,—I have seen better days, and was not always the houseless wanderer you now see me. *I know what I am talking about. There is nothing beyond respectable mediocrity here*; there never can be, there is no material for it, there is nothing to support it. Some fresh water, my dear; that horrid water is enough to scald one's throat. The worst of a colony is, sir, there is no field for ambition, no room for talents, *no reward for distin-*

guished exertions. It is a rich country for a poor man, and a poor country for a rich one. There is no permanent upper class of society here or any where else in America. There are rich men, learned men, agreeable men, liberal men, and good men, but very few gentlemen. The breed ain't pure; it is not kept long enough distinct to refine, to obtain the distinctive marks, to become generic. Dry work this talkin'; —your health, gentlemen!—a good fellow that Dulhanty,—suppose we drink his health? he always keeps good brandy,—there's not a head-ache in a gallon of it.

What was I talking about?—Oh! I have it—the *location*, as those drawling Yankees call it. Yes, instead of importing *horses here from England to improve the breed, they should* import gentlemen; they want the true breed, they want blood. Yes, said the Clockmaker, (whom I had never known to *remain silent so long before,) I guess. Yes, d——n you!* said the stranger, what do you know about it?—you know as much about a gentleman as a cat does of music. If you interrupt me again, I'll knock your two eyes into one, you clock-making, pumpkin-headed, peddling, cheating Yankee vagabond. The sickly waxwork imitation of gentility here, the faded artificial flower of fashion, the vulgar pretension, the contemptible struggle for precedence, make one look across the Atlantic with a longing after the freshness of nature, for life and its realities. All North America is a poor country with a poor climate. I would not give Ireland for the whole of it. This Nova Scotia is the best part of it, and has the greatest resources, but still there is no field in a colony for a man of talent and education. Little ponds never hold big fish, there is nothing but pollywogs, tadpoles, and minims in them. Look at them as they swim thro' the shallow water of the margins of their little muddy pool, following some small fel*low an inch long, the leader of the shoal, that thinks* himself a whale, and if you do not despise their pretensions, you will, at least, be compelled to laugh at their absurdities. Go to every legislature this side of the water from Congress to Halifax, and hear the stuff that is talked. Go to every press and see the stuff that is printed; go to the people, and see the stuff that is uttered or swallowed, and then tell me this is a location for any thing above mediocrity. What keeps you here, then? said Mr. Slick, if it is such an everlastin' miserable country as you lay it out to be. I'll tell you sir, said he,

and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort. I will tell you what keeps me, and he placed his hands on his knees, and looking the Clockmaker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—I'll tell you, sir, if you must know—my misfortune. The effort and the brandy overpowered him; he fell from his chair, and we removed him to a bed, loosened his cravat, and left him to his repose.

It's a considerable of a trial, said the Clockmaker, to sit still and listen to that cussed old critter, I tell you. If you hadn't been here I'd agiv'n him a rael good quiltin'. I'd atanned his jacket for him; I'd alarned him to carry a civil tongue in his head, the nasty, drunken, onmannerly good-for-nothin' beast; more nor once, I felt my fingers itch to give him a sockdolager under the ear; but he ain't worth mindin', I guess. Yes, squire, I won't deny but New Orleens is a great place, a wonderful place; but there are resources here beyond all conception, and its climate is as pleasant as any we have, and a plaguy sight more healthy. I don't know what more you'd ask, almost an island indented everywhere with harbours, surrounded with fisheries. The key of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and the West Indgies;—prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant and healthy. If that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity—that's all.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WRONG ROOM.

The next morning, the rain poured down in torrents, and it was ten o'clock before we were able to resume our journey. I am glad, said Mr. Slick, that cussed critter that schoolmaster hasn't yet woke up. I'm most afeerd if he had turned out afore we started, I should have quilted him, for that talk of his last night sticks in my crop considerable hard. It ain't over easy to digest, I tell you; for nothin' a'most raises my dander so much as to hear a benighted, ignorant, and enslaved foreigner, belittle our free and enlightened citizens. But, see there, squire, said he, that's the first Indgian campment we've

fell in with on our journey. Happy fellers, them Indgians, ben't they?—they have no wants and no cares but food and cloathin', and fishin' and huntin' supply them things easy. That *tall one you see spearin' fish down in that are creek* there, is Peter Paul, a most aplaguy cute chap. I mind the last time I was to Lunenburg, I seed him to the magistrate's, John Robar's: he laid down the law to the justice better than are a lawyer I have met with in the province yet; he talked *as clever a'most as Mr. Clay*. I'll tell you what it was:—Peter Paul had made his wigwam one winter near a brook on the farm of James M'Nutt, and employed his time in coopering, and used M'Nutt's timber when he wanted any. Well, M'Nutt threatened to send him to jail if he didn't move away, and Paul came to Robar, to ax him whether it could be done. Says he, squire,—M'Nutt he came to me, and says he, Peter, what adevil you do here, d—n you? I say, I make 'em bucket, make 'em *tub, may be basket, or ax handle, to buy* me some blanket and powder and shot with—you no want some? Well, he say, this my land, Peter, and my wood; I bought 'em and pay money for 'em; I won't let you stay here and cut my wood; if you cut anoder stick, I send you to jail. *Then I tell him I see what governor* say to that: what you plant, that yours; what you sow, that yours too; but you no plant 'em woods; God—he plant 'em dat; he make 'em river, too, for all mens, white man and Indgian man—all same. God—he no give 'em river to one man,—he make him run thro' all the woods. When you drink, he run on and I drink, and then when all drink he run on to de sea. He no stand still—you no catch him—you no have him. If I cut down your apple-tree, then send *me to jail, cause you plant 'em;* but if I cut down ash-tree, oak-tree, or pine-tree in woods, I say it's mine. If I cut 'em first—for tree in big woods like river—first cut him, first have him.. If God give 'em all to you, where is your writin', or bring somebody say he hear him say so, *then I stop. I never kill your hog*, and say I thought him one bear, nor your hen, and say him one partridge; but you go kill my stock, my cariboo, and my moose. I never frighten away your sheep: but you go chop wood, and make one d—n noise and frighten away bear: so when I go to my *trap I no find him there*, and I lose him, and de skin and de meat too. No two laws for you and me, but all same. You know Jeffery—him big man to Halifax?—well, him very good

man's that; very kind to poor Indgian (when that man go to heaven, God will give him plenty backy to smoke, for that I know.)—Well, he say, Peter Paul, when you want ash-tree, you go cut 'em down on my land when you like; I give you leave. He very good man dat, but God give 'em afore Jeffery was born. And by and by, I say, M'Nutt, you have 'em all. Indgian all die soon; no more wood left—no more hunt left; he starve, and then you take all. Till then I take 'em wood that God plant for us, where I find 'em, and no thanks to you. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawer to answer that—I guess, said Mr. Slick. That feller cyphered that out of human natur',—the best book a man can study arter all, and the only true one;—there's no two ways about it—there's never no mistake there. Queer critter, that Peter; he has an answer for every one; nothin' ever da'nts or poses him; but here we are at the eend of our journey, and I must say, I am sorry for it, too, for though it's been a considerable of a long one, it's been a very pleasant one.

When we returned to Halifax we drove to Mrs. Spicer's boarding-house, where I had bespoken lodgings previously to my departure from town. While the servants were preparing my room we were shown into the parlour of Mrs. Spicer. She was young, pretty, and a widow. She had but one child, a daughter of six years of age, which, like all only children, was petted and spoiled. She was first shy, then familiar, and ended by being troublesome and rude. She amused her mother by imitating Mr. Slick's pronunciation, and herself by using his hat for a foot-ball.

Entertainin' that, ain't it? said the Clockmaker, as we entered our own apartments. The worst of women is, said he, they are for everlastin'ly ateasin' folks with their children, and take more pains to spoil 'em and make 'em disagreeable than anything else. Who the plague wants to hear 'em repeat a yard o' poetry like that are little sarpent?—I am sure I don't. The Hon. Eli Wad was right, when he said the ways o' womenkind are wonderful. I've been afeerd to venture on matrimony myself, and I don't altogether think I shall speculate in that line for one while. It don't gist suit a rovin' man like me. It's a considerable of a tie, and then it ain't like a horse deal, where, if you don't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle, or a trade, or swop and suit yourself better; but you must make the best of a bad bargain, and put up with

it. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle; spirited, yet gentle; easy on the bit, sure-footed and spry; no bitin', or kickin', or sulkin', or racin' off, or refusin' to go or runnin' back, and then clean-limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest piece of business I know on.

Our great cities are most the only places in our Union where a man may marry with comfort, rael right down genu*ine* comfort and no drawback. No furnishin' a house; and if you go for to please a woman in that line, there's no eend o' the expense they'll go to, and no trouble about helps; a considerable of a plague them in the States, you may depend; then you got nothin' to provide, and nothin' to see arter, and it ain't so plaguy lonely as a private house neither. The ladies, too, have nothin' to do all day but dress themselves, gossip, walk out, or go ashoppin', or receive visits to home. They have a'most a grand time of it, you may depend. If there be any children, why, they can be sent up garret with the helps, out o' the way and out o' hearin' till they are big enough to go to school. They ain't half the plague they be in a private house. But one o' the best things about it is, a man needn't stay to home to entertain his wife aevenings, for she can find company enough in the public rooms, if she has a mind to, and he can go to the political clubs and coffee-houses, and see arter politics, and enquire how the nation's agoin' on, and watch over the doin's of Congress. It takes a great deal of time that, and a man can't discharge his duties right to the State or the Union either, if he is for everlastin'ly tied to his wife's apron-strings. You may talk about the domestic hearth, and the pleasures of home, and the family circle, and all that sort o' thing, squire: it sounds very clever, and reads dreadful pretty; but what does it eend in at last? why, a scoldin' wife with her shoes down to heel, a-see-sawin' in a rocking chair; her hair either not done up at all, or all stuck chock full of paper and pins, like porcupine quills; a smoky chimbly aputtin' of your eyes out; cryin' children ascreamin' of your ears out; extravagant, wasteful helps, a-emptying of your pockets out, and the whole thing awearin' of your patience out. No, there's nothin' like a great boardin' house, for married folks; it don't cost nothin' like keepin' house, and there's plenty o' company all the time, and the women folks never feel lonely like, when their husbands are not to home. The only thing is to larn the geography of the house well,

and know their own number. If they don't do that, they may get into a most adeuced of a scrape, that it ain't so easy to back out of. I recollect a most acurious accident that happened that way once, agettin' into *the wrong room.*

I had gone down to Boston to keep 4th of July, our great Annivarsary-day. A great day that, squire; a great national festival; a splendid spectacle; fifteen millions of free men and three million of slaves acelebratin' the birth-day of liberty; rejoicin' in their strength, their freedom and enlightenment. Perhaps the sun never shone on such a sight afore, nor the moon, nor the stars, for their planetary system ain't more perfect than our political system. The sun typifies our splendour; the moon in its changes figures our rotation of office, and eclipses of Presidents,—and the stars are emblems of our states, as painted on our flags. If the British don't catch it that day, it's a pity. All over our Union, in every town and village, there are orations made, gist about as beautiful pieces of workmanship, and as nicely dove-tailed and mortised, and as prettily put together as well can be, and the English catch it everywhere. All our battles are fought over ag'in, and you can e'en a'most see the British aflyin' afore them like the wind, full split, or layin' down their arms as humble as you please, or marchin' off as prisoners tied two and two, like runaway niggers, as plain as if you was in the engagements, and Washington on his great big war-horse aridin' over them, and our free and enlightened citizens askiverin' of them; or the proud impudent officers akneelin' down to him, givin' up their swords, and abeggin' for dear life for quarter. Then you think you can e'en a'most see that infernal spy Andre nabbed and sarched, and the scorn that sot on the brows of our heroes as they threw into the dirt the money he offered to be released, and heerd him beg like an Indgian to be shot like a gentleman, and not hanged like a thief, and Washington's noble and magnanimous answer,—"I guess they'll think we are afeerd if we don't,"—so simple, so sublime. The hammerin' of the carpenters seems to strike your ears as they erect the gallus; and then his struggles, like a dog tucked up for sheep-stealin', are as nateral as life. I must say I do like to hear them orations,—to hear of the deeds of our heroes by land and by sea. It's a bright page of history that. It exasperates the young—it makes their blood boil at the wrongs of their forefathers; it makes them clean their rifles, and run their bullets. It pre-

pares them for that great day, that comin' day, that no distant day neither, that must come and will come, and can't help a comin', when Britain will be a colony to our great nation, and when her colonies will be states in our Union.

Many's the disputes, and pretty hot disputes too, I've had with minister about these orations. He never would go near on 'em; he said they were in bad taste—(a great phrase of his'n that, poor dear good old man; I believe his heart yarns arter old times, and I must think sometimes he ought to have joined the refugees,)—bad taste, Sam. It smells o' braggin', it's ongentlemany; and what's worse—it's onchristian.

But ministers don't know much of this world;—they may know the road to the next; but they don't know the cross-roads and by-paths of this one—that's a fact. But I was agoin' to tell you what happened that day—I was stayin' to Gineral Peep's boardin' house to Boston, to enjoy, as I was asayin', the anniversary. There was an amazin' crowd of folks there; the house was chock full of strangers. Well, there was a gentleman and a lady, one Major Ebenezer Sproul and his wife, aboardin' there, that had one child, the most cryenest critter I ever seed; it boohood all night a'most, and the boarders said it must be sent up to the garret to the helps, for no soul could sleep a'most for it. Well, most every night Mrs. Sproul had to go up there to quiet the little varmint,—for it wouldn't give over yellin' for no one but her. That night, in partikelar, the critter screeched and screamed like Old Scratch; and at last Mrs. Sproul slipped on her dressin' gownd, and went up stairs to it,—and left her door ajar, so as not to disturb her husband acomin' back; and when she returned, she pushed the door open softly, and shot it to, and got into bed. He's asleep, now, says she; I hope he won't disturb me ag'in. No, I ain't asleep, mynheer stranger, says old Zwicker, a Dutch merchant from Albany, (for she had got into the wrong room, and got in his bed by mistake,) nor I don't dank you, nor Gineral Beep needer, for puddin' you into my bed mid me, widout my leave nor lichense, nor abbrobation, needer. I liksh your place more better as your company! Oh, I got no gimblet! Het'is jammer, it is a pity! Oh! dear, if she didn't let go, it's a pity; she kicked and screamed, and carried on like a ravin' distracted bed-bug. Tousand teyvels, said he, what ails te man? I pelieve he is pewitched. Murder! murder! said she, and she cried out at

the very tip eend of her voice, murder! murder! Well, Zwicker, he jumped out o' bed in an all-fired hurry, most properly frightened, you may depend; and seezin' her dressin' gownd, instead of his trousers, he put his legs into the arms of it, and was arunnin' out of the room aholdin' up of the skirts with his hands, as I came in with the candle. De ferry teyvil hisself is in te man, and in de trousher too, said he; for I pelieve te coat has grow'd to it in te night, it is so tam long. Oh, tear! what a pity. Stop, says I, Mister Zwicker, and I pulled him back by the gownd (I thought I should adied larfin' to see him in his red night-cap, his eyes startin' out o' his head, and those short-legged trousers on, for the sleeves of the dressin' gownd didn't come further than his knees, with a great long tail to 'em.) Stop, says I, and tell us what all this everlastin' hubbub is about: who's dead and what's to pay now?

All this time Mrs. Sproul lay curled up like a cat, covered all over in the bed clothes, nyellin' and ascreamin' like mad; 'most all the house was gathered there, some ondressed, and some half-dressed—some had sticks and pokers, and some had swords. Hullo! says I, who on airth is makin' all this touss? Goten Hymel, said he, old Saydon himself, I do pelieve; he came tru de door and jumped right into ped, and yelled so loud in mine ear as to deefen my head a'most: pull him out by de cloven foot, and kill him, tam him! I had no gimblet no more, and he know'd it, and dat is te cause, and nothin' else. Well, the folks got hold of the clothes, and pulled and hauled away till her head showed above the sheet. Dear, dear, said Major Ebenezer Sproul;—If it ain't Mrs. Sproul, my wife, as I am alive! Why, Mary dear, what brought you here?—what on airth are you adoin' of in Mr. Zwicker's room here? I take my oat, she prought herself here, said Zwicker, and peg she take herself away ag'in so fast as she came, and more faster too. What will Vrow Zwicker say to this woman's tale?—was te likeesh ever heerd afore? Tear, tear, but 'tis too pad! Well, well, says the folks, who'd athought it?—such a steady old gentleman as Mr. Zwicker,—and young Marm Sproul, says they,—only think of her!—ain't it horrid? The hussy! says the women house-helps: she's nicely caught, ain't she? She's no great things any how to take up with that nasty smoky old Dutchman: it sarves her right,—it does, the good-for-nothin' jade!

I wouldn't ahad it happen, says the major, for fifty dollars, I vow; and he walked up and down, and wrung his hands, and looked streaked enough, you may depend;—no, nor I don't know, said he, as I would for a hundred dollars a'most. Have what happened, says Zwicker; upon my vort and honour and sole, nothin' happened, only I had no gimblet. Het is jammer; it is a pity. I went to see the baby, said Mrs. Sproul,—asobbin' ready to kill herself, poor thing!—and——Well, I don't want, nor have occasion, nor require a nurse, said Zwicker.—And I mistook the room, said she, and come here athinkin' it was ourn. Couldn't pe possible, said he, to take me for te papy, dat has papys hisself,—but it was to ruin my character, and name, and reputation. Oh, Goten Hymel! what will Vrou Zwicker say to dis wooman's tale? but then she knowd I had no gimblet, she did. Folks snickered and larfed a good deal, I tell you; but they soon cleared out and went to bed ag'in. The story ran all over Boston like wild fire; nothin' else a'most was talked of; and like most stories, it grew worse and worse every day. Zwicker returned next mornin' to Albany, and has never been to Boston since; and the Sprouls kept close for some time, and then moved away to the western territory. I actilly believe they changed their name, for I never heerd tell of any one that ever seed them since.

Mr. Slick, says Zwicker, the mornin' he started, I have one leetle gimblet; I always travel with my leetle gimblet; take it mid me wherever I go; and when I goes to ped, I takes my leetle gimblet out and bores wid it over de latch of de toor, and dat fastens it, and keeps out de tief and de villain and de womans. I left it to home dat time mid the old vrou, and it was all because I had no gimblet, de row and te noise and te rumpush wash made. Tam it! said he, Mr. Slick, 'tis no use talkin', but tere is always de teyvil to pay when there is a woman and no gimblet.

Yes, said the Clockmaker, if they don't mind the number of the room, they'd better stay away,—but a little attention that way cures all. We are all in a hurry in the States; we eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry. We all go ahead so fast it keeps one full spring to keep up with others; and one must go it hot foot, if he wants to pass his neighbours. Now, it is a great comfort to have your dinner to the minute, as you do at a boardin'-house, when you are in

a hurry—only you must look out sharp arter the dishes, or you won't get nothin'. Things vanish like wink. I recollect once when quails first came in that season; there was an old chap at Peep's boardin'-house, that used to take the whole dish of 'em, empty it on his plate, and gobble 'em up like a turkeycock,—no one else ever got none. We were all a good deal ryled at it, seein' that he didn't pay no more for his dinner than us, so I nicknamed him "Old Quail," and it cured him; he always left half arter that, for a scramb. No system is quite perfect, squire; accidents will happen in the best regulated places, like that of Marm Sproul's and Old Quail's; but still there is nothin' arter all like a boardin'-house,—the only thing is, keep out of the *wrong room*.

CHAPTER XXI.

FINDING A MARE'S NEST.

HALIFAX, like London, has its tower also, but there is this remarkable difference between these two national structures, that the one is designed for the *de*fenders of the country, and the other for its *of*fenders; and that the former is as difficult to be broken *into* as the latter (notwithstanding all the ingenious devices of successive generations from the days of Julius Cæsar to the time of the schoolmaster) is to be broken *out of*. A critical eye might perhaps detect some other, though lesser, points of distinction. This cis-Atlantic martello tower has a more aristocratic and exclusive air than its city brother, and its portals are open to none but those who are attired in the uniform of the guard, or that of the royal staff; while the other receives the lowest, and most depraved, and vulgar of mankind. It is true it has not *the lions*, and other adventitious attractions of the elder one; but the original and noble park in which it stands is plentifully stocked with *carriboos*, while the *horn*-work of the latter is at least equal to that of its ancient rival; and although it cannot exhibit a display of *the armour of the country*, its very existence there is conclusive evidence of the *amor patriæ*. It stands on an eminence that protects the harbour of Halifax,

and commands that of the North-West Arm, and is situated at the termination of a fashionable promenade, which is skirted on one side by a thick shrubbery, and on the other by the waters of the harbour; the former being the resort of those of both sexes who delight in the impervious shade of the spruce, and the latter of those who prefer swimming, and other aquatic exercises. With these attractions to the lovers of *nature*, and a pure air, it is thronged at all hours, but more especially at day-dawn, by the valetudinarian, the aged, and infirm, and at the witching hour of moonlight by those who are young enough to defy the dew and damp air of night.

To the latter class I have long since ceased to belong. Old, corpulent, and rheumatic, I am compelled to be careful of a body that is not worth the trouble that it gives me. I no longer indulge in the dreary visions of the second nap, for, alas! *non sum qualis eram*. I rise early, and take my constitutional walk to the tower. I had not proceeded more than half-way this morning before I met the Clockmaker returning to town.

Mornin', squire, said he; I suppose you didn't hear the news, did you? the British packet's in. Which packet? said I; for there are two due, and great apprehensions are entertained that one of them is lost. More promotion, then, said he, for them navals that's left; it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Why! said I, Mr. Slick, how can you talk so unfeelingly of such an awful catstrophe? Only think of the misery entailed by such an event upon Falmouth, where most of the officers and crew have left destitute and distressed families. Poor creatures, what dreadful tidings await them! Well, well, said he, I didn't gist altogether mean to make a joke of it neither; but your folks know what they are about; them coffin ships ain't sent out for nothin'. Ten of them gun-brigs have been lost already; and, depend on it, the English have their reasons for it—there's no mistake about it: considerable 'cute chaps them, they can see as far into a millstone as them that picks the hole in it; if they throw a sprat it's to catch a mackeref, or my name is not Sam Slick. Reason, I replied,—what reason can there be for consigning so many gallant fellows to a violent death and a watery grave? What could justify such a——? I'll tell you, said the Clockmaker: it keeps the natives to home by frightenin' 'em out of their seven senses. Now, if they had a good set of liners, them blue-nose tories and radicals would be for everlastingly

abotherin' of government with their requests and complaints. Hungry as hawks them fellers, they'd fairly eat the minister up without salt, they would. It compels 'em to stay at home, it does. Your folks desarve credit for that trick, for it answers the purpose rael complete. Yes, you English are pretty considerable tarnation sharp. You warn't born yesterday, I tell you. You are always afindin' out some mare's nest or another. Didn't you send out water-casks and filterin'-stones last war to the *fresh water* lakes to Canada? Didn't you send out a frigate there ready built, in pieces ready numbered and marked, to put together, 'cause there's no timber in America, nor carpenters neither? Didn't you order the Yankee prisoners to be kept at the fortress of Louisburg, which was so levelled to the ground fifty years before that folks can hardly tell where it stood? Han't you squandered more money to Bermuda than would make a military road from Halifax to Quebec, make the Windsor railroad, and complete the great canal? Han't you built a dockyard there that rots all the cordage and stores as fast as you send them out there? and han't you to send these things every year to sell to Halifax, 'cause there ain't folks enough to Bermuda to make an auction? Don't you send out a squadron every year of seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, and most work 'em to death, sendin' em' to Bermuda to winter 'cause it's warm, and to Halifax to summer, 'cause its cool; and to carry freights of doubloons and dollars from the West Indgies to England, 'cause it pays well; while the fisheries, coastin' trade, and revenue are left to look out for themselves? Oh, if you don't beat all, it's a pity!

Now, what in natur' is the use of them are great seventy-fours in peace time in that station? Half the sum of money one of them are everlastin' almighty monsters cost would equip a dozen spankin' cutters, commanded by leftenants in the navy, (and this I will say, though they be Britishers, a smarter set o' men than they be never stept in shoe-leather,) and they'd soon set these matters right in two twos. Them seventy-fours put me in mind o' Black Hawk, the great Indgian chief, that was to Washin'ton lately; he had an alligator tattooed on the back part of one thigh, and a raccoon on t'other, touched off to the very nines, and as natural as any thing you ever seed in your life; and well he know'd it too, for he was as proud of it as any thing. Well, the president, and a whole raft of

senators, and a considerable of an assortment of most beautiful ladies, went all over the capitol *with him, showin' him* the great buildin's, and public halls, and curiosities, patents, presents, and what not; but Black Hawk, he *took no notice of* nothin' a'most till he came to the pictur's of our great naval and military heroes, and splendid *national victories of our free* and enlightened citizens, and *them* he *did* stare at; they posed him considerable—that's a fact.

Well, warrior, said the president, arubbin' of his hands, and asmilin', what do you think of them? *Broder, said* Black Hawk, them grand, them live, and breathe and speak—them great pictures *I tell you*, very great indeed, *but I got* better ones, said he, and he turned round, and stooped down, and drew up his mantle over his head. *Look* at that *alligator*, broder, said he, and he struck it with his hand till he made all ring again; and that racoon behind there; beau't they *splendid*? Oh! if there warn't a shout, it's a pity! The men haw-hawed right out like thunder, and the women run off, and screamed like mad. Did you ever! said they. How ondecent! ain't it shocking? and then they screamed out ag'in louder than afore. Oh dear! said they, if that nasty, horrid thing ain't in all the mirrors in the room! and they put their pretty little hands up to their dear little eyes, and raced right out into the street. The president he stamped, and bit his lip, and looked as mad as if he could have swallowed a wild cat alive. Cuss him! said he, I've half a mind to kick him into the Potomac, the savage brute! I shall never hear the last of this joke. I fairly thought I should have split to see the conflustrigation it put 'em all into. Now, that's gist the way with your seventy-fours. When the Blue-noses grumble that we Yankees smuggle like all vengeance, and have all the fisheries on the coast to ourselves, you send 'em out a great seventy-four *with* a painted starn for 'em to look at, and it is gist about as much use as the tattooed starn of Black Hawk. I hope I may *be shot if it* ain't. Well, then, gist see how you ——

True, said I, glad to put a stop to the enumeration of our *blunders, but government* have added some new vessels to the packet line of a very superior description, and will withdraw *the old ones as soon* as possible. These changes are very expensive, and cannot be effected in a moment. Yes, *said he, so I have heerd tell; and* I have heerd, too, that the new ones won't lay to, and the old ones won't scud; grand

chance in a gale for a feller that, ain't it? One tumbles over in the trough of the sea, and the other has such great solid bulwarks, if she ships a sea, she never gets rid of it but by goin' down. Oh, you British are up to every thing! it wouldn't be easy to put a wrinkle on your horns, I know. They wik, at least, said I, with more pique than prudence, last as long as the colonies. It is admitted on all hands now, by Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, that the time is not far distant when the provinces will be old enough for independence, and strong enough to demand it. I am also happy to say that there is every disposition to yield to their wishes whenever a majority shall concur in applying for a separation. It is very questionable whether the expense of their protection is not greater than any advantage we derive from them.

That, said the Clockmaker, is what I call, now, good sound sense. I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows you participate in the enlightenment of the age. After all the expense you have been to in conquerin', clearin', settlin', fortifyin', governin', and protectin' these colonies, from the time they were little miserable spindlin' seedlin's up to now, when they have grow'd to be considerable stiff and strong, and of some use, to give 'em up, and encourage 'em to ax for 'mancipation, is, I estimate, the part of wise men. Yes, I see you are wide awake. Let 'em go. They are no use to you. But, I say, squire—and he tapped me on the shoulder, and winked, —let 'em look out the next mornin' arter they are free for a visit from us. If we don't put 'em thro' their facin's it's a pity. Tho' they are no good to you, they are worth a Jew's eye to us, and have 'em we will, by gum!

You put me in mind of a British Parliament-man that was travellin' in the States once. I seed him in a steamboat on the Ohio, (a'most a grand river that, squire; if you were to put all the English rivers into one you couldn't make its ditto,) and we went the matter of seven hundred miles on it till it joined the Mississippi. As soon as we turned to go down that river he stood, and stared, and scratched his head, like bewildered. Says he, this is very strange—very strange indeed, says he. What's strange? said I; but he went on without hearin'. It's the greatest curiosity, said he, I ever seed a noteral phenomenon, one of the wonders of the world; and he jumped right up and down like a ravin' distracted fool. Where is it, said he. What the d—l has become of it? It

it's your wit, said I, you are alookin' for, it's gone a woolgatherin' more nor half an hour ago. What on airth ails you, says I, to make you act so like Old Scratch that way? Do, for goodness sake, look here, Mr. Slick! said he. That immense river, the Ohio, that we have been sailin' upon so many days, where is it? Where is it! said I. Why it's run into the Mississippi here to be sure; where else should it be? or did you think it was like a snake that it curled its head under its own belly, and run back again! But, said he, the Mississippi arn't made one inch higher or one inch wider by it; it don't swell it one mite or morsel; it's marvellous, ain't it! Well, gist afore that, we had been talking about the colonies; so, says I, I can tell you a more marvellous thing than that by a long chalk.

There is Upper Canada, and Lower Canada, and New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland,—they all belong to the English. Well, said he, I know that as well as you do. Don't be so plaguy touchy! said I, but hear me out. They all belong to the English, and there's no two ways about it; it's the best part of America, too; better land and better climate than ourn, and free from yaller fevers, and agues, and nigger slaves, and hostile Indgians, and Lynchers, and alligators, and such like varmint, and all the trade and commerce of them colonies, and the supply of 'factured goods belong to the English too, and yet I defy any livin' soul to say he can see that it swells their trade to be one inch wider, or one inch higher; it's gist a drop in the bucket. Well, *that is* strange, said he; but it only shows the magnitude of British commerce. Yes, says I, it does; it shows another thing too. What's that, said he. Why, says I, that their commerce is a plaguy sight deeper than the shaller-pated noodles that it belongs to. Do you, said I, jist take the lead-line, and sound the river jist below where the Ohio comes into it, and you will find that, though it tante broader or higher, it's an everlastin' sight *deeper* than it is above the jinin place. It can't be otherwise in natur'.

Now, turn the Ohio, and let it run down to Baltimore, and you'd find the Mississippi, mammoth as it is, a different guess river from what you now see it. It wouldn't overrun its banks no more, nor break the dykes at New Orleans, nor leave the great Cyprus swamps under water any longer. It

would look pretty streaked in dry weather, I know. Gist so with the colony trade; though you can't see it in the ocean of English trade, yet it is there. Cut it off, and see the raft of ships you'd have to spare, and the thousands of seamen you'd have to emigrate to us! and see how white about the gills Glasgow, and Greenock, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Birmingham, would look. Cuttin' off the colonies is like cuttin' off the roots of a tree; it's an even chance if it don't blow right slap over the very first sneeze of wind that comes; and if it don't, the leaves curl up, turn yaller, and fall off afore their time. Well, the next spring follerin' there is about six feet of the top dead, and the tips of the branches withered, and the leaves only half size; and the year after, unless it sends out new roots, it's a great leafless trunk, a sight to behold; and, if it is strong enough to push out new roots, it may revive, but it never looks like itself again. *The luxuriance is gone, and gone for ever.*

You got chaps in your parliament that never seed a colony, and yet get up and talk about 'em by the hour, and look as wise about 'em as the monkey that had seen the world.

In America all our farms a'most have what we call the rough pastur'—that is, a great rough field of a hundred acres or so, near the woods, where we turn in our young cattle, and breedin' mares, and colts, and dry cows, and what not, where they take care of themselves, and the young stock grow up, and the old stock grow fat. *It's a grand outlet that to the farm, that would be overstocked without it.* We could not do without it nohow. *Now, your colonies are the great field for a redundant population, a grand outlet.* Ask the *Eye*talians what fixed their flint? Losin' the overland-trade to India. Ask the folks to Cadiz what put them up a tree? Losin' the trade to South America. If that's too far off, ask the people of Bristol and Chester what sewed them up? and they will tell you, while they was asleep, Liverpool ran off with their trade. And if you havn't time to go there, ax the first coachman you get alongside of, what he thinks of the railroads? and gist listen to the funeral hymn he'll sing over the turnpikes. When I was to England last, I always did that when I was in a hurry, and it put coachee into such a passion, he'd turn to and lick his horses out o' spite into a full gallop. D—n 'em, he'd say, them that sanctioned them railroads, to ruin the 'pikes, (get along, you lazy willain, Char-

ley, and he'd lay it into the wheeler,) they ought to be hanged, sir, (that's the ticket, and he'd whop the leader,)—yes, sir, to be hanged, for what is to become of them as lent their money on the 'pikes? (wh—ist, crack, crack goes the whip)—hanged and quartered they ought to be. These men ought to be relunerated as well as the slave-holders; I wonder, sir, what we shall all come to yet? Come to, says I; why, to be a stoker to be sure; that's what all you coachmen will send in at last, as sure as you are born. A stoker, sir, said he, (lookin' as bothered as if it wor a French furriner that word,) what the d—l is that? Why, a stoker, says I, is a critter that draws, and stirs, and pokes the fire of a steam-engin'. I'd sooner die first, sir, said he; I would, d—n me, if I wouldn't! Only think of a man of my age and size bein' a stoker, sir; I wouldn't be in the fellow's skin that would propose it to me, for the best shilling as ever came out o' the mint. Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*, he'd say, to the off for-'ard horse, (alayin' it into him like mad,) and do your own work, you dishonest rascal. It is fun alive you may depend.

No, sir, lose your colonies, and you'd have *Eye*-talian cities without their climate, *Eye*-talian lazaroni without their light hearts to sing over their poverty, (for the English can't sing a bit better nor bull frogs,) and worse than *Eye*-talian eruptions and volcanoes in politics, without the grandeur and sublimity of those in natur'. Deceive not yourselves; if you lop off the branches, the tree perishes, for the leaves elaborate the sap that vivifies, nourishes, and supports the trunk. There's no two ways about it, squire: "*them who say colonies are no good, are either fools or knaves; if they be fools they ain't worth answerin', and if they are knaves, send them to the treadmill, till they larn to speak the truth.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

KEEPING UP THE STEAM.

It is painful to think of the blunders that have been committed from time to time in the management of our colonies, and of the gross ignorance, or utter disregard of their interests, that has been displayed in the treaties with foreign powers. Fortunately for the mother country the colonists are warmly attached to her and her institutions, and deplore a separation too much to agitate questions, however important, that may have a tendency to weaken their affections by arousing their passions. The time, however, has now arrived when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children. Other and nearer, and, for the time, more important interests, have occupied her attention, and diverted her thoughts from those distant portions of the empire. Much, therefore, that has been done may be attributed to want of accurate information, while it is to be feared much also has arisen from not duly appreciating their importance. The government of the provinces has been but too often intrusted to persons who have been selected, not so much from their peculiar fitness for the situation, as with reference to their interests, or their claims for reward for past services in other departments. From persons thus chosen, no very accurate or useful information can be expected. This is the more to be regretted as the resolutions of the dominant party, either in the House of Assembly or Council, are not always to be received as conclusive evidence of public opinion. They are sometimes produced by accidental causes, often by temporary excitement, and frequently by the intrigue or talents of one man. In the colonies, the legislature is more often in advance of public opinion, than coerced by it, and the *pressure from without* is sometimes caused by the excitement *previously existing within*, while in many cases the people do not participate in the views of their representatives. Hence the resolutions of one day are sometimes rescinded the next, and a subsequent session, or a new house, is found to hold opinions opposed to those of its predecessor. To these difficulties

in obtaining accurate information, may be added the uncertain character of that arising from private sources. Individuals having access to the Colonial Office, are not always the best qualified for consultation, and interest or prejudice is but too often found to operate insensibly even upon those whose sincerity and integrity are undoubted. As a remedy for these evils it has been proposed to give the colonies a representation in parliament, but the measure is attended with so many objections, and such inherent difficulties, that it may be considered almost impracticable. The only satisfactory and efficient prescription that political quackery has hitherto suggested, appears to be that of a Colonial Council-board, composed principally, if not wholly, of persons from the respective provinces; who, while the minister changes with the cabinet of the day, shall remain as permanent members, to inform, advise, and assist his successor. *None but natives can fully understand the peculiar feelings of the colonists.* The advantages to be derived from such a board, are too obvious to be enlarged upon, and will readily occur to any one at all conversant with these subjects; for it is a matter of notoriety, that a correspondence may be commenced by one minister, continued by a second, and terminated by a third, so rapid have sometimes been the changes in this department. It is not my business, however, to suggest, (and I heartily rejoice that it is not, for I am no projector,) but simply to record the sayings and doings of that eccentric personage, Mr. Samuel Slick, to whom it is now high time to return.

You object, said I, to the present line of government packets running between Falmouth and Halifax (and I must say, not without reason:) pray, what do you propose to substitute in their places. Well, I don't know, said he, as I gist altogether ought to blart out all I think about it. Our folks mightn't be over half pleased with me for the hint, for our New York liners have the whole run of the passengers now, and plaguy proud our folks be of it, too, I tell you. Why, if it was to leak out it was me that put you up to it, I should have to gallop through the country when I returned home, as Head did—you know Head the author, don't you? There are several gentlemen of that name, I replied, who have distinguished themselves as authors; pray, which do you mean? Well, I don't know, said he, as I can gist altogether indicate the identical man I mean, but I calculate it's him that galloped the wild horses in the Pampas a hundred miles a day

hand runnin', day in and day out, on beef tea, made of hung beef and cold water;—it's the gallopin' one I mean; he is Governor to Canada now, I believe. You know in that are book he wrote on gallopin' he says, "the greatest luxury in all natur' is to ride without trousers on a horse without a saddle,"—what we call bare-breeched and bare-backed. (Oh! I wonder he didn't die a-larfin', I do, I vow. Them great thistles that he says grow in the Pampas as high as a human's head, must have tickled a man a'most to death that rode that way.) Well, now, if I was to tell you how to work it I should have to ride armed as he was in his travels, with two pair of detonatin' pistols and a double-barrelled gun, and when I seed a gaucho of a New Yorker a-comin', clap the reins in my mouth, set off at full gallop, and pint a pistol at him with each hand; or else I'd have to lasso him,—that's sartain,—for they'd make travellin' in that state too hot for me to wear breeches I know. I'd have to off with them full chisel, and go it bare-backed,—that's as clear as mud. I believe Sir Francis Head is no great favourite, I replied, with your countrymen, but he is very popular with the colonists, and very deservedly so. He is an able and efficient governor, and possesses the entire confidence of the provinces. He is placed in a very difficult situation, and appears to display great tact and great talent. Well, well, said he, let that pass; I won't say he don't, though I wish he wouldn't talk so much ag'in us as he does, anyhow; but will you promise you won't let on it was me now if I tell you? Certainly, said I, your name shall be concealed. Well, then, I'll tell you, said he; turn your attention to steam navigation to Halifax. Steam will half ruin England, yet, if they don't mind. It will drain it of its money, drain it of its population, and—what's more than all—what it can spare least of all, and what it will feel more nor all, its artisans, its skilful workmen, and its honest, intelligent, and respectable middle classes. It will leave you nothin' in time but your aristocracy and your poor. A trip to America is goin' to be nothin' more than a trip to France, and folks will go where land is cheap and labour high. It will build the new world up, but it will drain the old one out in a way no one thinks on. Turn this tide of emigration to your own provinces, or, as sure as eggs is eggs, we will get it all. You han't no notion what steam is destined to do for America. It will make it look as bright as a pewter button yet, I know.

The distance, as I make it, from Bristol to New York Light,

house, is 3037 miles; from Bristol to Halifax Light-house is 2479; from Halifax Light to New York Light is 522 miles,—in all, 3001 miles; 558 miles shorter than New York line; and even going to New York, 36 miles shorter to stop to Halifax than to go to New York direct. I fix on Bristol 'cause it's a better port for the purpose than Liverpool, and the new rail-road will be gist the dandy for you. But them great, fat, porter-drinkin' critters of Bristol have been asnorin' fast asleep for half a century, and only gist got one eye open now. I'm most afeerd they will turn over, and take the second nap, and if they do they are done for—that's a fact. Now you take the chart, and work it yourself, squire, for I'm no great hand at navigation. I've been a whaling voyage, and a few other sea trips, and I know a little about it, but not much, and yet, if I ain't pretty considerable near the mark, I'll give them leave to guess that knows better—that's all. Get your legislatur' to persuade government to contract with the Great Western folks to carry the mail, and drop it in their way to New York; for you got as much and as good coal to Nova Scotia as England has, and the steam-boats would have to carry a supply for 550 miles less, and could take in a stock at Halifax for the return voyage to Europe. If ministers won't do that, get 'em to send steam packets of their own, and you wouldn't be no longer an everlastin' outlandish country no more as you be now. And, more nor that, you wouldn't lose all the best emigrants and all their capital, who now go to the States 'cause the voyage is safer, and remain there 'cause they are tired of travellin', and can't get down here without risk of their precious necks and ugly mugs.

But John Bull is like all other sponsible folks; he thinks 'cause he is rich he is wise too, and knows every thing, when in fact he knows plaguy little outside of his own location. Like all other consaited folks, too, he don't allow nobody else to know nothin' neither but himself. The *Eye*talian is too lazy, the French too smirky, the Spaniard too banditti, the Dutch too smoky, the German too dreamy, the Scotch too itchy, the Irish too popey, and the Yankee too tricky; all low, all ignorant, all poor. He thinks the noblest work of God an *English*man. He is on considerable good terms with himself, too, is John Bull, when he has his go-to-meetin' clothes on, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his puss buttoned up tight in his trousers pocket. He wears his hat a little a one side, rakish-like, whaps his cane down ag'in

the pavement hard, as if he intended to keep things in their place, swaggers a few, as if he thought he had a right to look big, and stares at you full and hard in the face, with a knowin' toss of his head, as much as to say, "*That's me, d—n you!*" and who you be I don't know, and what's more I don't want to know; so clear the road double quick, will you? Yes, take John at his own valiation, and I guess you'd get a considerable hard bargain of him, for he is old, thick in the wind, tender in the foot, weak in the knees, too cussed fat to travel, and plaguy cross-grained and ill-tempered. If you go for to raise your voice to him, or even so much as lay the weight of your finger on him, his Ebenezer is up in a minit. I don't like him one bit, and I don't know who the plague does: but that's neither here nor there.

Do you get your legislature to interfere in this matter; for steam navigation will be the makin' of you if you work it right. It is easy, I replied, to suggest, but not quite so easy, Mr. Slick, as you suppose, to have these projects carried into execution. Government may not be willing to permit the mail to be carried by contract. Permit it! said he with animation; to be sure it will permit it. Don't they grant every thing you ask? don't they concede one thing arter another to you to keep you quiet, till they han't got much left to concede? It puts me in mind of a missionary I once seed down to Bows and Arrows (Buenos Ayres.) He went out to convart the people from bein' Roman Catholics, and to persuade the Spaniards to pray in English instead of Latin, and to get dipt anew by him, and he carried sway there like a house a fire, till the sharks one day made a tarnation sly dash among his convarts that was a wadin' out in the water, and gist walked off with three on 'em by the legs, screamin' and yelpin' like mad. Arter that he took to a pond outside the town, and one day as he was awalkin' out with his hands behind him, ameditatin' on that are profane trick the sharks played him, and what a slippery world this was, and what not, who should he meet but a party of them Gauchos, that galloped up to him as quick as wink, and made him prisoner. Well, they gist fell to, and not only robbed him of all he had, but stripped him of all his clothes but his breeches, and them they left him for decency sake to get back to town in. Poor critter! he felt streaked enough, I do assure you; he was near about frightened out of his seven senses; he didn't know

whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, and was e'en a'most sure they were agoin' to murder him. So, said he, my beloved friends, said he, I beseech you, is there any thing more you want of me? Do we want any thing more of you? says they; why, you han't got nothen' left but your breeches, you nasty, dirty, blackguard heretic you, and do you want to part with them too? and they gist fell to and welted him all the way into the town with the tip end of their lassos, larfin', and hoopin', and hollerin' at the joke like so many ravin' distracted devils.

Well, now, your government is near about as well off as the missionary was; they've granted every thing they had a'most, till they han't got much more than the breeches left, —the mere sovereignty, and that's all. No, no; gist you ax for steam-packets, and you'll get 'em—that's a fact. Oh, squire, if John Bull only knew the valy of these colonies, he would be a great man, I tell *you;* but he don't. You can't make an account of 'em in dollars and cents, the cost on one side, and the profit on t'other, and strike the balance of the "*tottle of the hull,*" as that are critter Hume calls it. You can't put into figur's a nursery for seamen; a resource for timber if the Baltic is shot ag'in you, or a population of brave and loyal people, a growing and sure market, an outlet for emigration, the first fishery in the world, their political and relative importance, the power they would give a rival, converting a friend into a foe, or a customer into a rival, or a shop full of goods, and no sale for 'em—*Figures are the representatives of numbers, and not things.* Molesworth may talk, and Hume may cypher, till one on 'em is as hoarse as a crow, and t'other as blind as a bat, and they won't make that table out, I know.

That's all very true, I said, but you forget that the latter gentleman says that America is now a better customer than when she was a colony, and maintains her own government at her own expense, and therefore he infers that the remaining dependencies are useless incumbrances. And he forgets too, he replied, that he made his fortin' himself in a colony, and therefore it don't become him to say so, and that America is larnin' to sell as well as to buy, and to manufactur' as well as to import, and to hate as much, and a little grain more, than she loved, and that you are weaker by all her strength. He forgets, too, that them that separate from a government,

or secede from a church, always hate those they leave much worse than those who are born in different states or different sects. It's a fact, I assure you, those critters that desarted our church to Slickville in temper that time about the choice of an elder, were the only ones that hated, and reviled, and parsecuted us in all Connecticut, for we were on friendly or neutral terms with all the rest. Keep a sharp look-out always, for desarters, for when they jine the enemy they fight like the devil. *No one hates like him that has once been a friend.* He forgets that a —— but it's no use atalkin'; you might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone as talk to a goney that says fifteen millions of inimies are as good as fifteen millions of friends, unless indeed it is with nations as with individuals, that it is better to have some folks ag'in you than for you, for I vow there are chaps in your parliament that ain't no credit to no party.

But this folly of John Bull ain't the worst of it, squire; it's considerable more silly; *he invites the colonists to fight his own troops, and then pays all the expense of the entertainment.* If that don't beat cock-fightin', it's a pity: it fairly bangs the bush, that. If there's a rebellion to Canada, squire, (and there will be as sure as there are snakes in Varginy,) it will be planned, advised, and sot on foot in London, you may depend, for them simple critters the French would never think of it, if they were not put up to it. Them that advise Papinor rebel, and set his folks to murder Englishmen, and promise to back them in England, are for everlastin'ly atalkin' of economy, and yet instigate them parley vous to put the nation to more expense than they and their party ever saved by all their barking in their life, or ever could, if they were to live as long as Merusalem. If them poor Frenchmen rebel, gist pardon them right off the reel without sayin' a word, for they don't know nothin', but rig up a gallus in London as high as a church steeple, and I'll give you the names of a few villains there, the cause of all the murders, and arsons, and robberies, and miseries, and sufferin's that 'ill foller. Gist take 'em and string 'em up like onsafe dogs. A critter that throws a firebrand among combustibles, must answer for the fire; and when he throws it into his neighbour's house, and not his own, he is both a coward and a villain. Cuss 'em! hangin' is too good for 'em, I say; don't you, squire?

This was the last conversation I had with the Clockmaker on politics. I have endeavoured to give his remarks in his own language, and as nearly verbatim as I could; but they were so desultory and discursive, that they rather resembled thinking aloud than a connected conversation, and his illustrations often led him into such long episodes, that he sometimes wandered into new topics before he had closed his remarks upon the subject he was discoursing on. It is, I believe, not an uncommon mode with Americans, when they talk, to amuse rather than convince. Although there is evidently some exaggeration, there is also a great deal of truth in his observations. They are the result of long experience, and a thorough and intimate knowledge of the provinces, and I confess I think they are entitled to great weight.

The bane of the colonies, as of England, it appears to me, is ultra opinions. The cis-Atlantic ultra tory is a nondescript animal, as well as the ultra radical. Neither have the same objects or the same principles with those in the mother country, whose names they assume. It is difficult to say which does most injury. The violence of the radical defeats his own views; the violence of his opponent defeats those of the government, while both incite each other to greater extremes. It is not easy to define the principles of either of these ultra political parties in the colonies. An unnatural, and, it would appear, a personal, and therefore a contemptible jealousy, influences the one, and a ridiculous assumption the other, the smallest possible amount of salary being held as sufficient for a public officer by the former, and the greater part of the revenues inadequate for the purpose by the latter, while patriotism and loyalty are severally claimed as the exclusive attributes of each. As usual, extremes meet; the same emptiness distinguishes both, the same loud professions, the same violent invectives, and the same selfishness. They are carnivorous animals, having a strong appetite to devour their enemies, and occasionally showing no repugnance to sacrifice a friend. Amidst the clamours of these noisy disputants, the voice of the thinking and moderate portion of the community is drowned, and government but too often seems to forget the existence of this more numerous, more respectable, and more valuable class. He who adopts extreme radical doctrines in order to carry numbers by flattering their prejudices, or he who assumes the tone of the ultra tory of England, because he

imagines it to be that of the aristocracy of that country, and more current among those of the little colonial courts, betrays at once a want of sense and a want of integrity, and should be treated accordingly by those who are sent to administer the government. There is as little safety in the councils of those who, seeing no defect in the institutions of their country, or desiring no change beyond an extension of patronage and salary, stigmatize all who differ from them as discontented and disloyal, as there is in a party that call for organic changes in the constitution, for the mere purpose of supplanting their rivals, by opening new sources of preferment for themselves. Instead of committing himself into the hands of either of these factions, as is often the case, and thereby at once inviting and defying the opposition of the other, a governor should be instructed to avoid them both, and to assemble around him for council those only who partake not of the selfishness of the one or the violence of the other, but who, uniting firmness with moderation, are not afraid to redress a grievance because it involves a change, or to uphold the established institutions of the country because it exposes them to the charge of corrupt motives. Such men exist in every colony; and though a governor may not find them the most prominent, he will at least find them the surest and safest guides in the end. Such a course of policy will soften the asperities of party, by stripping it of success, will rally round the local governments men of property, integrity, and talent; and inspire by its impartiality, moderation, and consistency, a feeling of satisfaction and confidence through the whole population.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARTING ADVICE.

Having now fulfilled his engagement with me, Mr. Slick informed me that business required his presence at the river Philip, and, that as he could delay his *departure no longer*, he had called *for the purpose of taking* leave. I am plaguy loath to *part* with you, said he, you may depend; it makes me feel quite lonesum like: but I ain't quite certified we shan't have a tower in Europe yet afore we've done. You have a pair of pistols, squire,—as neat a little pair of *sneezers as I e'en* a'most ever seed, *and*—— *They are yours*, I said; I am glad *you like them, and* I assure you you could not gratify me more than by doing me the favour to accept them. That's gist what I was goin' to say, said he, and I brought my rifle here to ax you to exchange for 'em; it will *sometimes put* you in mind of Sam Slick *the Clockmaker, and them* are little *pistols are such grand* pocket companions, there won't be a day a'most I won't think of the squire. He then examined the lock of the rifle, turned it over, and looked at the stock, and bringing it to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, as if in the act of discharging it. *True as a hair, squire, there can't be no better; and there's* the mould for the balls *that gist fit her*; you may depend on her to a sartainty; she'll never deceive you; there's no mistake in a rael right down genuwine good Kentuck, I tell you; but as you ain't much used to 'em, always bring her slowly up to *the line of sight*, and then let go as soon as *you have the range*. If you bring *her down to the sight* instead of *up*, she'll be apt to settle a little below it in your hands, and carry low. That wrinkle is worth havin', I tell you; that's a fact. Take time, elevate her slowly, so as to catch the range to a hair, and *you'll hit a* dollar at seventy yards hand runnin'. *I can take* the eye of a squirrel *out with her as easy* as kiss my hand. A fair ex *change is no robbery* any how, and I shall set great store by them are pistols, you may depend.

Having finished that are little trade, squire, there is another small matter I want to talk over with *you afore* I quit, if

perhaps it would be as well you and I onderstood each other upon. What is that? said I. Why, the last time, squire, said he, I travelled with you, you published our tower in a book, and there were some notions in it gave me a plaguy sight of oneasiness; that's a fact. Some things you coloured so, I didn't know 'em when I seed 'em ag'in; some things you left out holus bolus, and there were some small matters I never heerd tell of afore till I seed them writ down; you must have made them out of whole cloth. When I went home to see about the stock I had in the Slickville bank, folks scolded a good deal about it. They said it warn't the part of a good citizen for to go to publish any thing to lessen our great nation in the eyes of foreigners, or to lower the exalted station we had among the nations of the airth. They said the dignity of the American people was at stake, and they were determined some o' these days to go to war with the English if they didn't give up some o' their writers to be punished by our laws; and that if any of our citizens was accessory to such practices, and they cotched him, they'd give him an American jacket, that is, a warp of tar, and a nap wove of feathers. I don't feel, therefore, altogether easy 'bout your new book; I should like to see it afore we part, to soften down things a little, and to have matters sot to rights, afore the slang-whangers get hold of it.

I think, too, atween you and me, you had ought to let me go sheers in the speck, for I have suffered considerable by it. The clock trade is done now in this province; there's an eend to that; you've put a toggle into that chain; you couldn't give 'em away now a'most. Our folks are not over and above well pleased with me, I do assure you; and the blue-noses say I have dealt considerable hard with them. They are plaguy ryled, you may depend, and the English have come in for their share of the curryin' too. I han't made many friends by it, I know; and if there is any thing to be made out of the consarn, I think it no more than fair I should have my share of it. One thing, however, I hope you will promise me, and that is to show me the manuscript afore you let it go out of your hands. Certainly, said I, Mr. Slick, I shall have great pleasure in reading it over to you before it goes to the press; and if there is any thing in it that will compromise you with your countrymen, or injure your feelings, I will strike out the objectionable passage, or soften it down to meet your wishes.

Well, said he, that's pretty; now I like that; and if you take a fancy to travel in the States, or to take a tower in Europe, I'm your man. Send me a line to Slickville, and I'll *jine* you where you like and when you like. I shall be in Halifax in a month from the present time, and will call and see you; p'raps you will have the book ready then;—and presenting me with his rifle, and putting the pistols in his pocket, he took leave of me, and drove into the country.

Fortunately, when he arrived I had the manuscript completed; and when I had finished reading it to him, he deliberately lit his cigar, and folding his arms, and throwing himself back in his chair, which he balanced on two legs, he said, I presume I may ask what is your object in writing that book! You don't like republics, that's sartain, for you have coloured matters so it's easy to see which way the cat jumps. Do you mean to write a satire on our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens?—because if you do, gist rub my name out of it, if you please. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I won't have nothin' to do with it on no account. It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest. I'm not agoin' for to wake up a swarm o' hornets about my ears, I tell you; I know a trick worth two o' that, I reckon. Is it to sarve a particular purpose, or is it a mere tradin' speck!

I will tell you candidly, sir, what my object is, I replied. In the Canadas there is a party advocating republican institutions, and hostility to every thing British. In doing so, they exaggerate all the advantages of such a form of government, and depreciate the blessings of a limited monarchy. In England this party unfortunately finds too many supporters, either from a misapprehension of the true state of the case, or from a participation in their treasonable views. The sketches contained in the present and preceding series of the Clockmaker, it is hoped, will throw some light on the topics of the day, as connected with the designs of the anti-English party. The object is purely patriotic. I beg of you to be assured that I have no intention whatever to ridicule your institutions or your countrymen; nothing can be further from my thoughts; and it would give me great pain if I could suppose for a moment that any person could put such an interpretation upon my conduct. I like your country, and am proud to number many citizens of the United States among those whom I honour and love. It is contentment with our own, and not disparage

ment of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen. Right, said he; I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all—that's a fact. There's more fiction in this than in t'other one, and there are many things in it that I don't know exactly what to say to. I guess you had better add the words to the title-page, "a work of fiction," and that will clear me, or you must put your name to it. You needn't be ashamed of it, I tell you. It's a better book than t'other one; it ain't jist altogether so local, and it goes a little grain deeper into things. If you work it right, you will make your fortin' out of it; it will make a man of you, you may depend. How so? said I; for the last volume, all the remuneration I had was the satisfaction of finding it had done some good among those for whose benefit it was designed, and I have no other expectation from this work. More fool you, then, said he; but I'll tell you how to work it. Do you get a copy of it done off on most beautiful paper, with a'most an' elegant bindin', all covered over the back with gildin', (I'll gild it for you myself complete, and charge you nothin' but the price of the gold leaf, and that's a mere trifle; it only costs the matter of two shillings and sixpence a paper, or thereabouts,) and send it to the head minister of the Colonies, with a letter. Says you, minister, says you, here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You han't heerd so much truth, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankees a considerable of a hacklin', and that ought to please *you*; it shampoos the English, and that ought to please the *Yankees*; and it does make a proper fool of blue-nose, and that ought to please you *both*, because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work. Now, says you, minister, it's not altogether considered a very profitable trade to work for nothin' and find thread. An author can't live upon nothin' but air, like a cameleon, though he change colour as often as that little critter' does. This work has done a good deal of good. It has made more people hear of Nova Scotia than ever heerd tell of it afore by a long chalk; it has given it a character in the world it never had before, and raised the valy of real property there considerable; it has shown the world that all the blue-noses there ain't fools, at any rate; and,

though I say it that shouldn't say it, that there is one gentleman there that shall be nameless that's cut his eye-teeth, anyhow. The natives are considerable proud of him; and if you want to make an impartial deal, to tie the Nova Scotians to you for ever, to make your own name descend to posterity with honour, and to prevent the inhabitants from ever thinkin' of Yankee connexion (mind that hint, say a good deal about that; for it's a tender point that, ajoinin' of our union, and fear is plaguy sight stronger than love any time.) You'll gist sarve him as you sarved Earl Mulgrave (though his writin's aint to be compared to the Clockmaker, no more than chalk is to cheese;) you gave him the governorship of Jamaica, and arterwards of Ireland. John Russell's writin's got him the birth of the leader of the House of Commons. Well, Francis Head, for his writin's you made him Governor of Canada, and Walter Scott you made a baronet of, and Bulwer you did for too, and a great many others you have got the other side of the water you sarved the same way. Now, minister, fair play is a jewel, says you; if you can reward your writers to home with governorships and baronetcies, and all sorts o' snug things, let's have a taste o' the good things this side o' the water too. You needn't be afraid o' bein' too often troubled that way by authors from this country. (It will make him larf that, and there's many a true word said in joke;) but we've got a sweet tooth here as well as you have. Poor pickin's in this country; and colonists are as hungry as hawks.

The Yankee made Washington Irvin' a minister plenipo', to honour him; and Blackwood, last November, in his magazine, says that are Yankee's books ain't fit to be named in the same day with the Clockmaker—that they're nothin' but Jeremiads. Now, though Blackwood desarves to be well kicked for his politicks, (mind and say that, for he abuses the ministry sky-high that feller—I wouldn't take that critter's sarse, if I was them, for nothin' a'most—he railly does blow them up in great style,) he ain't a bad judge of books,—at least it don't become me to say so; and if he don't know much about 'em I do; I won't turn my back on any one in that line. So, minister, says you, gist tip a stave to the Governor of Nova Scotia, order him to inquire out the author, and to tell that man, that distinguished man, that her Majesty delights to reward merit and honour talent, and that if he will

come home, she'll make a man of him for ever, for the sake of her royal father, who lived so long among the blue-noses, who can't forget him very soon. Don't threaten him; for I've often obsarved, if you go for to threaten John Bull, he gist squares off to fight without sayin' of a word; but give him a hint. Says you, I had a peacock, and a dreadful pretty bird he was, and a'most a beautiful splendid long tail he had too; well, whenever I took the pan o' crumbs out into the poultry-yard to feed the fowls, the nasty stingy critter never would let any of 'em have a crumb till he sarved himself and his sweetheart first. Our old Muscovy drake, he didn't think this a fair deal at all, and he used to go walkin' round and round the pan ever so often, alongin' to get a dip into it; but peacock he always flew at him and drove him off. Well, what does drake do, (for he thought he wouldn't threaten him, for fear of gettin' a thrashin',) but he goes round and seizes him by the tail, and pulls him head over heels, and drags him all over the yard, till he pulls every one of his great, long, beautiful feathers out, and made a most proper lookin' fool of him—that's a fact. It made peacock as civil as you please for ever after. Now, says you, Mr. Slick and I talk of goin' to England next year, and writin' a book about the British: If I ain't allowed to get at the pan of crumbs, along with some o' them big birds with the long tails, and get my share of 'em, some folks had better look out for squalls: if Clockmaker gets hold of 'em by the tail, if he don't make the feathers fly, it's a pity. A joke is a joke, but I guess they'll find that no joke. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; so come down handsum', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-hauling in store for some of you that shall be nameless, as sure as you are born.

Now, squire, do that, and see if they don't send you out governor of some colony or other; and if they do, gist make me your deputy secretary,—that's a good man,—and we'll write books till we write ourselves up to the very tip-top of the ladder—we will, indeed! Ah, my friend, said I, writing a book is no great rarity in England as it is in America, I assure you; and colonies would soon be wanting, if every author were to be made a governor. It's a rarity in the colonies, though, said he; and I should like to know how many governors there have been who could write the two Clockmakers. Why, they never had one that could do it to

save *his soul alive*. Come, come, Mr. Slick, said I, no *soft sawder*, if you please, to me. I have no objection to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desire to be made the subject of one myself. I *am not quite such* a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor. Some books, said he, such as I could name; but this I will say, and maintain to *my dyin' day*, that a man that knows all that's set down in the Clockmakers (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable siftin's left in it yet) is *fit for governor of* any place *in the* universal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buren himself (the prettiest penman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'em gist take you up by the heels and *shake you, and see if as much more* don't come out.

If you really are in earnest, I said, all I can say is, that you very much over-rate it. You think favourably of the work, *because you* are kind enough to think favourably of the author. All this is very well as a joke; but I assure you they would not even condescend to answer such a communication *at the Colonial* Office; they would set such a letter down as the ravings of insanity—as one of the innumerable instances that are constantly occurring of the vanity and folly of authors. *Don't you believe it, said he*; and if you don't send it, I hope I may be shot if I don't. I'll send it through our minister at the Court of St. James's. He'll do it with pleasure; he'll feel proud of it as an *American* production—as a rival to Pickwick Papers, as the American Boz; he will, I vow. That's gist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now; you shall be ambassador *to our court* to *Washington*. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politics, American character, and American feelin', has gist fitted you for it. It's a grand *birth that, and private secretary will suit me* to a notch. I can do your writin', and plenty o' time to spare to spekilate in cotton, niggers, and tobacco too. That's it—that's the dandy! And he *jumped* up, *snapped his fingers, and skipped* about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. Here, waiter, d—n your eyes! (for I must larn to swear—the English all swear like troopers; *the* French call 'em *Mountshear* —— *d*—*ns*,) here, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of the American people, (that's you, squire, said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) that *Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin'*. Come, bear a

hand, rat you, and stir your stumps, and mind the title, do you hear,—Mr. Secretary Slick? I have the honour to wish your Excellency, said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hands—I have the honour to wish your Excellency good night and good bye.

THE END.

By the virtues of FREYER,* and valour of THOR;
By the twelve giant-sisters, the rulers of war;
By the unreveal'd accents, in secret express'd,
Of old by VALFANDER to BALDER address'd;
By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share;
By HELA's dominions of pain and despair;
By SURTU's wide regions of death-spreading fire;
Hence, children of evil! DUERGI, retire!"—
The DUERGI with yells made the cavern resound,
As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the ground;
And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
While thus the magician concluded the spell:
—"Fair maid, whom the tomb's dreary confines surround,
Whom the dark, iron slumber of magic has bound,
Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
Arise, star of beauty! NITALPHA, arise!"—
The vapour-flame died in a bright-beaming flash;
The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash;
All wonder, NITALPHA arose in her charms,
She knew her FIOLFAR, she flew to his arms,
And he found ev'ry shadow of sorrow depart,
As he clasp'd the dear maiden again to his heart.

HENRIETTE.

[Published in 1806.]

LOUD and long the church-bells ringing
Spread their signals on the air;
Tow'rds his ELLEN lightly springing,
Faithless EDWARD hastens there.
Can he dare to wed another?
Can he all his vows forget?
Can he truth and conscience smother,
And desert his HENRIETTE?

Pale remorse my steps attending,
Whither can I hope to fly?
When shall all my woes have ending?
Never, never, till I die!

* The son of Niord.

Can the youth who once ador'd me,
Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restor'd me,
He has stol'n from HENRIETTE?

Brightly smiles the summer morning
On my EDWARD'S nuptial day;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing!
Ere the ev'ning sun shall set.
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
Death shall comfort HENRIETTE.

Cruel youth, farewell for ever!
False as thou hast been to me,
Ne'er till FATE my thread shall sever,
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
Thou may'st weep and tremble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
O'er the grave of HENRIETTE!

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

[Published in 1806.]

ON ETERNITY'S confines I stand,
And look back on the paths I have trod:
I pant for the summoning hand,
That shall call me away to my GOD!

My temples are sprinkled with snow;
The sands of existence decline;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
The dwelling that soon must be mine.

No longer beside me are found
The forms that of old were so dear;
No longer the voices resound,
That once were so sweet to mine ear.